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ABBIE CARTER GOODLOE

[1867—]

ANNA BLANCHE McGILL

ABBIE CARTER GOODLOE was born in Versailles, Kentucky, in 1867. In 1883 she was graduated from the Girls' High School, Louisville, Kentucky, taking in 1889 her B.S. degree at Wellesley College, being at the time the youngest student who had ever taken such a degree at that institution. This education in American schools was then supplemented by two years' study abroad, chiefly in Paris and Tours. These brief biographical data do not immediately seem to promise rich game for the hunters of literary origins, the trappers of formative artistic influences. And yet a little connection, not entirely factitious, may be traced between these facts and the author's work. For instance, perhaps it is not pressing a few of these data too far to assign credit for Miss Goodloe's facile use of literary mediums, her clearness of vision of certain segments of life, to the training and opportunities for observation and acquisition received in an education as well ordered as this outlined above.

Her birth and residence in a certain section of the United States may also to some extent be interpreted as of significance not entirely negligible. In these days when the *cacoëthes scribendi* seems ubiquitous, it would be absurd of course to hint that the fair star of literary inspiration shines with any particular effulgence over any particular state or section. Yet there may not be too much effrontery or provincialism in mentioning Kentucky among those communities which have received an especial quickening from that orb benign. The Kentucky colonies, notably those of Miss Goodloe's birthplace and home, much like the Virginian, have long had a rather animated and abundant social life. Copious in color, movement, and variety of character and incident, it has been a life to develop the story-teller's talent and to vivify his inspiration, while just such fluent and dexterous expression, such bright silver currency of speech and the written work, as prevails where the grace and ease and charm of life have had time and opportunity, as they have had in Kentucky, to enrich and adorn the social relation, has given him a good medium, shining and ready for use.

Miss Goodloe is in the tradition of such a life. Her talent

is one of those fortunate gifts whose first manifestations forthwith arrested attention. A sureness of touch, an adequacy of technical means to artistic ends, a general literary poise, nearly at once assured the success of her earliest contributions to literature, and at the same time gave earnest of future accomplishment. How far out into the full stream of a very creditable success Miss Goodloe's talent almost immediately leaped is proved by the fact that it has already obtained quite a wide recognition, although chronologically it may be said to be still in the stage of "first manifestations." In these days of swiftly attained fame, it is true that the author of four volumes is likely to be considered an old hand at the pleasant game of literature. But two of these four volumes appeared very shortly after the author had doffed the collegian's cap and gown; and the four books, representing three different literary forms, were published in rather close sequence; so it is evident they may be considered only the firstlings of a literary flock—though, it must be insisted upon, they have nimbly passed far beyond the boundaries of immaturity.

Miss Goodloe's first book, 'Antinoüs' (1891), a tragedy in blank verse, is founded upon the character of that comely Bythian slave whose statue in the Louvre "remains the type of perfect beauty." Almost of equal dramatic prominence is the egotistic personality of Hadrian which precipitates the incidents of the drama—the culminating one being the lovely youth's relinquishment of life for the sake of his patron and tyrant, Hadrian. The drama attests the author's possession of considerable historic imagination and constructive dramatic talent. Thoughts of power frequently give ballast to the lines. Dignity of conception marks the whole. Beauty distinctly poetic surrounds the character of Antinoüs—revealed notably in his wistfulness for his Bythian home, his purity in a base court, and finally in his splendid self-sacrifice. The faults of the tragedy are a lack of swiftness, directness, and that palpitant, poignant vitality of interest in characterization or incident necessary to carry along a modern play—not so stately an affair as the earlier dramas which were doubtless the models for 'Antinoüs.' Nor is there sufficient poetic glow, original or otherwise, upon the lines to compensate for deficiency in distinctly dramatic qualities. Yet while not arresting either for dramatic values or poetic beauty, 'Antinoüs' is a significant creation of the first years of a literary career.

Miss Goodloe's second book, 'College Stories,' aside from its intrinsic merits, is interesting as the first volume of stories with college girls as protagonists. The note of the book oscillates between a naïve seriousness and a gentle humor about that little world

which foreshadows the larger life of men and women. Characters of not a little variety seem to flit down the academic corridors and across the campus. There is the attractive Miss Hungerford, determined to scorn delights and live laborious days in the single blessedness of study and authorship—till a manly youth persuades her to go in for another "career." There is the resolute group of athletic girls proving their prowess perhaps a little too cruelly to a young reporter who has disparaged their athletics. Best of all, there is the story which cuts most deeply into the heart of life—"The Genius of Bowlder Bluff." A very admirable study, this, of an old father obsessed by the idea that his daughter is a genius; the girl in turn trying not to shatter his illusions. The two characters are handled with much pathos and skilful psychology.

As appears, the episodes throughout the book are all slight, are all enveloped in the golden air of youth—not, however, in the sense of immaturity the word conveys. For the tone of many of the stories is so serious that "immaturity" would be a misnomer for the "long, long thoughts" they record. Again, besides their own merits they have a value as revealing the bourgeoning of a good gift for story-telling whose promise bears fruit in the author's last volume, 'At the Foot of the Rockies.' Particularly in their direct presentation of the chosen episode, in selective instinct for necessary details, and in a growing command of style, these 'College Stories' contain an adumbration of the latter volume. It is true the style is still a little inelastic, but it has begun to have that lightness of touch, that skill in conjuring atmosphere, which largely make the success of the author's most recent work.

In 'Calvert of Strathore,' published in 1903, Miss Goodloe essayed the novel. The hero who gives his name to the book is a young American sent to Paris as an attaché of the American Legation in the days when Jefferson and Gouverneur Morris represented the United States at the French capital. Inevitably, this hero, Calvert—a grave youth of sterling integrity—loses his heart to a charming Frenchwoman. The ruffled course of the *affaire du coeur* is traced against the tumultuous background of the Revolution. Again Miss Goodloe's scholarship and historic imagination have reconstructed a period; Louis XVI, Marie Antoinette, Lafayette, Jefferson, Morris, and other pawns, players and spectators of that ruthless game of the late Eighteenth Century pass through her pages. But after all, Calvert of Strathore is the person with whom the reader is supposed to be absorbingly engaged, and somehow the august historical characters seem to have crowded out the details of his romance. The result is a little disappointing. So engaging a hero as Calvert promised to be is not met every day. Hence, growing restive in

the presence of affairs and persons of state, the reader will be tempted to ask with Keats:

> "What care though striding Alexander past
> The Indus with his Macedonian numbers?"

The romance of a splendid young American and an exquisite Frenchwoman for the nonce "doth more avail" than "stiff-holden shields, far-piercing spears." Not to disparage the historical pageant, a few more details of the two lovers' difficulties and ultimate felicity had given better proportion to the novel, and, may it not be added, more beguilement?

> . . . "The silver flow
> Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,
> Fair Pastorella in a bandit's den,
> Are things to brood on with more ardency
> Than the death-day of Empires."

The volume, 'At the Foot of the Rockies,' containing stories published from time to time in the magazines, represents Miss Goodloe's talent at its best. A British army post of Alberta, Canada, kindled the inspiration for these reproductions of the isolated yet richly-colored life of the Northwest Territories. The British soldier, the Indian, the settler—usually the young English rancher—are sharply visualized in their habits as they live out there near "the edge of the world."

Among these tales, "The Bungalow Ranche" and "Red Magic" may be indicated as specially illustrative of the virtuosity Miss Goodloe has attained in the short story. Herein her technique proves equally adequate for a grave or humorous situation. "The Bungalow Ranche" tells how Rutland of the "immaculate" Ranche—"it was said he had his sheep washed and combed once a week"—succeeded in ridding himself of the persistent presence of Indian loafers to whom the allurements of the Bungalow seemed irresistible. Just what Rutland did to disenchant the "beggars" provokes such a rare titillation of the risibles it reflects much credit on the author's marvelously blithe and facile invention. "Jack" and "The Heart of Lamont" may be mentioned with "Red Magic" as most remarkable for excellent technique and their capture of the strange soul of the Indian in distinctive phases. Because of their rather unpleasant, relentlessly depicted episodes, however, they hold the attention somewhat less agreeably than this last, "Red Magic," which has for its central interest one of the mysterious Indian conjure-tricks. Suggestive a little of "The Brushwood Boy" as a glimpse of certain bewildering things skeptical Horatios dream not of in their philosophies, it grips

the attention and holds it suspended in the thrilling high air of the inexplicable yet dramatic actual happenings.

Miss Goodloe's art in this story is that of an adept. It seizes the interest so powerfully that however incredulous the reader, however aware of "just how the trick is done," he is likely to fall under the spell of the feat of clairvoyance which sets the story a-going and to dash on to the dramatic, breath-taking climax of the episode that Medicine Pipestem, the conjurer, has foretold. The author's work in this last book is so superior to her other productions there would almost be justification in focusing the attention upon it. While some of the stories are more attractive than others, some more deftly done, some possessed of more fiber than others, certain generalizations may be made of all. To begin with, they all reveal the story-teller's most necessary endowment—instinct for the kernel of a story, such selective appreciation of an essence in character, incident, atmosphere, as will adorn a tale; as is, indeed, the very heart of the tale. There is never any fumbling with an obscure, unplastic episode which may be of interest or malleable in other ways, but which is unsuited to the purpose of a short story. This keen eye for an episode is supplemented by a light, deft handling of the episode itself in its salient aspects—such a treatment as scrupulously avoids burdensome elaborateness of detail, yet conveys an idea of the author's copious knowledge of her theme. Thus, 'At the Foot of the Rockies' gives the impression of Miss Goodloe's sufficient knowledge of the British constabulary system, the psychology of the Indian, and other diverse elements that compose the life of the Northwest Territories.

This apparent breadth of vision kept in leash by economy of detail in presentation makes for rapidity, conciseness, vividness. These virtues of the narrative art are just what are desired for the particular thing Miss Goodloe seems to have wished to do. This particular thing reminds one of what a certain critic says of Guy de Maupassant: "He regards the analytical fashion of telling a story as much less profitable than the simple epic manner which avoids with care all complicated explanations, all dissertations upon motives, and confines itself to making persons and events pass before our eyes." Miss Goodloe, too, hides her psychology in the palpitant section of life whose movement and color and bustle are set forth. As swiftness, firmness, adroitness of touch are characteristic of Miss Goodloe's style at its best in her manipulation of plot, incident, and character, the same qualities are to be marked in matters of detail. Her page offers no Chinese nests of words, phrases, sentences, more curious than directly impressive. Instead of such involved structures every word, every sentence, is a re-

spectable, dignified entity, in harmonious relation with its environment of other parts of speech, never tangled in any uncongenial jungle of words or collocations thereof. As the result of such a medium and the equilibrium maintained between matter and manner, the last and best stories of Miss Goodloe's remain in the memory as a Fortuny canvas—clean and brilliant in surface.

To turn a moment to the other side of the shield, these last and best stories may perhaps be said to have the defects of their qualities. It may be questioned, for example, whether the perspicacity which so easily sees the heart of a certain phase of life does not deter from a broader vision. Seeing certain aspects of life so clearly is apt to leave a talent satisfied with these engaging aspects—not that there is, however, any hint of indolence or complacence in Miss Goodloe's vision. Still one occasionally feels about it as about her ease in recording what she sees—if there were more difficulty in seeing and recording, would there not be forged out perhaps a more enlarged, engrossing cast of life and a technique more compelling? And if there were a little deeper psychology, a touch of sentiment and emotion a little more incarnadined, or if the author's objective art were exercised a little more vigorously, would not her stories easily take rank among the best American short stories?

Yet to some extent this is beside the mark, this momentary indulgence in the pleasant game of speculation, as the prime function of criticism seems to be rather to accept the particular thing done and to judge whether it be done well or ill. In the present case it is done admirably. Best of all, it is an excellence that points forward—to fleeter and more vigorous coursing over the happy field of the objective incident and the lovely inner world of human personality, in its beguiling range of sentiment, emotion, and psychological interest.

Anna Blanche McGill.

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A DOUBTING THOMAS

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THERE was a dinner-party at the Inspector's. This sounds grander than the facts warrant, but it was a very cosy little stag party of six, just the same. Besides the host, Captain Whitney, of the Highwood detachment, there was Captain Stanway, a brother officer from Fort MacLeod; young Allen of the Crow's Nest ranche; Ingalls, a member of Parliament for Assiniboia; Professor Thomas Berwick, of Oriel College, Oxford, the guest of honor; and Father Lemaire, the French Catholic priest, who knows more about the Indians of Northwest Canada than everybody else put together, including the Indians themselves.

They had discussed a number of interesting topics during the evening, but the professor had always skilfully led the conversation back to the subject of Indians. Apparently he knew everything but Indians, and equally apparently he was bent on acquiring as much information about them as possible before the evening was over. The professor called it "data," and he turned his spectacled eyes with almost ferocious interest upon first one and then another of the captain's guests as they contributed bits of personal experience or legends or theories concerning the Indians. Everything was to go down in a little red note-book before the professor slept.

"And, by Jove, the rummy beggars brought the identical rocks and tin pans and kettles into court the next day as evidence! It was a sight to see them file into the room hugging a large black pot or a heavy stone. Nothin' would have induced 'em to part with 'em, and I gave 'em big damages." It was Allen of the Crow's Nest ranche and a J. P. who was talking.

"They hadn't done a thing," he went on, "but cut down a few of old Cartwright's trees to get poles for their tepees, but Lord! he was in an awful temper over it, and rocked 'em hard. They were as wise as serpents and didn't return fire at all, but just gathered in the stones as they sailed over, each one keeping the particular one he was hit with. When the

rocks were used up Cartwright and his son got hold of their ironmongery and shied that at 'em. Ditto—they each held on to the kettle or pan that had landed on them, and produced the whole outfit in court before me next day. It was all I could do to keep from bursting with laughter when I saw that banged-up crowd and the rocks and kitchen things. *I* thought they had acted rather well and let 'em off easy and gave Cartwright and his son no end of a blowin'-up and fines."

The professor stopped sipping his coffee and leaned far back.

"Bless my soul! Most interesting," he said meditatively, looking at Allen. "In fact, I find the whole subject of the North American Indian, in all its ramifications, very fascinating. And I feel it not only my pleasure, but my duty to study him. It is for that purpose, indeed, that I left Oxford to come among them. I have only three months, my time is short, but I presume —" He stopped, arrested by the look of blank amazement on Captain Whitney's face. Allen thought it was a joke and looked up to laugh, but seeing the professor's serious countenance, suddenly choked and drank some water.

The professor looked uneasily around at the silent company.

"You don't think—" he began tentatively.

Stanway threw up his hands. "Oh! *we* can't tell you anything at all," he declared. "We are only soldiers, and aren't supposed to really understand the beggars. Besides we've only been out here a short while. Whitney's been here ten years, but I'm a new-comer—only five. Ingalls *ought* to know something about 'em—he helps legislate for 'em—but I doubt if he does. Father Lemaire is the only man around here who really *knows* 'em. He's lived with 'em and preached to 'em and punished and rewarded and bossed 'em generally. Ask him."

The priest was gazing down at his plate and turning his coffee-cup around and around. There was an enigmatical smile on his face. The professor twisted himself in his chair and looked rather helplessly at him. From his place at the other end of the table, Ingalls could see the two, and there was an amused twinkle in his eye.

"I'm afraid I cannot tell you much about them." The

priest spoke English with so little accent that it would be impossible to indicate it. He could talk ten unpronounceable Indian dialects fluently, and it wasn't likely that he would make a mistake in a little thing like English. "*Que sais-je?* I have only been among them thirty years, and they are very hard to know."

"Thirty years!" the professor gasped. The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders.

"It is as nothing. They are like children—it is hard to get at their real thoughts and feelings. I go among a tribe. I make friends with them, convert them, help them all I can. They come to me with their troubles, their grievances; I say 'do this, or do that,' and they obey. I think to myself, 'At last I know them and they love me. They are my children, I am their father!' And then some fine day—pouf! something happens and I find I know nothing about them; I am a stranger among them, and I must begin all over again."

The priest raised his eyes and looked around. Captain Whitney nodded appreciatively.

"That's just it," he said. "Now you know them and now you don't! There seems to be some invisible barrier between the Anglo-Saxon race and the Indian, and every now and then we come a cropper over it. We think we are going to spread the mantle of civilization over him and that it will fit very neatly, when suddenly we discover a bare place that hasn't been covered at all, and no matter how we twist and pull and tuck in that mantle, always an odd corner will stick out and show us that it is a misfit."

The professor looked a trifle dazed. He rubbed the bald spot on his head excitedly.

"Bless my soul!" he said; "I don't think I quite understand. If your language were a little less—ah—figurative—"

Allen saw his opportunity to laugh. He did so.

"Whitney's only trying to tell you, professor," he explained, "that although to all outward appearances the Indian is a commonplace, ordinary enough individual with many characteristics which we understand and recognize, and as guileless seemingly as Mr. Bret Harte's 'heathen Chinee,' yet at bottom he's as different from us as daylight is from darkness —I should say just the other way about. I don't mind con-

fessing that he has frequently surprised *me* most considerably. Now there was that curious affair of the Lost Mine—"

Captain Whitney held up a warning hand.

"Don't, don't, Allen! Not just yet. That story taxes the credulity of us who are used to the Indian—don't tell it to Professor Berwick yet. He'll only think you an unconscionable liar. Wait a while—"

"Yes," interrupted Stanway, "wait until he discovers that their religious traditions sound surprisingly like the Old Testament; that they know all about the flood and Noah and the Ark, and that it was a willow and not an olive branch the dove brought back, and that they have Masonic orders with proper degrees and grips and things, and that their prophets are wonderful old chaps and could have given points to Hosea and the rest of them. It's the prophets I can't account for. But as I am a mere soldier and a sinful creature not to be implicitly believed, I let Father Lemaire vouch for them."

The priest shrugged his shoulders again.

"It *is* curious," he said a little unwillingly, "and undoubtedly, although there have been false prophets among them as among the Jewish tribes, yet some of the Indian seers have a marvelous faculty for divining the future. You know their powers are quite distinct from those of the medicine man. The good Father Charlevoix has left us many instances of such power, and I myself have known of many—" he hesitated slightly, as if uncertain whether to go on. The professor smiled indulgently on him.

"But of course such occurrences or coincidences are easily explained." The professor beamed around on the company. It was impossible that these men could seriously believe in Indian prophets.

"Doubtless, and it is to men of learning like yourself that we look for the scientific explanation of such things." The priest looked calmly at the Oxford don as he spoke, and somehow his glance irritated that gentleman.

The professor cleared his throat and knocked the ash from his cigar.

" 'Hem! Of course, it is to science that such phenomena must be referred for solution, but personally I have never given the subject any attention, and therefore it would be presump-

tuous on my part to offer any opinion. Perhaps Whitney here has an explanation—"

"Oh! as for me, I believe the true solution is a simple one, that they are in league with the devil. It is very easy that way."

The priest laughed a little maliciously.

"*Monsieur le Capitaine* will not be on your side, professor," he said. "He not only believes in them, but he has friends among them. By the way"—he looked at Whitney—"what has become of that Piegan, Swift Arrow? He was one of the most astonishing *Jossakeed* I have ever seen." He turned again to the professor. "I wish, monsieur, that you could have seen that man and some of his prophetic manifestations. He is a devoted friend of Monsieur Whitney's. Ever since he was saved from transportation to Regina and the jail there by *Monsieur le Capitaine* he has worshipped him."

"Oh, nonsense!" interrupted Whitney hastily; "it was only a trifling service for which he has been absurdly grateful. You know they have such a horror of being sent out of their country. I have known them to die of nostalgia. I'll tell you all about a case like it some time, professor. As for Swift Arrow, I don't know where he is—haven't seen the beggar for as much as two years; haven't even heard of him. I think he has probably left these parts entirely."

Ericson, the orderly, was passing with a tray of clean glasses and a bottle of Scotch. He put up a hand to his mouth and coughed slightly to attract the captain's attention.

"Swift Arrow is in our shack, sir," he said. "He is come but fifteen minutes ago." Ericson was a Dane and proud of his English.

The professor leaned back heavily in his chair.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated; "this is rather extraordinary."

Ingalls was amused. He whispered to Stanway. "Another surprise for our doubting Thomas." Captain Whitney turned around in his chair.

"Speak of the devil! What does Swift Arrow want, Ericson?" he inquired.

The orderly grinned.

"He says, sir, that he wishes to see Captain Wheetney;

that the Great Spirit told him the captain had need of him to-night and he is come, but does not heemself know wherefore."

"Well, tell him that the Great Spirit must have been playing a little joke on him, for I haven't the least need of him, and that I will see him to-morrow. I can't bother with him now. See that he is all right for the night." Whitney smiled a little uncomfortably and the professor laughed triumphantly.

Well," he remarked, pouring himself out a glass of Scotch, "it was rather peculiar his arriving while we were talking of him, but the revelation of the Great Spirit to him as to the future were evidently not authentic this time. I suspect all of their communications are of about equal value." The professor was growing offensively complacent and positive.

"Why not have him in, Whitney, and let the old chap give us a *séance* for the benefit of the professor, here?" suggested Allen.

But Whitney negatived the proposition emphatically.

"No, no! I won't have the old chap make an exhibition of himself for our pleasure. If there were any real reason—he's such a confoundedly dignified old beggar—I won't have him laughed at." He laughed himself a little uneasily. "After all, professor," he said, making an effort to turn the conversation, "I don't believe the prophetic power of the Indian is as wonderful as another curious little trick he possesses of sending intelligence from one point to another with the most baffling rapidity and absolutely without messengers or signal so far as anyone has discovered. It is quite wonderful, I assure you, and sometimes occasions us no end of trouble."

" 'Deed, that's so," chimed in Stanway, pushing his coffee-cup away and tilting his chair back comfortably. "The beggars are better at that mental telegraphy business than at anything else. Why last year, Steele, down at the Fort, chased a half-breed for two whole weeks before he came up with the ruffian. No matter what trail he took the Indian always got word somehow of his approach and escaped. Steele never knew how. He doubled and twisted on his own tracks but the Indian always seemed to know beforehand what he was going to do and would get away."

The professor leaned forward on the table.

"This is indeed interesting, gentlemen. Do any of the rest of you know of similar instances?"

Stanway leaned toward Ingalls. "Your man's beginning to take notice," he said.

Berwick had addressed the priest, who looked up quietly.

"Oh, yes," he said indifferently; "many have been brought to my knowledge. We are waiting for science to give us a lucid and satisfactory explanation of them," and again he looked quizzically at the professor, who reddened slightly.

"I don't think—" began Allen.

"Sh!" Captain Whitney held up a warning hand. "What's that?" he said, and pushed his chair back from the table. Outside could be heard, coming nearer and nearer to the shack, the galloping of a horse, then "Whoa! steady there!" and the sound of a man leaping to the ground.

Ericson presented himself at the door.

"An orderlee from the post with message for Captain Wheetney."

He saluted and stood aside to let the orderly, covered with dust and tired out from his thirty-mile ride, pass in.

Captain Whitney ran his eye hastily over the letter the man handed him.

"Do you know anything of the contents of this despatch?" he asked sharply.

"No, sir."

"Ericson, take the orderly to your quarters and see that he is comfortable. Tell Sergeant Owens to report to me in fifteen minutes, ready for service."

The two orderlies disappeared to wash out their throats and make themselves otherwise "comfortable." Captain Whitney read the letter over again, and then leaning forward on the table, the paper held up to the light, he looked around at his guests.

"Gentlemen," he said, and there was a queer little thrill of excitement in his voice, "I have just received a communication which is rather curious in view of our recent conversation, and which, as I am convinced you will preserve absolute secrecy on the subject, I will read to you. The letter is from Wainwright at Fort Donald, and is dated six o'clock this evening.

To Inspector Whitney, Highwood Detachment.

Sir: I have just received a telegram from Inspector Burke of the Banff detachment, apprising me of the murder, at four this afternoon, of a private, Thomas Dolan, in his division, by White Crow, a notorious Indian of that district. He has received most reliable information that the Indian has started eastward and by this time is in hiding with some of his people at a little place called Roy, fifty miles from there. As he feels confident that any approach from his detachment on the west would be immediately reported to the Indian in that mysterious fashion known to them, and so cause him to change his place of hiding, he decided to wire me the particulars, have me send a messenger immediately to you, and order you northward to capture White Crow. As it is absolutely impossible that the Indians to the south should have heard of the murder, your move to the northward will not attract any attention or be reported to him. News of the affair in all quarters, indeed, has been carefully suppressed, so that if you move quickly and cautiously you will undoubtedly come upon White Crow near Roy.

The orderly leaves here in half an hour and should be with you by ten this evening. He knows nothing of the affair.

Wainwright,
Inspector.

Captain Whitney glanced at his watch. It was just four minutes of ten. The orderly rode well.

"You will have to excuse me, gentlemen," he said, rising from the table. I have much to attend to before starting, and we must get away as soon as possible. I hope, however, that you will stay and finish out the evening."

"Good heavens!" exclaimed the professor, "you don't mean to say, Whitney, that you are going to start out over the trackless prairie in the dead of night after an Indian murderer?"

Whitney smiled.

"What did you expect? That I should wait here until these Indians got wind of the affair and let the man know that I am on his trail? Besides, the prairie isn't trackless. People talk ingenuously of the 'trackless prairie.' The trouble with it is that there are so many tracks that we need a guide—" he stopped suddenly and struck his hands sharply together. "By Jove, I had entirely forgotten! Both the Indian guide

and the interpreter are away. Lost Arm is at Lethbridge and won't be here until to-morrow noon, and I let the interpreter go home to see his family to-night. It's entirely too far to send for him."

Father Lemaire looked at Whitney.

"Perhaps, after all, Swift Arrow's arrival was opportune. You couldn't find a better guide," he said quietly.

Allen gave a nervous little laugh.

"By Jove, it's just like a fairy-tale! The Great Spirit must have given him a tip as to your difficulty to-night, after all, Whitney."

Whitney stood looking down, twisting the letter absently in his fingers.

"Just the man," he said. "And I need a guide badly. Never heard of Roy, but if it's fifty miles east of Banff it must be at least a hundred and five or ten miles from here."

There was a knock at the door and Sergeant Owens came in.

"Owens, bring Swift Arrow in here. I wish to speak with him."

In an instant the man was back, followed by a tall Indian who walked noiselessly in his doeskin moccasins. He was an old man, but as straight and quick as one of his own arrows.

"How!" he said gravely.

They returned his salutation and Whitney gave him tobacco. They all smoked in silence for a few minutes.

"Swift Arrow," said Whitney at length, "Lost Arm is in Lethbridge and I wish to go at once to Roy on particular business. Do you know where Roy is? Can you guide me? The pay is good."

The Indian blew a great cloud of smoke through his beaked nose.

"Good—much good that I come to-night, much good that I listen to Manitou," he said tranquilly. "No pay for Swift Arrow. He goes for love of white friend. Roy far off—hundred mile 'cross prairie. The pale face," he pointed with the stem of his pipe toward the professor, "will ride too. He much tired."

"God bless my soul!" ejaculated the astonished professor; "I hope I shall do no such thing."

The Indian glanced at him carelessly. "Yes," he said with conviction.

The Catholic priest looked over at the professor.

"Why not?" he asked. "Since knowledge of the Indian is what *Monsieur le Professeur* seeks, why should he not go on this expedition? It is not so dangerous. It will teach him many things."

Of course you'll go, professor," urged Ingalls. "It will really be tremendously interesting, and Whitney will be glad of company."

The captain looked doubtfully at his guest. He was wondering whether he could ride.

"Delighted to take him along," he said uncertainly.

"Easy horse for pale face—old bones very tired." Swift Arrow spoke lazily through a cloud of tobacco smoke.

The professor glared indignantly at the Indian.

"Confound his impudence! I'll go, if it's only to show the Indian I can ride," he declared hotly.

Allen laughed.

"That's right, professor. Do him up. All Indians are awfully stuck on their riding."

"Very well," said Whitney, still doubtfully. "We start at three. It's hardly worth while setting out sooner, as it is the dark of the moon, and we couldn't see our horses' heads before us. You'd better get as much rest as possible before then, professor. Ericson, you and Owens put up some rations and get the tents and ponies in readiness, and speak to no one of this expedition. I have letters to write and a report to finish. Stanway, will you be host in my absence?"

It was three o'clock when they started, Swift Arrow riding slightly in front, followed by Captain Whitney and Berwick, with Sergeant Owens in the rear. The professor was really an excellent horseman, and had no difficulty in keeping up with the stiff pace set by the Indian. They rode silently, for the world was asleep and deep shadows hung over the land. And when the sun came slowly up they were still held silent by the beauty of it all. The heavy purple clouds, paling slowly to amethyst and then to turquoise before the advancing light, were pierced here and there by long shafts of gold. Far overhead in the cool air, plovers with their sad cry dipped and

circled about. Once they passed a small lake with teal and wild duck upon it. On the sides of *coulées* great bushes of prairie roses grew and flung out their fragrance and millions of forget-me-nots blossomed under their horses' feet. Drowsy cattle stirred here and there, "rustling" in the short, sweet prairie grass. It was a silent, beautiful world they galloped through that June morning.

When the day had fully dawned they drew rein for breakfast, and at noon they rested again for an hour, for it was very hot. Late in the afternoon they came upon a little open space, surrounded by cottonwoods and near a stream where Captain Whitney thought it would be well to camp for the night.

The sergeant was putting up the two tents they had brought and Captain Whitney was hobbling his horse when suddenly Swift Arrow, who was watching the operations from afar, came close up to the officer.

"Not go any farther now—stay here?" he asked, spreading out his hands.

The captain nodded.

"We are all tired out and must rest to-night. Hold up your hoof, Duke."

Swift Arrow regarded him a moment. "Indians right behind—ride fast, Indians."

Captain Whitney straightened up with a start.

"What! You don't mean we are followed? Who could have known?"

The Indian shrugged his shoulders.

"Ye-es—that right—Indians after us. Maybe they get to Roy first."

"But *how* do you know?" The officer's voice shook with impatience. The Indian only regarded him quietly with a blank expression on his face.

"White man don' see all Indian sees," he remarked impassively. Captain Whitney looked at the A tent and the hobbled horses in perplexity and chagrin. And then an idea struck him, and he determined to keep it even from Swift Arrow for the present.

Supper was over and the horses had been fed and watered and had had three hours' rest, when Captain Whitney left the professor and went through the inky darkness over to the bell

tent, where the sergeant and Swift Arrow were already soundly sleeping. He raised the flap and entered. First he shook Owens by the arm, and when he got the sergeant aroused he bent over the sleeping Indian and called to him softly. The man sprang up.

"I want you, Swift Arrow," said the captain, "to go and get our horses and saddle them quickly—all but Owens'. He is going to stay here while we push on. I am hoping to deceive the Indians on our trail—whoever the beggars are and wherever they are—into thinking we have camped for the night, and so get far ahead of them."

The Indian grunted.

"Good—much good," he said and moved noiselessly out into the night.

"You, Owens, are to stay here and keep the fires going and move about as much as you can. Try and be four men, if possible."

Owens saluted sleepily, and the captain went back to his tent and the professor, who was sitting on his saddle-cloth in the most uncomfortable position and looking moody but game.

"How d'y' suppose they found out we had started and how on earth did Swift Arrow, or whatever the chap's name is, find out that they had found out? It beats me. He was with us the whole way and *I* never saw a thing." There was a touch of irritation in the professor's voice. A gentleman and an Oxford don does not thoroughly enjoy being mystified by an ignorant savage."

"Give it up," said Whitney affably. "Here's Swift Arrow for your saddle-blanket. He's getting the horses ready."

It was intensely dark when they set out again, and they had to ride slowly. It seemed as if the Indian must have had some sixth sense to be able to guide them at all. Twice indeed they lost the trail and had to retrace part of the way and once the professor's horse stepped into a badger hole and nearly threw his rider. When the dawn began to break again they rode more rapidly. Suddenly Swift Arrow drew rein and pointed far down on his right to a group of brightly painted tepees nestled against the side of a steep *coulée*. A mile or so farther on, Whitney and the professor could see where the level line of the prairie was broken by a little settlement of

rough newly built frame houses. Evidently that was Roy, and the Indian village nearer them the hiding-place of White Crow.

They rode straight for the tepees, and as they neared them they could see that, early as it was, the place was wide awake. Young bucks were leading their ponies down to the water and the squaws were making fires and hanging pots above them. Fat brown Indian babies toddled about among the dogs and horses in a reckless fashion. Captain Whitney halted before the largest and most brilliantly decorated tepee. An old Indian, evidently the chief, sat in front of it, smoking. The officer beckoned to Swift Arrow to interpret.

"Tell him that I come to arrest White Crow, whom I know to be here, for the murder of a private soldier at Banff. Tell him I wish the man given up at once and peaceably."

The Indian translated. Though it was the first he had heard of the murder, his impassive face betrayed not a trace of curiosity. The chief smoked on tranquilly.

"Tell him to give me his answer immediately, Swift Arrow." The officer was becoming impatient.

The old chief removed his pipe from his lips for a moment.

"Tell the White Mother's servant who moves as slowly as a half-frozen bear in winter that his quarry is gone. White Crow did indeed come among us late yesterday, but a swift-winged message breathed in his ear and he rode away quickly. Whither he went I did not ask and do not know." He resumed his pipe impassively, while Swift Arrow translated what he had said.

"Tell him I must have the camp searched, that I do not believe White Crow can have got away."

For an instant the old man's eyes blazed at the message, then arising gravely, he led the way to each tepee, ordering the young Indians out and aiding in the thorough search. At the end of half an hour it was evident that White Crow was not there and that none of the Indians knew where he was.

" 'Pon my word, this thing grows uncanny." The professor's teeth chattered audibly as he spoke. Perhaps it was the effect of the keen morning air.

"It's most vexatious, I know that! If I had not been so sure of catching him here I would have brought more men. As it is, there aren't enough of us to divide up into search

parties, and we shall have to go to Calgary to get help or back to the detachment."

"My dear Whitney, it's a very small matter whether you catch the man or not. What *I* want to know is by what mysterious agency was he apprised of our coming!"

"As an officer of the Mounted Police, naturally my point of view differs from yours," said the captain stiffly. "However, if you want to find out about the psychological, or scientific or whatever you choose to call it, aspect of the thing, why don't you go and interview the chief?"

Berwick thought the advice good, and taking Swift Arrow with him, went over to where the chief sat smoking again as tranquilly as though nothing had happened. He did not find out much, though. All the information he could extract from the taciturn old warrior was conveyed in a single, enigmatical sentence.

"The voice of the messenger glides swiftly over the land and breathes in the ear of the listening brave. Like the lightning it flashes across the plains and mountains. More than that I do not know."

The professor went back to Whitney.

"The beggar won't tell me a thing," he declared testily, "and he has the audacity to use semi-scientific terms in describing the phenomenon. Talks about lightning flashing across the plain. He might be describing wireless telegraphy! Bless my soul! If I stay in this country much longer I won't know what I think." The professor's intellect was expanding in leaps and bounds and it was most uncomfortable and perplexing.

The captain laughed ruefully. "I don't know what to think now," he said. "All I know is that our cattle are completely used up, not to mention ourselves, and that White Crow has been informed of our search and escaped. We shall have to stay here half the day anyway to be able to move at all. Confound that Indian! If I only knew where he was!"

The professor looked out through the entrance of the tent across the prairie.

"Why don't you ask Swift Arrow where he is? The gentleman seems to know everything." The professor essayed a

flippant tone, but Whitney was not deceived. The leaven was working.

"By Jove, not a bad idea," he said, and went to the door of the tent, which the Indian had put up. Swift Arrow was outside and walked quietly to meet Whitney. From his place in the tent the professor could see them speaking together earnestly, and at first the Indian seemed to protest, but finally, making a gesture of assent, he followed Whitney slowly back. The officer threw himself down by Berwick.

"Prepare yourself, professor," he said, smiling a little uncertainly. "After all, you are going to have a chance of find-out what an Indian prophet is worth. We are going to have a *séance* with the Great Spirit, the Gitchi Manitou. Swift Arrow didn't want to do it much at first, but his gratitude for the little service I did him—you remember the Regina affair—finally overcame his scruples about assisting in the arrest of this brother Indian, and so he is going to hold a conference with the powers that be and find out just where White Crow is. It can't do any harm and it will fill up the time while we wait," he added, avoiding the professor's eye. The professor looked at him sharply.

"Don't pretend that you don't believe in this thing, Whitney! Why, man, I'm getting downright superstitious myself!'

The captain chuckled a little and watched Swift Arrow out of the corner of his eye. The man was going quietly about clearing a space in the corner of the tent. Over this he spread carefully a heavy blanket which he had worn thrown about his shoulders during the night ride, and having removed his shaps, moccasins, and shirt, he lay down upon it. Drawing the four corners together, he wrapped himself tightly in it. To the two men watching him, it looked as if the Indian had fallen quickly asleep, but in a few moments he became very pale, drops of perspiration broke out on his forehead, and he began to mutter incoherently.

The sides of the tent were drawn up, for it was intensely hot and the Indians came and gathered about the tepee, staring at the pallid figure stretched out on the ground. The old chief took his station at the entrance and smoked pipeful after pipeful of *kinnikinick*.

For an hour or more Swift Arrow lay in a stupor, mut-

tering unintelligibly, his limbs now and then twitching convulsively. Captain Whitney was intensely bored. He felt extremely ridiculous in his own sight and assured himself over and over that only the impossibility of getting away with his used-up horses prevented his ordering Swift Arrow to break off his conference with the Great Spirit and strike the tent. He pretended to sleep, but was really wide awake and listening to the suppressed hum of conversation from the Indians surrounding the tepee. The professor was writing vigorously in his note-book and trying to appear unconcerned. In reality he too was nervous as a cat, and his mind in a state bordering on revolution.

Suddenly Swift Arrow gave a wild cry and leaping to his feet, threw off the blanket and stood in the center of the tent. Great rivulets of perspiration rolled off his body, his face was pallid, and a light froth lay on his lips. He passed his hand slowly across his forehead as if stupefied, but his eyes were preternaturally bright. The frightened Indians crowding around the tent fell back a little at the sight. Whitney and the professor sat up stiffly, awaiting what was to come. There was a little mocking smile on the officer's face, but Berwick was extremely serious. If there was anything in the exhibition the professor was determined to find out what it might be.

Swift Arrow stood for a moment passing and repassing his hand across his eyes, then he motioned to the Indians outside to leave the tent. When they had all gone away he sat down beside the English officer and began to smoke. For a few seconds he was silent, then laying aside his pipe, he leaned forward and began to speak rapidly in short, jerky sentences.

"The Great Spirit has talked to me. To-night, at dark, you find White Crow at Morlon's—he half-breed. Forty mile from here to south, at foot of great Rockies. Swift Arrow knows place well. Down by *coulée*."

Captain Whitney looked straight ahead of him.

"Do you mean that White Crow has doubled back and gone southwest for forty miles to the foothills?"

The Indian nodded.

"And shall we come up with him toward dusk at the half-breed Morlon's?"

The Indian nodded again and, picking up his pipe of *kinnikinick,* strode out of the tent.

The professor looked over at Whitney.

"Shall we try it?" he asked excitedly. Captain Whitney smiled doubtfully.

"I say, Whitney, really I think we might as well see what's in it." The professor's voice was urgent and the captain could not help smiling.

"Very well, I had already decided to wire Burke and go back to the detachment, so that it will be but little out of the way. If we don't catch him—if—if Swift Arrow here is simply having a little fun with us, I can wire him from the Post, and if we are to get there by dusk we will have to leave here a little after three. I propose that we get some good rest until then."

It was almost four when the tired little party started south again, and twenty times as they galloped across the hot prairie Captain Whitney changed his mind as to whether to follow Swift Arrow's lead. But almost before he knew it they had left the direct southern trail and were veering off to the right, straight toward the Rockies. Glad that the thing had been decided for him, he rode mechanically forward, his eyes dazzled by the splendor of the afternoon sun that shone full in his face.

They rode so for many hours and dark had descended upon them when the Indian, turning sharply to the right, led the way down a rocky road to the bed of a mountain stream, and there on its bank they suddenly came upon the little shack of Morlon, the French half-breed.

"Bless my soul, Whitney, this is the loneliest and most God-forsaken spot I ever saw!" The professor spoke in a whisper. The desolate aspect of the place seemed to compel silence.

"Wait here," said the captain to Berwick and the Indian, and he rode alone up to the door of the shack. He knocked, and in an instant the tall figure and unprepossessing face of Morlon appeared. The man held a candle in his hand, and by its light Whitney could see that he was equally frightened and relieved at the sight of his uniform.

"I want White Crow, the Indian who is hiding here," he said briefly.

The man's hand shook so that the wax of the candle spilled over.

"I—he—is not—why do you think he is here?"

"Come," commanded Whitney, sternly, "give him up at once or I will arrest you, too."

The man pointed over his shoulder to an inner room.

"He is in there," he said in a frightened voice. "I did not want him to come. Bad Indian. He told me he kill me if I not hide him. He just come—little while ago. I don' want him."

He stepped discreetly and hastily out of the house while Captain Whitney went in to get the Indian. White Crow made no resistance, rather to the professor's regret—he had followed Captain Whitney into the shack—and they easily made him their prisoner. He had not slept and had scarcely tasted food for fifty hours, and there was no fight left in him.

"By Jove, I'm glad we have got this fellow at last!" said Whitney. They were in the corral slipping the saddles off their tired ponies preparatory to having a good night's rest at the half-breed's shack.

"My dear fellow," remarked the professor testily, "as I before said, catching him is a secondary matter. The thing that interests me is the way in which he has been found. I have thought of it from every conceivable point of view, and can make nothing of it. It's most extraordinary—most extraordinary!"

Whitney laughed. "My dear professor, you must not take this affair too seriously. It was in all probability a mere accident, a coincidence, if you will, strange but perfectly explicable. Men like you and myself don't believe in the supernatural."

"But all truth-searching minds are open to conviction, no matter what their previous prejudices may be. Do you mean to tell me that the events which have taken place since night before last—the unexpected and timely appearance of the Indian Swift Arrow, the communication from your superior officer pertinent to the very conversation in hand, the seemingly sure official intelligence directing us to Roy and the mysterious communication of our approach to the murderer, the absolute lack of knowledge of his whereabouts and his

location by this Indian prophet—" the professor was sputtering and breathless.

Whitney laughed heartlessly again. "I repeat that while it seems strange it may all have been a coincidence. There was nothing particularly wonderful in Swift Arrow's visit to the detachment. I had not seen him for a long while—it was time for him to turn up. As for White Crow's escape from Roy—he may never have been there. These Indians are awful liars. They saw that we expected to find him there and they may have concluded that it would bring less suspicion upon them to say that he had been there but had gone than to deny his ever having been there. As for his presence here—that may have been a lucky guess only on Swift Arrow's part. Morlon may be friendly with that particular Indian, and if he is, depend on it, every other Indian knows it. His place is secluded and Swift Arrow may have very shrewdly surmised that he would come to him in trouble—"

"Of all narrow-minded, bigoted, conventional, hard-headed, doubting idiots, commend me to an Englishman!"

"Oh, come, Berwick!" Whitney was laughing so he could hardly speak. "How about scientists?"

"Who's talking about scientists? Science be damned!" said the professor recklessly and emphatically, and he followed the captain into the shack.

ARMISTEAD CHURCHILL GORDON

[1855—]

FRANK P. BRENT

ARMISTEAD CHURCHILL GORDON, the subject of this sketch, was born on December 20, 1855, at "Edgeworth," in Albemarle County, the residence of his paternal grandfather, General William F. Gordon. His father was George Loyall Gordon, and his mother Mary Long Daniel, daughter of Judge Joseph J. Daniel, associate justice of the Supreme Court of North Carolina. George Loyall Gordon was educated in the academic and law departments of the University of Virginia. In 1851 he settled in Alexandria, where he practiced law and edited the *Sentinel,* a Democratic newspaper. Shortly after his marriage in 1854 he purchased an ample estate in Louisa County near Gordonsville, where he resided as lawyer and planter till the spring of 1861, when President Lincoln's call for troops to coerce the seceding Southern States forced Virginia out of the Union. Entering the Confederate Army as sergeant of his company, he rose rapidly to the rank of adjutant of his regiment, which position he held when he was killed in Magruder's desperate and heroic charge upon the Federal batteries at Malvern Hill, July 1, 1862, falling at the head of the charging column, the nearest man to the enemy's guns. On the morning of his death he had received his commission as colonel of another regiment. He died at the age of thirty-two, beloved and admired for those fine chivalric qualities that have always rendered his house famous.

Armistead C. Gordon is the eldest of five children, two of whom died in infancy. His brother, James Lindsay Gordon, noted as a brilliant orator and a graceful occasional poet, began life as a practitioner of law at Charlottesville, represented Albemarle in the Senate of Virginia, moved to New York City, where after serving as assistant district attorney and associate corporation counsel for the city, he died of pneumonia at forty-five years of age, in the full maturity of his remarkable powers. Mr. Gordon's sister, Mary Long Gordon, the wife of Dr. Richard H. Lewis, Secretary of the North Carolina State Board of Health, died in 1895 of typhoid fever. Mr. Gordon's mother died at "Longwood," the family residence in Louisa County, in 1876. She spent all of her married life in the nurture and education of her three children, always holding up before

them high ideals in life and letters, and illustrating in her modest matronly life all the virtues attributed to the mother of the Gracchi.

After receiving excellent preparatory instruction in Major Horace Jones's school for boys at Charlottesville, Armistead C. Gordon entered the academic department of the University of Virginia in 1873, where he remained for two sessions, devoting the most of his time to the study of ancient and modern languages. While at the University he displayed remarkable talents as a writer, his productions both in prose and verse being anxiously sought for by the editors of the *University Magazine*, a monthly publication maintained by the students.

On leaving the University he taught school for four years in the town of Charlottesville, first as associate to his old preceptor Major Jones in the Charlottesville Institute, later as his successor as principal, and then as associate principal of the Charlottesville public high school. In the meantime he was reading law privately and attending the Summer Law School at the University of Virginia, then conducted by the late John B. Minor, LL.D. In 1879 he opened a law office in Staunton, Virginia, where he is still in active practice.

In 1883 Mr. Gordon married in Staunton, Miss Maria Breckinridge Catlett, eldest daughter of Nathaniel Pendleton Catlett and Elizabeth Breckinridge, his wife; and of that marriage five children have been born, two daughters and three sons, all of whom are living.

During his residence in Staunton he has been honored by his neighbors in being elected or appointed to many positions of prominence and trust, and in a sphere of larger activity and usefulness he has served as member of the State Board of Visitors to Mt. Vernon; member of the Royal Charter Board of Visitors to the College of William and Mary; member of the Board of Visitors to the University of Virginia, of which he is still rector; and member and first chairman of the State Library Board, first organized in 1903. Probably the most valuable public service yet rendered by Mr. Gordon was when, acting as a member of the committee composed of three from the Board of Visitors and two from the Faculty, for restoring the buildings of the University of Virginia destroyed by fire in 1895, he advocated and secured the adoption of plans that resulted in the erection of the most classic and graceful group of academic buildings to be found in this or any other country. It was also on his motion that the Greek inscription was placed over the portico of the Academic Building, now known as Cabell Hall: "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free,"—a text from the Gospel of St. John, which has come to be recognized as the fittest motto to illustrate the traditional spirit of the University.

As member of the Board of Visitors he began in 1897 the agita-

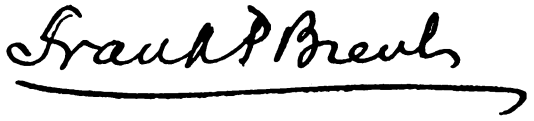
tion in favor of appointing a president for the University of Virginia; and as chairman of the special committee appointed to inquire into the expediency of creating such an office, he drafted the majority report recommending it. But owing to the fierce opposition that sprang up in many parts of the country to the proposed change in the government of the University, action on the report was indefinitely postponed. Seven years later, however, the seed thus sown bore fruit in the adoption of Mr. Gordon's report and in the election of Dr. Edwin A. Alderman as the first incumbent of this office.

In 1901 Mr. Gordon received a written petition from nearly one thousand citizens of Staunton and Augusta counties urging him to stand as a candidate for the convention then called to frame a new constitution for the Commonwealth; but personal and professional considerations compelled him to decline this complimentary request.

Amidst his multitudinous public and professional engagements he has found time to write much, both in prose and verse, that has placed him in the front rank of Southern writers. At irregular intervals he has contributed essays, fiction, and poems to *The Century Magazine, Scribner's Magazine, The Atlantic Monthly,* and other periodicals, and has published the following volumes: 'Befo' de War; Echoes in Negro Dialect,' in collaboration with Thomas Nelson Page; 'Congressional Currency; An Outline of the Federal Money System'; 'For Truth and Freedom; Poems of Commemoration'; 'Envion and Other Tales of Old and New Virginia'; 'The Gay Gordons; Ballads of an Ancient Scottish Clan'; 'The Gift of the Morning Star,' a novel dealing with the character and life of the Dunkards, a numerous religious sect in the Valley of Virginia; and 'The Ivory Gate,' a volume of verse. He has in press a novel depicting colonial life just before the Revolution, the scene of which runs from "Rosegill" in Middlesex, to Williamsburg, and thence to Halifax in North Carolina, with John Paul Jones as one of its characters. He has just completed two notable biographical sketches, one of the late William Green, the other of the late Judge William J. Robertson, two of the most eminent jurisconsults of Virginia, soon to appear in a series entitled 'Great American Lawyers,' edited by William Draper Lewis, Dean of the Law Faculty of the University of Pennsylvania, and published by the John C. Winston Company of Philadelphia. He has also delivered many notable addresses, among them the annual address before the West Virginia Bar Association on "The Citizen and the Republic," on "Judge William McLaughlin," at Washington and Lee University; on "Daniel Morgan," before the Seventh Congress of the Scotch-Irish in America; on the "Valley Ulsterman," before the Phi Beta Kappa Society of William and Mary College;

and on "The Influence of Homer," at the unveiling of Sir Moses Ezekiel's Homeric group at the University of Virginia. He has composed and read the following memorial odes on the occasions named:—"The Garden of Death," at the unveiling of the monument to the Confederate dead in Thornrose Cemetery at Staunton; "Roses of Memory," before Pickett-Buchanan Camp of Confederate Veterans at Norfolk on Memorial Day; "*Pro monumento super milites interemptos*," at the unveiling of the monument to the Private Soldiers and Sailors of the Confederacy at Richmond; "The Fostering Mother," at the dedication of the new buildings at the University of Virginia in 1898; "Mosby's Men," at the seventh annual reunion of the survivors of the Forty-seventh Battalion, Virginia Cavalry, at Fairfax Courthouse; "*Vitai Lampada*," a song for a centenary year, before the Phi Beta Kappa Society at William and Mary College; "The Stonewall Brigade," at the reunion of the survivors of that famous body in 1901; "New Market; A Threnody," at the dedication of the Ezekiel monument to the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute who fell in the battle of New Market; "The Head Master," at the presentation of the portrait of Captain W. Gordon McCabe to the University by his former pupils.

Mr. Gordon is a member of the Chi Phi fraternity, a Greek letter college secret society, and has been the poet at one of its annual conventions. He is also an Odd Fellow and a Knight of Pythias, though no longer actively affiliated with these orders. He is a member of the Alpha chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society of William and Mary College; of the Scotch-Irish Society of America; of the Virginia Historical Society, being on its executive committee; of the Virginia State Bar Association; and of the Coöperative Education Commission of Virginia. He is a non-resident member of the Spalding Club of Aberdeen University, Scotland, to whose publication, 'The House of Gordon,' he has made valuable contributions concerning the history of the Gordons in Ireland and America. In 1906 the College of William and Mary conferred on him the degree of Doctor of Laws.



ENVION

REG'LAR ole time F. F. V's dey was—fus' famblys, ye know—wid dey hansum kerridges' an' fat black niggers a settin' up on de boxes an' a grinnin' foreber,' case dey got so much ter eat. I told ye! An' de way ole Cunnel Toliver'd move 'roun' 'mongst de company, a-bowin' here an' a scrapin' dar, an' a-sayin' ter all on 'em; "I'm mos' happy ter have ye here on dis mos' suspeceous occasion!"

An' den de supper, an' de dancin'. 'Twarn't none o' yer 10 o'clock in de mornin' go-way on de half pas' ten train sort o' weddin's dat my young marster got married at. Big supper, dance all night, an' de whole crowd stayin' dar sebrel days. Table f'arly loaded down wid ev'rything ye could think of—Ole Ferginyer ham, ole Ferginyer turkey, ole Ferginyer cured ven'son, ole Glorster Pint oysters, an' ole Ferginyer mountain-dew f'om beyant de Blue Ridge; an' wine an' egg-nogg 'twel you cudden' hole yer bref. An' evvy now an' den de ole Cunnel 'sed:

"Gennulmen, jine me!" an' dey'd step up ter de long 'hog-any side-board whar de silver chewreens an' things was stacked an' dey'd mix de peach an' honey, an' bow ter one another an' say: "My ree-gards, gennulmen!" an' drink it off, while de niggers stan'in' aroun' wid dey white ap'uns on ter wait on de table'd feel dey moufs f'arly waterin'. Den come de dancin'—none of yer new-fangled brass ban' Garmins, but de reg'lar ole time swing-cornders; an' de whole thing windin' up wid a ole Ferginyer Reel. An' Pompey Rowan was de boss fiddler, wid two mo' o' dem Tide-water niggers—young 'uns, ye know. Dey's an orful perlite set, dem darkeys, down 'bout Glo'rster Pint—reg'lar 'ristercratick niggers dat knows what's what. Come o' dey 'vocations, I 'spec'. An' fiddle—Lord, you jes oughter heerd dem three niggers slingin' o' de bow. De pictures on de walls looked like dey was gwine ter step down outer dey frames an' jine dat reel. Eben de preacher what morrid de couple, soon arter Pomp struk up, marches ober ter de side-board an' takes peach an' honey in his'n' wid de Cunnul; an' de fus' thing I knowed he was jerkin' ez lively a hoof ez any sinner in dat crowd. Well, arter de doin's was done ended, we come back up here ter de mountains, an' Mars' Berkeley

and Miss Agnes settled down at de Grasslane place dat ole Master gin 'em; an' sech another happy couple I never is seed. I stayed in de house an' waited on de table; an' I watched 'em an' I think dat dey loved one another about jes de same. Dar warn't much diff'unce. But I notice 'bout dis time dat Mars' Berk was eternally an' foreber comin' up here ter town ter make speeches out dar in front o' de Co't 'Ouse; an' down at Grasslane he kep' a-readin' o' de newspapers. An' de fus' thing I knowed he had done gone got him a cavalry company an' used ter have a drill ev'ry day. An' den one May mornin' —I ree-collects it ez well ez if it was yestiddy—he come ter me, an' he sez. "Envion, saddle de hosses an' git yerse'f ready ter go off wid me. De Yankees is pas' de Potomac, an' my company is ordered out." In two hours everything was ready, an' de hosses a-stannin' at de do'. De sun was shinin' ez bright an' puty ez I ever seen it; de green was on de trees good, an' de willow bushes all along de bank o' de creek in front o' de house far'ly sparkled in de light. De cherry an' de apple trees was all in blossom, an' de birds was a-singin' like dey was gwine ter bus' deyselves. Yes, sah, de place looked mighty beautiful, an' it did seem a pity-like ter leave it. But the purties' thing o' it all was young Miss Agnes, dressed up all in white, a-stanin' dar in de porch whar de honeysuckle vines was a-growin', waitin' ter see Mars' Berkeley mount an' ride away.

"I cudden' let you go, my darlin'," sez she, ez she put her hand on his gray coat-sleeve, "but for de fac' dat I know yer country calls you, an 'tis yer duty. Ez it is, ef you stayed, I cudden' love you ez I do."

An' den de tears came in her eyes when he put his arms about her—an'—an' I looked away.

We mounted de hosses an' rid off; an' when we turned in our saddles dar she still stood 'neaf de honeysuckles all white an' beautiful, a-shadin' her eyes wid her han' an' watchin' on us go.

Dat was de last time dat he ever seen her. Up an' down, roun' an' about, Mars' Cap'n Berk an' me carried our cavalry company, a-fightin' an' a-scrimmagin' wid de Yankees, an' a-manoovrin' roun' ginnerally. Ontwel at last' dey got us over yander beyo'd Culpepper Co't 'Ouse at dat place dey calls

Manassas, whar Gennul Borygard an' Gennul Johnson had dissembled all de soljers in de country to whop out de Yankees dat was comin'. I mos' commonly stayed ter de rear an' tuk keer o' de baggage when de fightin' was goin' on; but dat day Mars' Berk, sez he: "Envion, you must come wid me. Mebbe I'll be killed down here terday, becase it's gwine ter be a big fight; an' ef so, dar's a letter in my pocket what I wants tuk back to yer Miss Agnes."

So dat day, when de lines o' infantry was a-deployin', an' a-filadin' an' a-carryin' on, an' Mars' Berk was a settin' dar on his hoss wid his drawed sabre up agin his shoulder, in front o' his company, I was right by him. An den de bugles sounded all on a sudden, an' Mars' Berk said "Charge!" Right down on de Yankees in front of us we rid, wid de hosses a-snortin' an' de bright swords a-shinin' in de sunlight. It would ha' looked awful purty, ef I hadn't been so skeered. I thought to myself: "Nigger, yer time's come now, sho!" but I rid right on wid 'em, close ter Mars' Berkeley. We charged again de Yankee ranks, an' our hosses ez we met 'em, come up on dey haunches. De way de pistols was a-goin' pop! pop! pop! was a caution; an' sich another yellin' an a-swearin' an a-cussin' an' rattlin' o' swords an' scabbards an' tin canteens I never heerd in all o' my born days. But Mars' Berk never said a word. He rid right on silent, wid his sabre a-fallin' right an' lef' 'twel all on a sudden I seed de sword sorter quiver—'case I was a-watchin' on him all de time—an' den he flung bofe arms up in de a'r, an' rolled over ter one side."

"My Gord, for Miss Agnes!" sez I; an' I cotch him in my arms, an' draggin' him off'n his hoss ter mine I rid out o' dat bloody mix wid him ter de rear. A bullet tuk me in de shoulder;—ef my shirt was off, you could see de mark dar now, sah—but I did'n't never stop for dat. I kerried him out o' de reach o' dem whistlin' bullets, an' laid him down on de groun' ez sof' like ez I could. He groaned an' said sumpin' 'bout Miss Agnes, an' den a sort o' gugglin' soun' kim in his throat; an' I knowed dat dat was de las' on him. I retch down inter his breas' pocket whar he had tole me de letter was, an' I tuk it out. Dar was a lot o' blood on one cornder of it; but I put it in my pocket ter take ter my young Mistis jes so. I buried him dar dat night on dat fiel'. I dug his grave wid my

own han's, an' I laid him away without coffin or sheet; but I put a big rock over de place so dat I would know whar ter find him when Miss Agnes sent me arter him again.

An' den, widout sayin' nothin' ter Gennul Borygard or Gennul Johnson, widout no passport or nothin', I sot out for home wid dat letter. I never shall forgit ontwel my dyin' day de look on Miss Agnes' face when she seen me a-slowly comin' up over de bridge, across de meadow creek an' through de big front gate. She stood on de porch a-lookin' out, like she looked dat May mornin' when we left her; an' at fus' she started to'ds me. Den I see her sort o' ketch at de pillar by her side; an' when I had got dar her face was whiter dan Mars' Berkeley's was when de death grip was on him; an' she sort o' gasped out at me:

"Envion, is he dead?"

I did'n say a word—I cudden'; but she seen it in my eyes. An' wid a sort o' low cry dat cut through me sharper'n a knife, an' made me forgit all about dat bullet in my back, she sort o' staggered an' fell forruds. I cotch her in my arms an' tuk her in.

I ain't nothin' but a poor good-for-nothin' nigger; but it does me some good ter remember dat I fit in de battle 'long side o' de braves' man dat was in dat wah; an' dat when I come back I tuk keer o' young Miss Agnes.

THE TOWER OF BABEL

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When a man has grown very old, as when a child is very young, a short space of time will serve to work wondrous changes in him. The two extremes of life seem to move at a quicker pace and with an ampler meaning than does that intermediate stage, in whose earlier period the man finds himself still looking forward to the future, and from whose latter years he is ever gazing backward at the irrevocable past.

Grave physical mutations had transformed Jethro Makal in the months that had intervened between Benammi's departure and his return; changes that were in sharp contrast

with the apparent lack of them in all the other dwellers at the Mill Place, not even excepting Tirzah. The old man's entire presence bespoke his rapidly progressing decrepitude and helplessness. His thin legs had ceased to do their task in life, and his existence had come to be as motionless as it was gray. He sat all day in his easy chair by the chimney corner in the winter time, and through the chill days of the damp depressing spring; and in the summer he was placed conveniently near the open window of his bedroom, looking out upon the varied life of the mill-yard. Wherefore, the children of the Glade in the fishing season now went past the mill, and on to the Black Hole of Ocquon, free from any further fear of the stern disapproval that in former days had been visited upon them by Old Man Hoppergrass.

At night and morning the two Jacobs, his son and grandson, lifted him to and from his bed; and Mother Makal looked after him with even a greater degree of care than she gave to little Abijah. His hands were very tremulous, and his head shook with a constant vibration that was indicative of his attenuated hold on life; while the stare of extreme old age, that strange, questioning gaze which, seeing here as through a glass darkly, would seem fain to fathom the near abyss, was always with him.

But the undaunted spirit and the tameless will, which had held sway within their sphere through the years, yet lingered in the worn body; and the members of the household at the Mill Place still looked upon the patriarch as the severe, unabdicating ruler of the house, and did him according reverence as one supreme in authority.

"I hear that the prodigal son has come home," he said, with the ghost of a sneer in his thin quivering voice, two days after Benammi's return to Barzley Manor.

Old Jethro was one of the elect who could never bring himself to approve of the slaughter of the fatted calf. He addressed his remark to Mother Makal, as, with bustling and good-natured activity, she bestirred herself in the preparation of the family dinner.

"Lor', pappy-pa," she answered, pausing with a face crimson from contiguity to the hickory blaze, and looking at him with an expression in which admiration predominated

over regret, "who in th' worl' ever tole ye that? It do seem that thair ain't nothin' a-goin' on in the whole o' Galilee that ye don't set here in that cheer, an' know it all. I was kind o' in hopes that ye wudden hear 'bout Benammi for yet a little while. I was afeared it might worry ye to know he'd got back."

"Worry me?" he ejaculated; and the palsied head shook with an increased vehemence, while he clutched the chair-arms with claw-like hands until the blue veins looked as if they might burst through the expansion of their blood, and spill the old man's thin life on the floor. "Worry me? Why should I be worried by the transgressions o' the wanderer? More than Hagar wandered in the wilderness of Beersheba hath he tossed himself in a country large o' spaces. Yet it concerneth not me. What have I to do with him?"

The question was rhetorical. Jethro Makal expected no answer. But the woman's mind was full of those things nearest her, and she replied:

"I thought ye might be worrit along o' Tirzah, pappy-pa. Ye know ye fancied oncet that she liked the man overly much. Who ever could ha' told ye about his comin' back?"

"I heard Abijah spakin' of it to Lois," he answered. "The boy said that Benammi had made a great fortune in the boom, at one o' the new towns to the south that they call by the heathen name of Avalon. The children talk of mischief whose tongues should talk of righteousness."

"Yes," she said, ignoring his condemnation of her offspring, the while with sturdy right hand she first poked the fire, and then swung the movable spit with the trussed fowl upon it around to the hot coals; holding back, meanwhile, her skirts from the blaze with her other hand in a movement more effective than graceful.

"Yes. But folks do say that he lost his whole fortune in a day an' night. They tell me that the boom withered up an' perished, like the white frost under a warm sun in Januwerry."

"Withered up an' perished?" echoed the patriarch; and his staccato voice was pitched on its highest key. "Withered up an' perished? The way o' the ungodly shall always perish. Even the riches o' Damascus shall be taken away. An' these

boom cities? The cities o' the Levites may be redeemed, but these air not the cities of our God. Did I not say to ye, long ago, when the tale-bearers brought us news of his prosperity, that in prosperity the destroyer should come upon him? I listened to the stories that they told o' the wonderful places wherein the children o' men sought to lay up their treasures against the day o' wrath. Thair wair places o' stone, an' factories an' furnaces, that wair to make them rich. They wair to have a hand full o' gold, nor was thair any end o' their treasures, nor was thair any end o' their chariots. But lo! God brake their images until He made an end. An' now the prodigal has returned, fetchin' nothin' but the husks of his belly, such as the swine did eat."

The phantom of a smile flitted across the hard senile face. Once more the righteousness of the Lord had triumphed.

"I'm sorry that he didn' come home befo' he lost all that he had gathered," she said. "It's hard on folks to lose, e'b'n when they've got the gif' to make more. But it do seem like a special pity for a man sech as Benammi, after he's learned how to work late in life, not to reap the fruit o' his labor. It mus' be kind o' discouragin' to him. I'm p'int'ly sorry for the man."

He paid no attention to what she said. His thought was rejoicing in the immutability of Jehovah's retributive justice. The quality of mercy had no part in his stern, exultant regard of this notable event in Galilee. He thanked his God that he had lived to see it.

"It is written in the Word," he went on. "All great truths air written there. Hand me the Book, woman."

She took down the great Bible from the shelf by the window and laid it on his uncertain knees. He opened it near the beginning and turned a few pages with trembling hands.

"Here it is," he said. "All truth is here. Listen. The story o' Shinar, which is by interpretation, 'The change o' the city.' Genesis, eleven, one."

He read to her with painful pauses and in uncertain tones the old strange legend of the Tower of Babel.

"It was a famous enterprise," he commented, his voice dying into a whisper as he followed the lines with his lean finger. " 'And the whole earth was o' one language and o'

one speech.' They spake in those days o' nothin' but 'enterprises' and 'schemes' an' the like. 'And it came to pass, as they journeyed from the East, that they found a plain in the land o' Shinar.' The very place for a great city, they thought. 'An' they said one to another, Go to, let us build us a city and a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven, an' let us make us a name.' "

Mother Makal paused for a little while in her task, and stood listening reverently.

"They set to work in that eastern plain," went on the earnest, quavering voice of Jethro Makal, "to build the city an' the tower. I do not doubt that city lots sold briskly, an' that there was much traffic in the merchandise o' lands; an' that they bustled an' strove an' wrought mightily."

" 'Hustle,' they call it now," said Mother Makal, interrupting.

"The speech o' the ungodly," he retorted, without glancing from the sacred page. "Thair were some, haply, who gained money, selling to their brethren for a great price; an' doubtless thair were 'plants' and 'industries.' 'An' they had brick for stone, an' slime had they for mortar.' An' they built the tower, those foolish children o' men. An' the Lord came down to see the city an' the tower. 'An' the Lord said, Behold the people is one, and they all have one language.' For their speech was solely o' riches and fame an' greatness. 'Nothin' will be restrained from them which they have imagined to do,' said the Lord. But the children o' men forgot the name o' the Lord; an' they continued to busy themselves with the vain pursuits o' wealth and glory, neglecting the things o' the spirit that lay before them in their daily life. An' the Lord said, 'Go to, let us go down, an' there confound their language.' Thereupon wranglings an' contentions rose among them for the sake o' the evil that they sought an' would have; an' they bickered an' strove and fell out one with another. Each man accused his neighbor o' wrong-doin', an' o' seekin' unfair advantage. An' the Lord bore it no longer. 'So the Lord scattered them abroad from thence upon the face o' the earth.' An' the people went wanderin' about seekin' subsistence; an' their riches an' their fame an' their name were reft from them. 'An' they left off to build the city.' "

He closed the book and sat with it in his lap, looking with dim retrospective eyes into the ruddy fire.

"So hath it been with this man's city of Avalon. They have left off to build the city."

The woman gave the spit a twirl and moved the drip-pan. Then she took the long iron poker, and once more stirred the hickory fire till the sparks flew. Seeing that Jethro had finished and had closed the volume, she said:

"Well, I'll declair, pappy-pa! I never did think o' the Tower of Babel that-a-way, like a boom town."

"Has Tirzah seen him?" he queried.

"Naw," she replied, "He hasn't been here yet. How come ye ast?"

I heerd her a-singin' in the house this mornin'," he said.

KREE

From 'Befo' de War.' Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons. By permission of the publishers.

My boy Kree?
He played wid you when you was a chile?
You an' he
Growed up tergether? Wait! Lemme see!
Closer! so I can look in yer face!—
Mars' George's smile!
Lord love you, Marster!
Dar 'neaf dat cypress is whar Kree lays.

Sunburnt an' grown!
Mars' George, I shudden ha' knowed you, son,
'Count o' de beard dat yer face has on,
But for dat ole-time smile o' your'n—
"An' Kree?" you say.
Hadn't you heerd, Marster,
He 'ceased de year dat you went away?

Kree an' you!
How de ole times comes back onst mo'—
Moonlight fishin's, an' hyars in de sno';
Squirrels an' jaybirds up overhead,

In de oak-trees dat de sun shined through!—
  Look at me, Marster!
Here is me livin'; an' Kree, he's dead.

  'Pears ter me strange
Now, when I thinks on 'em, dose ole years:
Mars' George, sometimes de b'ilin' tears
  Fills up my eyes,
'Count o' de mizery now, an' de change—
  De sun dims, Marster,
Ter an ole man, when his one boy dies.

  Did you say "How?"
Out in de dug-out, one moonshine night,
Fishin' wid your baby brother—he
Wid de curls o' yaller, like streaks o' light,
An' de dancin' big blue eyes. Dead, now—
  Kree died for him;
  An' yearnin' for Kree,
  De Lord tuk him, Marster:
De green grass kivers 'em bofe f'om sight.

  Heerd o' de tale?
Didn' know Kree was de one dat drowned
Savin' Mars' Charley? Well, 'twere he.
De boy waxed weaker, his face mo' pale,
Arter de corpse o' poor Kree were found.
  Two months later he went, you see—
  God bless you, Marster!
Nine years has rolled over bofe onder ground.

  Worn out an' gray,
Here I sets waitin', Mars' George, alone.
  All on 'em's gone—
Marster an' Mistis, an' Charley an' he.
You an' me only is lef'. Some day,
When you's gone back ter yer ship on de sea,
  I'll hear him say,
Jes' as he used ter, a-fishin', ter me:
"Daddy, come over!" An' passin' away,
Dat side de river, again I'll be
  Wid my boy Kree.

THE GARDEN OF DEATH

From 'For Truth and Freedom.' Copyright by Armistead Gordon. By kind permission of the author.

Where are they who marched away,
  Sped with smiles that changed to tears,
Glittering lines of steel and gray
Moving down the battle's way—
  Where are they these many years?

Garlands wreathed their shining swords;
  They were girt about with cheers,
Children's lispings, women's words,
Sunshine and the songs of birds—
  They are gone so many years.

"Lo! beyond their brave array
  Freedom's august dawn appears!"
Thus we said: "The brighter day
Breaks above that line of gray."
  Where are they these many years?

All our hearts went with them there,
  All our love, and all our prayers;
What of them? How do they fare?
They who went to do and dare,
  And are gone so many years?

What of them who went away
  Followed by our hopes and fears?
Braver never marched than they,
Closer ranks to fiercer fray—
  Where are they these many years?

Borne upon the Spartan shield
  Home returned that brave array
From the blood-stained battle-field
They might neither win nor yield;
  That is all, and here are they.

That is all. The soft sky bends
  O'er them, lapped in earth away;
Her benignest influence lends—
Dews and rains and radiance sends
  Down upon them, night and day.

Over them the Springtide weaves
  All the verdure of her May;
Past them drift the sombre leaves
When the heart of Autumn grieves
  O'er their slumbers—What care they?

What care they, who failed to win
  Guerdon of that splendid day—
Freedom's day—they saw begin,
But that, 'mid the battle's din,
  Faded in eclipse away?

All is gone for them. They gave
  All for naught. It was their way
Where they loved. They died to save
What was lost. The fight was brave;
  That is all, and here are they.

Is that all? Was Duty naught?
  Love, and Faith made blind with tears?
What the lessons that they taught?
What the glory that they caught
  From the onward sweeping years?

Here are they who marched away
  Followed by our hopes and tears;
Nobler never went than they
To a bloodier, madder fray,
  In the lapse of all the years.

Garlands still shall wreathe the swords
  That they drew amid our cheers:
Children's lispings, women's words,
Sunshine, and the songs of birds
  Greet them here through all the years.

With them ever shall abide
  All our love and all our prayers.
"What of them?" The battle's tide
Hath not scathed them. Lo! they ride
  Still with Stuart down the years.

"Where are they who went away
  Sped with smiles that changed to tears?"
Lee yet leads the lines of gray—
Stonewall still rides down this way,
  They are Fame's through all the years!

THE LITTLE OLD CHURCH

From 'The Ivory Gate.' Copyright by The Neale Publishing Company. By permission of the publishers.

I went to the little church to-day
  Over the brook, beyond the hill.
It looks as it looked when I went away,
  Green-yarded and white-paled still.

I was a youth when I crossed the sea
  To wander in foreign lands, and lo!
Now there is gray in my beard. Ah, me!
  Can it be so long ago?

There used to be in those far-back years
  A little girl with a happy face,
And a sweet, strange fashion of smiles and tears,
  And a young fawn's agile grace,

Who sat each Sunday serenely there
  In that little church, where the sunlight fell
Through the window over her yellow hair
  And over her face—ah, well!

Ah, well! And I—oh, that little maid,
  I loved her truly. Each Sabbath day
I'd go there and watch how the sunshine played
  In her hair, ere I went away.

Ere I went away. That was long years back,
  And now I am middle-aged, forsooth.
It is hard that a brave, strong lad, good lack,
  Must give up his brave, strong youth,

While a little church for years can seem
  Unchanged. Why, to-day they sang that strain
That they sang long ago—it was like a dream
  Of my dead youth come again.

I sat in a dim, back-corner pew
  Where I sat when a boy, and closed my eyes,
Till thoughts of the past and the present grew
  Into solemn mysteries.

I dreamed I was young again—that there
  In the seat three paces in front of me
The sunshine was dancing on yellow hair,
  And I thought: "Can this thing be?

"I went to her grave 'neath the churchyard tree
  On this very morn, ere I came in here,
Where I thought of the things that used to be
  Till I felt on my face a tear.

"And now to think if I open my eyes
  I shall see her kneel in that pew and pray
With a soul that is ready for Paradise—
  As I did ere I went away!"

I opened my eyes and looked, but lo!
  The pew was empty. The sunlight strayed
Up and down on the cushioned seat, as though
  It sought for the little maid.

A butterfly drifted in, and flew
  For a moment about, then out again.
"Into my life she came, like you
  And went," I faltered in pain.

And the pastor read, "Even as water spilled
On the ground, that cannot be gathered again,
Are the children of men," and the sad words filled
My soul with a sadder pain.

When lo! the butterfly drifted in
Once more, and the pastor's lips then read,
"As little children are, free from sin."
"She is gathered to God," I said.

And I said, "You went, but you have returned,
I shall see her again in the years to be—
In the years to be!" And my cold heart burned
By the wayside there in me.

I had not entered for many years
A church of Christ, as I did to-day.
Till this morning mine eyes had not known tears
Since the time when I went away.

I think I shall go to this church always,
Till they carry me out to the graveyard tree,
For the sake of that dear girl's sweet young face,
And the days that used to be.

FOUR FEET ON A FENDER

From 'The Ivory Gate.' Copyright by The Neale Publishing Company. By permission of the publishers.

It is anthracite coal, and the fender is low,
Steel-barred is the grate, and the tiles
Hand-painted in figures; the one at the top
Is a Japanese lady, who smiles.
There's an ormolu clock on the mantel; above,
A masterpiece: *fecit Gerome;*
On the fender four feet—my young wife's feet and mine,
Trimly shod, in a row and—at home.

My slippers are broidered of velvet and silk,
The work of her fingers before
We stood at the altar. To have them made up
Cost me just a round five dollars more

Than a new pair had cost at my bootmaker's shop;
  But each stitch was a token of love—
And she never shall know. Ah, how easy they are
  On their perch the steel fender above.

Words fail me to tell of her own. There's a chest
  In her father's old garret; and there
'Mid a thousand strange things of a century past
  She discovered this ravishing pair.
They are small, trim and natty; their color is red;
  And each has the funniest heel.
White balbriggan stockings, high-clocked, underneath
  These *decolleté* slippers reveal.

Ah, many a time in my grandfather's day
  They led the old fellow a dance.
They were bought with Virginia tobacco, and came,
  Who would guess it?—imported from France.
How odd that yon stern-faced ancestor of mine
  In the earlier days of his life
Should have loved her who tripped in these red slippers then—
  The young grandmama of my wife!

The course of some true loves, at least, runs not smooth—
  And I'm glad that it's so, when I see
The trim, dainty feet in the red slippers there
  Which belong to my lady—and me!
Two short months ago in this snug little room
  I sat in this soft-cushioned seat;
No companion was near save my pipe. Now, behold
  On the polished steel fender four feet!

Let them prate of the happiness Paradise yields
  To the Moslem—the raptures that thrill
The soul of the Hindu whom Juggernaut takes—
  The bliss of Gan-Eden;—and still
I'll believe that no gladness which man has conceived
  Can compare with the tranquillized state
That springs from two small feet alongside one's own,
  On the fender in front of his grate.

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON

[1860—1904]

ARMISTEAD C. GORDON

JAMES LINDSAY GORDON, second son of George Loyall Gordon, a soldier of the Confederacy who fell in battle in the war between the States, was descended from progenitors who came to colonial Virginia out of the North of Ireland, and whose ancestry runs back to one of the oldest branches of the ancient family of the Gordon name in Morayshire, Scotland. In his maternal line he was a descendant of the Virginia Randolphs, sprung from William Randolph, of Turkey Island, and the Stiths, whose most conspicuous representative was William Stith, historian and president of William and Mary College. The Celtic strain predominated in him, and, differentiating him from his English ancestry, gave such color to his literary work as is bred in with the racial temperament, and is the inevitable outcome of heredity.

James Lindsay Gordon was no less Scotch in the wistful melancholy of his thought than in the name which he bore; and his heritage was a longing for the unattainable. As has been said of another with the Scots background of heredity, "he was of those who never quite get used to the world, who, looking into the darkness, always see something there; he was of those on whom the shades of the prison-house never quite close." The heartbreak, the sorrow, the sadness which characterize very much of his poetry seem as distinctively racial as his lineage; and the appeal of much of his poetry springs from the subdued note of melancholy which is the distinguishing mark of that group of modern Celtic poets of whom James Clarence Mangan, and, later, William Butler Yeats and Katherine Tynan are exemplars.

He was born at his father's residence, "Longwood," in Louisa County, Virginia, on January 9, 1860. His earlier training was received from his mother, who was the accomplished daughter of an able judge of the Supreme Court of North Carolina; and her teachings contributed in no small measure to give him that intimate acquaintance with the English tongue which is illustrated in the apparently unsought and natural diction of both his poetry and his prose. When a boy of fourteen he entered the ancient College of William and Mary, at Williamsburg, Virginia, where his mind became imbued at an impressionable age with much that was imaginative and

enkindling in our historic past. Later he became a student in the University of Virginia, in which institution he continued his pursuit of the humanities; and here, under the instruction of Professor John B. Minor, he also studied law.

He began the practice of his chosen profession in Charlottesville, Virginia, in 1881; and almost immediately sprang into local distinction as an orator of unusual and brilliant eloquence and of great personal charm. In a short time he was elected to the Senate of Virginia; and thenceforward his reputation as a speaker was commensurate with the boundaries of his State, so long as he remained its citizen. In 1893 he went to New York to live and to continue the practice of his profession; and the distinction that he achieved for lofty and animated oratory in his native commonwealth was renewed and enhanced by his career in the city and state of his adoption. The Reverend John A. Broadus, himself a pulpit speaker of unusual fame, had said of him in the beginning of his career in Virginia, that he had seldom heard one so eloquent; and the day after his death in New York William Bourke Cockran, perhaps the most accomplished and famous orator of his generation in America, pronounced Gordon the possessor of ideal powers of natural oratory, such as he had never in his experience known excelled.

But gifted as he showed himself in the possession of this rare talent, the speech of hustings and of forum, after all, was for him limited and confined by its necessary subserviency to the demands of a professional and political career. It was as a poet that his untrammeled soul, solitary, brooding, musical, appealing, found wings and soared. Not for the sake of money-making, even in the poet's slight degree—for he never accepted a dollar for any verse he ever wrote; and scarcely more for the sake of fame, since the far greater part of his verse has never yet been printed; but because of the irresistible necessity for self-expression that lives in the born artist, he wrote the verses and ballads that were a very part of himself.

His felicity of phraseology, the instinctive selection of what to most writers is "the elusive word," the melody of measure and of rhyme in his verse, are all suggestive of a study of Swinburne and of Rossetti; and to both of these mighty masters of song he gave reverent adoration. But the unfailing instinct of his poetic speech recurs and is referable, after all is said, to the tragic and haunting melancholy of his intellectual spirit.

His place in literature will be fixed through the poignant pathos and appeal of a few poems in his slight volume, 'Ballads of the Sunlit Years,' which was passing through the press at the time of his death. That the poems in this book, chosen and selected by him-

self, are unequal in value, only serves to demonstrate the aphoristic saying that a writer is seldom the best judge of his own work. Much that he left unpublished reaches a higher note than many of the 'Ballads'; yet some of the 'Ballads' may well be said to be of his best.

Sometimes a ballad of battle and of bravery, full of vivid and dramatic life, flashes out from the somber sorrow of the volume, as in "The Sea Kings," or in "Gaudium Certaminis"; but the dominant strain in such poems as "Gone Seaward," "The Story of a Flower," "At the Sunrise Watch," and their like gives the book its real significance.

It remains to be said of him that he served with ability and distinction as Assistant District Attorney of the City and County of New York under two administrations; and that at the date of his death on November 30, 1904, he was discharging with marked success the onerous duties of Assistant Corporation Counsel of New York City in charge of the defense of damage suits against the Corporation.

His reputation as a speaker gave him a great vogue in political campaigns; and in more than one Presidential contest he canvassed various Northern States, where the fervid and imaginative quality of his oratory met with high favor and applause. He made many literary addresses on occasions; among others, one before the Alumni Society of the University of Virginia upon the subject of "The Protection of the Suffrage," which affords an admirable instance of his forensic style. Other addresses of like character, few of which have been preserved, were made by him, at William and Mary College, at the University of Vermont, at Randolph-Macon College, and at various institutions of learning, as also before Confederate memorial societies in a number of Southern cities; while up to the date of his death he was conspicuous among the most brilliant and charming of the many gifted after-dinner speakers of New York City.

THE PROTECTION OF THE SUFFRAGE

From an Address before the Alumni Society of the University of Virginia.

. . . In brief, then, the American Republic stands confronted with the momentous question—which the quick-revolving years must solve—whether a patriotic popular government can continue to exist under the conditions of unparalleled wealth and dense population, if that wealth shall be permitted constantly, increasingly and illegally to influence the population in the choice of its officials and the shaping of its laws.

The answer lies beyond our ken.

We know that so long as the tides of mortal life shall beat along the shores of time, avarice will hold a place within the human heart—a passion strong to destroy. But we know, too, that there is another passion, called of many names out of many lands, that is stronger yet to save—the passion that consecrated the pass at Thermopylæ, ages ago, with the blood of three hundred unknown but unforgotten men; that held the bridge with Horatius and saved the Eternal City; that wrested the charter of human rights from sceptered power at Runnymede; that broke a way for Switzerland's freedom, by taking into one dauntless breast the sheaf of Austrian spears; that hurled the British tea into Boston Harbor; that crimsoned the snows at Valley Forge, and piled the trenches rampart high with dead at Yorktown; that carried an immortal line of gray up the wild heights of Gettysburg, and held with heroic devotion the crest of that flaming hill; that wakened on the flagship *Trenton,* at Samoa, the strains of "The Star Spangled Banner," as the boys in the rigging of the *Vandalia* swept through the thunder of the tempest to glory forevermore; the passion that has endured the flames of countless sacrificial fagots and the darkness of countless dungeons, and faced, through countless years, privation and poverty and despair and death, that liberty might live.

It is to that passion in the breasts of the sons of the University that I appeal to-day. I am not here to suggest remedial laws. In the words of Pitt: "I come not here armed at all points with the statute-book, doubled down in dog-ears, to defend the cause of liberty." But I come to adjure the

alumni of this great institution, whose influence must be potent in the future as in the past to mould the sentiment and shape the destinies of this people, that when they take from these blest and tranquil shades that pure spirit of individual integrity which is more precious than all the laws, the language, or the philosophies taught here—that unsullied and pervading sentiment which heaps the holder of a tainted diploma with disgrace—they shall not cease to instil the precept and example of this, our mother, into the hearts, the consciences and the daily lives of their people, until they come to know and to feel that he who corrupts the suffrage stabs freedom, and that a tainted public commission dishonors him who holds it, and emperils and debases those who gave. She hath taught us no nobler lesson and given us no better inspiration than that—it is the hope which, like a torch uplifted in the night, cheers and inspires her sons amid the gathering gloom.

Twelve months ago it was my fortune to listen to words spoken from this platform, than which better nor braver never fell from human lips. Twelve months ago I heard an alumnus of this University—one

> On whom from both her open hands
> Lavish honor showered all her stars,
> And affluent fortune emptied all her horn—

one whose young life had touched not yet the goal of its boundless hope, but whose feet already trod far up the shining ways around which beat the splendors of immortality—in speaking to his young compatriots here, give utterance to these elect and golden words:

> Exalt the citizen. As the State is the unit of government, he is the unit of the State. Teach him that his home is his castle and his sovereignty rests beneath his hat. Make him self-respecting, self-reliant and responsible. Let him lean on the State for nothing that his own arm can do, and owe the Government for nothing that his State can do. Let him cultivate independence to the point of sacrifice, and learn that humble things with unbartered liberty are better than splendors bought with its price. Let him neither surrender his individuality nor merge it with the mob. Let him stand upright and fearless—a freeman born of freemen—sturdy in his own strength—dowering his family in the sweat of his brow—

loving to his State—loyal to his Republic—earnest in his allegiance wherever it rests, but building his altar in the midst of his household gods, and shrining in his own heart the uttermost temple of its liberty.

Sir, the lips that spake thus are mute forever, but the truths they told endure; and with reverent heart, and in loving memory and with sense of their meaning deepened and consecrated by his early death, I echo, on the spot where they were spoken, the love-inspired words of Georgia's glorious son. The morning star of the New South has vanished from the skies of time, but for us, as said of Aster in the Greek anthology, he shines as Hesperus—a star amid the dead; and the radiance of his life is all around us, and his voice is yet eloquent to lead into the paths of duty those who have ears to hear.

Mr. President, if through years of feverish debauchment of the most sacred and fundamental of its principles the great Republic shall continue to hold its high place among the nations, then on this western continent will have been reversed all the experiences of men and all the oracles of God. To me it seems that there is but one way to preserve our heritage, and that is by hedging the ballot of the American citizen about with such a sentiment as shall make it the one thing on this earth that money shall not have value enough to buy—by keeping the crown and sceptre of the noblest sovereignty given among men unspotted from the world.

It may not be our generation's fate to shed its blood or spend its lives on fields where glorious records "leap to light, and shine in the sudden making of splendid names." We may not ever, as our fathers did, feel the blood tingle and the pulse thrill responsive to the voice of freedom through the battle cheering on her sons. Whatever sacrifices we may be called upon to make for her must doubtless all be made by the still waters and in the fields

Thick-studded with the calm white tents of peace.

Yet after all, the most enduring victories of men—which have been followed by most of blessing and benefit to humanity—have neither been wrested from the pageantry of war nor won amid the declamation of popular senates. The shop of

the mechanic, the store of the merchant, the fields of the farmer, the simple and humble homes of the toiling millions —these are the bloodless fields where the battle for the preservation of our system must be fought; these are the legislative halls, where the decisive vote between the greed of gain and the passion of patriotism must seal our common destiny; these are the unbannered lists where, since time began, liberty has made her most heroic struggle, and where the ceaseless warfare must go on until the dawning of that day, seen far off in the apocalyptic vision, when the Lamb of God shall take the sin of the world away.

And so if Henry Grady's splendid dream be true, that on our soil the hand of God hath sown the seed of His millenial harvest—although our mortal eyes may not see when the sheaves are garnered home—oh, surely those who have followed these fields for His glory, by setting virtue higher than power, and loving liberty more than lust, shall answer: *Lord, here am I!* when the eternal muster-roll is called.

IN MEMORIAM

H. D. H.

All selections of Poems are from 'Ballads of Sunlit Years.' Copyright by George Gordon Battle. Permission given.

Life's page each day is blurred with many a stain,
  Left there by tears that fall from sorrow's eyes;
  Each night there rises from the far-off skies
A cry for those who never come again.
My time once more has come—my time for pain,
  Not like the first grief's tearless agonies,
  But as upon my heart this sorrow lies—
Sorrow as for a dear loved brother slain—
I wind with tears my song's dim laurel-leaves,
  Oh, true and brave, around thy memory's bier;
And as my spirit sadly, softly grieves,
  And while mine eyes are wet with many a tear,
How many memories hopeless fancy weaves
  Round the dear form which death hath made more dear.

Too soon, too soon, thy earthly course was run,
  Ere yet life's morn had whitened into day,
  Thy feet grew weary on the untrod way,
Thy fair eyes blinded by the morning sun;
Ere yet thy goal was reached, thy palms were won,
  And ere the laurels on thy temples lay,
  Like some poor rose plucked from its stem in May,
Life flickered out in silence and was done.
Ah, still we hope that when upon thee broke
  The light immortal of that fairer clime—
When thy rapt ear with ecstacy awoke
  To cadences of harmony sublime,
A grander triumph to thy spirit spoke
  Than all the garnered glories of all time.

Beyond the dome of Heaven's eternal blue,
  O Soul, now standing on the shadowy shore—
  If any thought of mine may reach thee more,
If after death thy heart hath bloomed anew,
If the sweet stories that our boyhood knew,
That God was good and Christ, the White, was pure,
  Be not the myths of superstition's lore,
But wholly, grandly, beautifully true;
My heart would crave this question back from thine;
  In that fair land beyond the tideless sea,
Far up the heights upon whose summits shine
  The sinless eyes that closed on Calvary,
  How may my human heart reach up to thee,
When will thy soul give token unto mine?

In the dead past thy death hath made complete,
  With all the pain of passionate regret,
  The blossom of thy stainless life is set
In that fair place where love and sorrow meet.
In memory of that time that was so sweet,
  With aching heart and eyes all wildly wet,
  Over thy heart I lay a violet,
With roses at thy head and at thy feet.

Soft be thy rest, O, friend. The light serene
Of death's far land hath hid thee from our sight;
These mortal eyes may never pierce the screen
That shields thy golden day from our dark night;
Some day, we trust, we too may find the light.
A last farewell. God keep thy memory green.

LORRAINE

Bonny Lorraine, have you forgot
The time we walked o'er the morning lea?
I still keep the blue forget-me-not
That you took from your hair and gave to me.
Would you like to walk those ways again
With me at your side in the morning time?
Do you ever think of your youth's sweet prime,
And your young boy-lover, Bonny Lorraine?

Ah, well I remember the time we stood
By the glancing river when day was done,
And the whispering trees in the dim old wood
Turned crimson and gold in the setting sun:
When your heart and your lips and your arms were fain
To cling to me there as your life's one love—
While the stars came out in the skies above—
Do you remember it, Bonny Lorraine?

Surely your heart could not forget
The night when I bade you a last farewell;
Your long, dark lashes with tears were wet,
And your anguish more than your lips could tell;
How you kissed me there as I stood in the rain,
And held me fast while you bade me go—
With your desolate, golden head bowed low;
I know you remember, Bonny Lorraine.

Across the street where the music swells
You glide through the throng in the shadowy dance.
In your ears the sound of your marriage bells—
In your heart the dream of your old romance;

I see you glimmer across the pane—
The jewels ablaze in your shining hair—
And the form of another beside you there,
But I do not envy him now. Lorraine.

Let him bow down low at your royal feet—
Let him sing love's song if it brings him joy;
I sang it once and I found it sweet
In the days when you charmed me—a foolish boy;
But I never shall waken the old refrain.
Its beautiful music is almost hushed:
My heart was bruised, but it was not crushed,
And it loves you no longer, Bonny Lorraine.

Dance on while the music throbs and beats:
Drink memory to death in your wedding wine;
He knows not your life whose quick glance meets
The false, sweet look in your eyes divine.
I can look on you now with no more pain—
On your fair, proud face, in your splendid eyes—
Then looking up to yon starlit skies
Thank God that I lost you, Bonny Lorraine.

GONE SEAWARD

H. G. D.

If to carry beyond us a soul undaunted, if to leave among us
who saw him go
A name that is brighter because he bore it—inwrought with
honor as white as snow—
If these are worthy the Hope Eternal, then hope must follow
his flight I know.

If to stretch a hand to the hands that needed, if to soften the
path unto weary feet—
If fair deeds done in life's silent places, because such deeds to
his heart were sweet—
If these make light on the shadowed waters, he has gone where
a thousand splendors meet.

On the shadowed waters whence comes no answer to the broken questions we ask in vain;
On the sea whose tides ebb out forever and beat not back to our feet again,
Has the bright life passed that to those who loved him only in passing had given pain.

But across those waters no darkness gathers over the way that thy soul hath fled—
So deep that my love may not follow after when the dirge is done and the prayers are said—
Follow and cling and abide forever until I, too, follow, O dear and dead.

And I lift my face to the far-off heaven from these old fields where our feet once trod
Life's ways together in days long over, with sandals of hope and of courage shod,
And pray that the paths that are here divergent may blend in the fields of the peace of God.

DREAM GARDENS

She said she would build her House of Dreams where the autumn fields begin
To stretch away from these singing seas if her ship should ever come in:
She would plant 'neath its sapphire towers, agleam in the radiant air,
A red rose Garden for loving and a white rose Garden for prayer.

And the house would be so sacred she would call it the House of Peace:
For the music that faith alone can make in its chambers should not cease,
And the sweetest winds should blow through them, fraught with the fragrance rare
Of a red rose Garden for loving and a white rose Garden for prayer.

Here in the waste of the world that house our hearts can never win,
But over the tides that never saw a returning sail drift in—
Dear Girl, have you found the House of Peace and the roses blooming there
In a red rose Garden for loving and a white rose Garden for prayer?

I never may reach the mystic shore where your radiant palace gleams,
But many a night by the moonlit seas I have pictured in my dreams
How gently a Heavenly Bridegroom's hands are laid on the golden hair
Where a red rose Garden for loving fades to a white rose Garden for prayer.

A TRUE LOVE

I have come back to my first love, to my constant love, the sea;
To the beautiful face and the ceaseless voice of music and mystery;
From the weary wastes of the inland ways, from the homes and haunts of pain
I have brought a tired life back to lay it down on her shrine again.

The dust of the years is over my heart, the snows of the years in my hair,
But a flutter of youth thrills through my veins to behold and find her fair;
To watch the sparkle and gleam of her face, to hear her voice divine,
And drink the balm of her breath that thrills the pulse of my heart like wine.

What if the years have been bitter and the mile-stones marked with shame—
Have they not brought me back to her, and is she not still the same—

The one unchanging, steadfast, stainless love of my younger day,
Whose perfect voice never breathed a hope a faithless heart could betray?

O, my truest love, my constant love, when the burden of life is done,
Into thine arms let me sink to sleep as sinks the westering sun,
Lulled at last to rest by a voice that never has lied to me—
In death as in life thy lover, my heart to thy heart, O sea.

OVER AN OLD LETTER

There hangs about thee, could the soul's sense tell,
An odour as of love and of love's doom.—*Relics.*

I lift it from the place where it has hidden
Out of the light away these many years;
I read her letter o'er and tears unbidden
Spring into eyes that long have known no tears;
Old dreams come to me, long forgotten fancies
Of days when youth had love and hope to friend,
As reading o'er the best of life's romances,
I find "Your Little Sweetheart" at the end.

Outside the open door a bird is singing
His first sweet song unto the morning sky.
Inside, deep in a man's heart thoughts are springing
That have lain sleeping since his youth went by;
The bird's wild song is from his throat outpealing,
As though the song his very throat would rend—
No song can tell the memories o'er me stealing
At reading those three words there at the end.

"Your Little Sweetheart." All the sweet, sad story
With fond remembrance to my being cries:
There comes a face with hair in amber glory
Tangled across the gleam of sunny eyes:

Through time's dim halls a song rings low and tender,
  In whose clear strain two lovings voices blend:
Ah, how they bring back youth's enthralling splendor—
  Those words, "Your Little Sweetheart," at the end.

Through the open door I turn my face to seaward,
  Where morning winds across the waters blow;
The singing bird is flying far to leeward,
  Just as hope left me in the long ago—
A hope that once has gone can come back never:
  The chain is broken that no hand can mend;
Her hand will rest in mine no more forever
  That wrote "Your Little Sweetheart" at the end.

I lay aside the time-stained yellow letter,
  My Little Sweetheart, my last link to thee;
Whether it all were for the worse or better,
  May God be with thee whereso'er thou be;
And howsoever much my feet may falter
  May thy path lead where radiant roses bend,
For thou wilt be what only death can alter—
  My Little Sweetheart to the bitter end.

THE SEA KINGS

Since the *Golden Hind* went 'round the Horn and circled a world unknown,
Wherever the ocean tides have beat or the winds of heaven have blown;
From the sunrise seas to the sundown seas by storms into spindrift whirled
The sons of the men who sailed with Drake have ruled the water-world.

And whether they sail from Plymouth Hoe or out of the Golden Gate
They are brethren ever linked heart to heart by the chain of resistless fate;
And the quenchless ardor to rule the seas which time can never slake
Makes the same blood race through Dewey's veins that throbbed from the heart of Drake.

And all the way out of Trafalgar down into Manila Bay
The Anglo-Saxon has sailed and fought and struggled and won
his way;
And wherever the tides of God may beat and the winds of
God may blow
It will be to-morrow as it is to-day and it was in the Long Ago.

A BALLAD OF MEETING

Out of the sunlit years, Christine,
Into a new day grey and cold,
You come, my boyhood's discrowned queen,
With your lips yet red and your hair yet gold;
With the same sweet charm in each clinging fold
Of your silken garment's changing sheen;
But my pulse stirs not, for my heart's grown old,
And the grey of the world is over the green.

You bring old dreams to my brain, Christine,
Dreams half forgotten and hopes half told;
Dreams that would waken your smiles, I ween,
Hopes that the late years do not hold;
They were born when we walked ere the suns grew cold
Through the sunlit years with faith between,
But they died long since, and I am grown old,
And the grey of the world is over the green.

What do you want in my life, Christine,
Now that so many sad years have rolled
Over our lives since you walked serene
To the market where lives are bought and sold,
And bartered the worth of a woman's soul
For the gilded ashes of things unclean?
Ah, well, farewell: my heart has grown old,
And the grey of the world is over the green.

ENVOI.

O, the lips may be red and the hair be gold,
And the charm of the body remain, Christine,
But they hold no heart when they lose the soul,
And the grey of the world is over the green.

THE STORY OF A FLOWER

I was a flower of the field that grew
  In the flush of a summer-time long gone by,
Under soft skies of a turquoise blue,
  In the midst of a field of waving rye.

I was plucked by fingers slender and white
  Just at the close of my sunniest day;
And all through the hours of one summer night
  In the silken hair of a girl I lay.

I remember the sound of viol and horn,
  I remember bright lights and a crowded room,
And how in the roseate flush of morn
  A man's lips brushed my bloom.

And then I was lifted from out of my place
  In the twilight of morning cool and dim—
One moment held to a pale, sweet face,
  And kissed and given at last to him.

And he owns me now and he loves me yet;
  Often and over he has told me so;
But ever I long with a sweet regret
  For the blue of the skies that I used to know.

Withered and old, with my fragrance fled,
  A ghost am I from a summer land
Where all the flowers of my day are dead,
  And yet I wish I could understand

What it means when one talks of a life's despair.
  Why over my ashes the tears should flow?
And where is that girl with the silken hair
  Who kissed me one summer night long ago?

JIM OF BILOXI

"Jim ———, of Biloxi." That is all
It is graven into the granite wall
Where the monument rises fair
Into the soft Virginia air
Among a hundred comrades' names,
Their country's heritage—and Fame's.

Jim ———, of Biloxi. Nothing more
Naught of his name or his fame is sure,
Save that down where the river ran
And the regiments struggled man to man,
An humble son of the fighting South
Gave his life at the musket's mouth.

Perchance where the Sunflower River flows
By forests of jessamine and rose,
Or where the Gulf Stream washes far
Its tides of blue to the vesper star,
Some one waited with prayers and tears
For Jim ———, of Biloxi, these many years.

Life and Name and Cause are lost;
Least and last of the mightiest host
That ever wrote in the blood of men
A dream that will never be dreamed again—
Gone like the stream that the bugles blew,
Jim ———, of Biloxi, heaven shelter you.

GAUDIUM CERTAMINIS

(Japan Speaks)

The time has come. We are going into the battle:
  Hark to the caissons rumbling through the dawn,
And far on the Corean hills the muskets rattle,
  And the sound of the feet of the horses rushing on;
It has come at last—the time for which we waited
  That shall make amends for all the protesting years,
And the hunger of hate and the fury of fight be sated
  In a tempest of fire and tears.

Sound of sabres on skulls that crunch and quiver—
  Thud of bullets on breasts that stagger and reel:
Torrents of blood that splash in a crimson river
  Through crash of cannon and clash of shivering steel;
Struggling horses and dying men with faces
  Black with the dust of battle and blind with fight—
And locked in one of Time's Titanic embraces—
  The Jap and the Muscovite.

It will be worth the years that have gone o'er us
  (The years through which we have made protest in vain)
To listen at last to the cannon's thundering chorus
  And bathe to the lips in the wash of the scarlet rain—
With thousands dropping to death like slaughtered cattle,
  Of mine and of thine—of the Jap and the Muscovite;
Let us alone—we are going into the battle—
  And God defend the right.

TO T. L. W.

IN A COPY OF "ARCADE ECHOES"

With life's first laurels in his eager hands
  Down the dim slope of death he went away—
  Lingering not here disconsolate, as they
Who wait and watch the ebbing of the sands
Of time, he suddenly broke the bitter bands
  That bind the soul within its coil of clay,
  And, with no single hope or faith grown gray
Passed, blithe and young, into the Golden Lands.
Hope dies, love withers, memory fails and fades:
  But through the long years' ceaseless ebb and flow
These faint, far echoes from the old Arcades,
  Blown through the reeds of boyhood long ago,
In sunlit hours in twilight's quiet shades
  Will speak to us of one we used to know.

ON THE TENTH FLOOR

Vain longings for the green fields and the sea,
  For the old sense of loneliness and peace,
  Come amid City sounds that never cease—
Tumult of trade and traffic, under me.
  High overhead the sweet, keen, windless day—
Air clear and pure and sky without a stain:
Beneath, the ebb and flow of loss and gain
  Amid the unending clangor of Broadway.

Here, between peace above and strife below,
  My soul is like a captive bird whose wings
  Beat time to the disconsolate song it sings,
Whose sadness only prisoned souls can know—
  Wild with desire for unattainable things,
And chief of these is to take flight and go.

AT THE SUNRISE WATCH

Through the still hush of the night,
  Where the fair, white star-beams burn,
Up toward their fading light
  In the last dim watch I yearn;
All earth's dreams are dead in me,
  As long since earth's hopes have died;
  "Lord, forever at Thy side
Let my place and portion be."

As the shadows pass away
  As the long, sad vigils cease,
Through the gateways of the day
  Lift me to Thy perfect peace;
Wash me by Thy sunrise sea
  Pure in Calvary's flowing tide:
  "Strip me of the robe of pride,
Clothe me with humility."

Other faiths have failed me here;
  Other friends have passed me by;
Now I turn toward the sphere
  Where one friendship will not die,
From this soul's Gethsemane
  With all passions crucified—
  "Lord, forever at thy side
Let my place and portion be."

GORDON

The Equestrian Statue of General John B. Gordon,
at the Capitol, Atlanta, Ga.

JOHN B. GORDON

[1832—1904]

FRANCES GORDON SMITH

JOHN B. GORDON, thirty-fifth Governor of Georgia, and three times a United States Senator, was born in Upson County, Georgia, February 6, 1832. His earliest American ancestor, Adam Gordon, came from Scotland to Virginia in the Seventeenth Century. His ancestors of later generations were prominent in the days of the colonies, and were soldiers of the Revolutionary War. His father was the Reverend Zachary Herndon Gordon. The subject of this sketch was educated at the University of Georgia. He read law and practiced for a time with his brother-in-law, Logan E. Bleckley, afterwards Chief Justice of Georgia. He married, in 1854, Fanny, daughter of Honorable Hugh Anderson Haralson, who represented Georgia in Congress for many years, and was chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs during the Mexican War.

In 1861 John B. Gordon joined the volunteers and was elected captain of a company. He served to the close of the war, becoming in succession major, lieutenant-colonel, colonel, brigadier-general, major-general, and lieutenant-general, and at the close of the war commanded one wing of General Lee's army. In an official report of General D. H. Hill General Gordon was designated "the Chevalier Bayard of the Confederate Army," and it has been said of him that "no soldier in American arms ever made a record that surpassed in audacity and success the one marked out by Gordon." At the battle of Sharpsburg (Antietam) in 1862, at intervals during the day five balls passed through his body; but he remained with his men, bleeding from four frightful wounds, until the fifth ball struck him full in the face and he was borne unconscious from the field. It was here he won the stars of the brigadier; and at Spottsylvania, for the repulse of Hancock on May 12, 1864, he was made major-general. From first to last Gordon was in the front of affairs. He held the last lines at Petersburg and fought with stubborn valor for every inch of space. He guarded the retreat from the ill-fated city, and at Appomattox Court House was put at the head of the four thousand troops (half of Lee's army) who were intended to cut through Grant's line had not Lee surrendered. His devoted wife, who re-

mained near him throughout the war, and whose experiences make an intensely interesting story, saved his life, by her careful nursing, after the battle of Sharpsburg.

General Gordon won an international fame as a soldier. An English correspondent of the London *Times* declared him the rising genius of the South. He was second only to the great Lee. After the surrender he gathered his men about him and exhorted them to "bear their trials bravely, to go home in peace, obey the laws, rebuild the country and work for the weal and harmony of the Republic." These words were the keynote of his entire career after the war. He settled in Atlanta at the close of the war. He was a member of the National Union Convention held in Philadelphia in 1866, and chairman of the Georgia delegation to the National Democratic Convention in 1868. In 1867, although he declined to allow the use of his name as candidate for Governor of Georgia, he was nominated, and, according to his party, was elected and counted out by the Reconstruction machinery. He was delegate-at-large to the National Democratic Convention at Baltimore in 1872, was elected to the United States Senate that same year, defeating Alexander H. Stephens and Benjamin H. Hill, and was reëlected in 1879. He resigned in 1880 and raised the money to build the Georgia Pacific Railroad. In 1886 he was elected Governor of Georgia, was reëlected in 1888, and in 1890 was again elected United States Senator.

His service in the United States Senate was brilliant and statesman-like. He delivered powerful and eloquent speeches upon finance and civil service reform, and made a masterly defense of the South, exerting a conservative influence. In the Louisiana troubles he was chosen by the Democrats in Congress to draft an address to the people of Louisiana and the South, urging patient endurance and an appeal to a returning sense of justice to cure wrongs. He took a masterful part in the debate, and a serious variance between him and Senator Conkling was adjusted by Senator Bayard and others. The farmers of Georgia thank him for his efforts for agriculture. He aided Lamar in saving Mississippi from political misrule, and was empowered by Governor Hampton to look after South Carolina's interest, having canvassed the State for its redemption with Hampton, and after the adjournment of Congress secured the removal of troops from Carolina. For this he received the historic dispatch: "The troops have been withdrawn. Perfect peace prevails. South Carolina thanks you." His life-size portrait hangs in the South Carolina Capitol. The ladies sent his little daughter, born in Washington, a silver urn with Hampton's dispatch on it, and the people

of South Carolina sent to General Gordon a superb silver service, each piece mounted with a gold palmetto tree. As Governor his administration was faultless. The New York *Sun* declared his first inaugural worthy of Thomas Jefferson. His last election as United States Senator was a marvelous political victory. Unopposed until he antagonized the sub-treasury plan of the Farmer's Alliance, which had four-fifths of the Legislature in its favor, he was elected after the most exciting contest of the times. In the wild enthusiasm succeeding his victory, he was borne by the multitude through the Capitol to the street, placed on a caisson and drawn about the city amid shouts and rejoicing, while the whole State was ablaze with bonfires. His speech in the United States Senate in 1893, at the time of the Chicago strikes, pledging the South to maintain law and order, rang from one end of the country to the other. He declined to allow the use of his name for reëlection to the Senate at the expiration of his third term (1897), and devoted his time to lecturing and to the preparation of his 'Reminiscences.'

His great historic lecture, "The Last Days of the Confederacy," fulfilled a distinct mission in cementing the bonds of peace between the North and the South. 'The Reminiscences of the Civil War' radiates the same generous and chivalrous spirit as the lecture—and in addition, the book has been classed by competent critics as second only in importance to Morley's 'Life of Gladstone,' among contemporary contributions to history and biography.

General Gordon's personality was one of rare sweetness and charm, and his private and public life a model of manly virtue and Christian citizenship. He died on January 9, 1904, at his winter home, Biscayne, Florida, after a brief illness—showing to the very last that vivid interest and enthusiasm for all the best things of life, and that exquisite thoughtfulness of others, which were the keynotes of his whole career. The whole country mourned his passing. Flags were at half mast and business was suspended in almost every Southern city, and thousands of men and women poured into Atlanta to do honor to his memory at the funeral obsequies on January fourteenth. It was said that no such tribute had ever been paid a public man by the whole country, North and South, except that paid to the lamented President McKinley.

Immediately after his death a movement was inaugurated to erect a suitable memorial, the Georgia Legislature appropriating $15,000.00 towards it. Subscriptions poured in from the North as well as the South, and on May 25, 1907, three years after his death, a superb bronze equestrian statue, done by the eminent sculptor, Solon Borglun,

was unveiled in the presence of thousands who loved and honored the soldier, the statesman, the peace-maker, the *man*.

Frances Goodlett Smith.

[Liberal extracts have been made in this sketch from the writings of Henry W. Grady, I. W. Avery and others, and acknowledgment is hereby made of the valuable assistance from these writers—F. G. S.]

AT ANTIETAM

From 'Reminiscences of the Civil War.' Copyright by Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission of the publishers.

LIKE two mighty giants preparing for a test of strength, the Union and Confederate armies now arrayed themselves for still bloodier encounters. In this encounter the one went down, and in that the other; but each rose from its fall, if not with renewed strength, at least with increased resolve. In the Southwest, as well as in Virginia, the blows between the mighty contestants came fast and hard. Both were in the field for two and a half years more of the most herculean struggle the world has ever witnessed.

At Antietam, or Sharpsburg, as the Confederates call it, on the soil of Maryland, occurred one of the most desperate though indecisive battles of modern times. The Union forces numbered about 60,000, the Confederates about 35,000. This battle left its lasting impress upon my body as well as upon my memory.

General George B. McClellan, after his displacement, had been again assigned to the command of the Union forces. The restoration of this brilliant soldier seemed to have imparted new life to that army. Vigorously following up the success achieved at South Mountain, McClellan, on the sixteenth day of September, 1862, marshaled his veteran legions on the eastern hills bordering the Antietam. On the opposite slopes, near the picturesque village of Sharpsburg, stood the embattled lines of Lee. As these vast American armies, the one clad in

blue and the other in gray, stood contemplating each other from the adjacent hills, flaunting their defiant banners, they presented an array of martial splendor that was not equaled, perhaps, on any other field. It was in marked contrast with other battle-grounds. On the open plain, where stood these hostile hosts in long lines, listening in silence for the signal summoning them to battle, there were no breastworks, no abatis, no intervening woodlands, nor abrupt hills, nor hiding places, nor impassable streams. The space over which the assaulting columns were to march, and on which was soon to occur the tremendous struggle, consisted of smooth and gentle undulations and a narrow valley covered with green grass and growing corn. From the position assigned me near the centre of Lee's lines, both armies and the entire field were in view. The scene was not only magnificent to look upon, but the realization of what it meant was deeply impressive. Even in time of peace our sensibilities are stirred by the sight of a great army passing in review. How infinitely more thrilling in the dread moments before the battle to look upon two mighty armies upon the same plain, "beneath spread ensigns and bristling bayonets," waiting for the impending crash and sickening carnage!

Behind McClellan's army the country was open and traversed by broad macadamized roads leading to Washington and Baltimore. The defeat, therefore, or even the total rout of Union forces, meant not necessarily the destruction of that army, but, more probably, its temporary disorganization and rapid retreat through a country abounding in supplies, and towards cities rich in men and means. Behind Lee's Confederates, on the other hand, was the Potomac River, too deep to be forded by his infantry, except at certain points. Defeat and total rout of his army meant, therefore, not only its temporary disorganization, but its possible destruction. And yet that bold leader did not hesitate to give battle. Such was his confidence in the steadfast courage and oft-tested prowess of his troops that he threw his lines across McClellan's front with their backs against the river. Doubtless General Lee would have preferred, as all prudent commanders would, to have the river in his front instead of his rear; but he wisely, as the sequel proved, elected to order Jackson from

Harper's Ferry, and, with his entire army, to meet McClellan on the eastern shore rather than risk the chances of having the Union commander assail him while engaged in crossing the Potomac.

On the elevated points beyond the narrow valley the Union batteries were rolled into position and the Confederate heavy guns unlimbered to answer them. For one or more seconds, and before the first sounds reached us, we saw the great volumes of white smoke rolling from the mouths of McClellan's artillery. The next second brought the roar of the heavy discharges and the loud explosions of hostile shells in the midst of our lines, inaugurating the great battle. The Confederate batteries promptly responded; and while the artillery of both armies thundered, McClellan's compact columns of infantry fell upon the left of Lee's lines with the crushing weight of a landslide. The Confederate battle line was too weak to withstand the momentum of such a charge. Pressed back, but neither hopelessly broken nor dismayed, the Southern troops, enthused by Lee's presence, reformed their lines, and, with a shout as piercing as the blast of a thousand bugles, rushed in counter-charge upon the exulting Federals, hurled them back in confusion, and recovered all the ground that had been lost. Again and again, hour after hour, by charges and counter-charges, this portion of the field was lost and recovered, until the green corn that grew upon it looked as if it had been struck by a storm of bloody hail.

Up to this hour not a shot had been fired in my front. There was an ominous lull on the left. From sheer exhaustion, both sides, like battered and bleeding athletes, seemed willing to rest. General Lee took advantage of the respite and rode along his lines on the right and center. He was now accompanied by Division Commander General D. H. Hill. With that wonderful power which he possessed of divining the plans and purposes of his antagonist, General Lee had decided that the Union commander's next heavy blow would fall upon our center, and those of us who held that important position were notified of this conclusion. We were cautioned to be prepared for a determined assault and urged to hold that center at any sacrifice, as a break at this point would endanger his entire army. My troops held the most advanced position

on this part of the field, and there was no supporting line behind us. It was evident, therefore, that my small force was to receive the first impact of the expected charge and to be subjected to the deadliest fire. To comfort General Lee and General Hill, and especially to make, if possible, my men still more resolute of purpose, I called aloud to these officers as they rode away: "These men are going to stay here, General, till the sun goes down or victory is won." Alas! many of the brave fellows are there now.

General Lee had scarcely reached his left before the predicted assault came. The day was clear and beautiful, with scarcely a cloud in the sky. The men in blue filed down the opposite slope across the little stream (Antietam), and formed in my front an assaulting column four lines deep. The front line came to a "charge bayonets," the other lines to a "right shoulder shift." The brave Union commander, superbly mounted, placed himself in front, while his band in the rear cheered them with martial music. It was a thrilling spectacle. The entire force, I concluded, was composed of fresh troops from Washington, or some camp of instruction. So far as I could see every soldier wore his white gaiters around his ankles. The banners above them had apparently never been discolored by the smoke and dust of battle. Their gleaming bayonets flashed like burnished silver in the sunlight. With the precision of step and perfect alignment of a holiday parade, this magnificent array moved to the charge, every step keeping time to the tap of the deep-sounding drum. As we stood looking upon that brilliant pageant, I thought, if I did not say: "What a pity to spoil with bullets such a scene of martial beauty!" But there was nothing else to do. Mars is not an æsthetic god; and he was directing every part of this game, in which giants were contestants. On every preceding field where I had been engaged it had been my fortune to lead or direct charges, and not to receive them; or else to move as the tides of battle swayed in one direction or the other. Now my duty was to move neither to the front nor to the rear, but to stand fast, holding that centre under whatever pressure and against any odds.

Every act and movement of the Union commander in my front clearly indicated his purpose to discard bullets and de-

pend upon bayonets. He essayed to break through Lee's centre by the crushing weight and momentum of his solid column. It was my business to prevent this; and how to do it with my single line was the tremendous problem which had to be solved, and solved quickly; for the column was coming. As I saw this solid mass of men moving upon me with determined step and front of steel, every conceivable plan of meeting and repelling it was rapidly considered. To oppose man against man and strength against strength was impossible; for there were four lines of blue to my one of gray. My first impulse was to open fire upon the compact mass as soon as it came within reach of my rifles, and to pour into its front an incessant hailstorm of bullets during its entire advance across the broad, open plain, but after a moment's reflection that plan was also discarded. It was rejected because, during the few minutes required for the column to reach my line, I could not hope to kill and disable a sufficient number of the enemy to reduce his strength to an equality with mine. The only remaining plan was one which I had never tried, but in the efficacy of which I had the utmost faith. It was to hold my fire until the advancing Federals were almost upon my lines, and then turn loose a sheet of flame and lead into their faces. I did not believe that any troops on earth, with empty guns in their hands, could withstand so sudden a shock and so withering a fire. The programme was fixed in my own mind, all horses were sent to the rear, and my men were at once directed to lie down upon the grass and clover. They were quickly made to understand, through my aides and line officers, that the Federals were coming upon them with unloaded guns; that not a shot would be fired at them, and that not one of our rifles was to be discharged until my voice should be heard from the center commanding "Fire!" They were carefully instructed in the details. They were notified that I would stand at the centre watching the advance, while they were lying upon their breasts with rifles pressed to their shoulders, and that they were not to expect my order to fire until the Federals were so close upon us that every Confederate bullet would take effect.

There was no artillery at this point upon either side, and not a rifle was discharged. The stillness was literally op-

pressive, as in close order, with the commander still riding in front, this column of Union infantry moved majestically in the charge. In a few minutes they were within easy range of our rifles, and some of my impatient men asked permission to fire. "Not yet," I replied. "Wait for the order." Soon they were so close that we might have seen the eagles on their buttons; but my brave and eager boys still waited for the order. Now the front rank was within a few rods of where I stood. It would not do to wait another second, and with all my lung power I shouted "Fire!"

My rifles flamed and roared in the Federals' faces like a blinding blaze of lightning accompanied by the quick and deadly thunderbolt. The effect was appalling. The entire front line, with few exceptions, went down in the consuming blast. The gallant commander and his horse fell in a heap near where I stood—the horse dead, the rider unhurt. Before his rear lines could recover from the terrific shock my exultant men were on their feet, devouring them with successive volleys. Even then these stubborn blue lines retreated in fairly good order. My front had been cleared; Lee's center had been saved; and yet not a drop of blood had been lost by my men. The result, however, of this first effort to penetrate the Confederate centre did not satisfy the intrepid Union commander. Beyond the range of my rifles he reformed his men into three lines, and on foot led them to the second charge, still with unloaded guns. This advance was also repulsed; but again and again did he advance in four successive charges in the fruitless effort to break through my lines with the bayonets. Finally his troops were ordered to load. He drew up in close rank and easy range, and opened a galling fire upon my line.

I must turn aside from my story at this point to express my regret that I have never been able to ascertain the name of this lion-hearted Union officer. His indomitable will and great courage have been equaled on other fields and in both armies; but I do not believe they have ever been surpassed. Just before I fell and was borne unconscious from the field, I saw this undaunted commander trying to lead his men in another charge.

The fire from these hostile American lines at close quarters now became furious and deadly. The list of the slain

was lengthened with each passing moment. I was not at the front when, near nightfall, the awful carnage ceased; but one of my officers long afterwards assured me that he could have walked on the dead bodies of my men from one end of the line to the other. This, perhaps, was not literally true; but the statement did not greatly exaggerate the shocking slaughter. Before I was wholly disabled and carried to the rear, I walked along my line and found an old man and his son lying side by side. The son was dead, the father mortally wounded. The gray-haired hero called me and said: "Here we are! My boy is dead, and I shall go soon; but it is all right." Of such were the early volunteers.

My extraordinary escape from wounds in all the previous battles had made a deep impression upon my comrades as well upon my own mind. So many had fallen at my side, so often had the balls and shells pierced and torn my clothing, grazing my body without drawing a drop of blood, that a sort of blind faith possessed my men that I was not to be killed in battle. This belief was evidenced by their constantly repeated expressions: "They can't hurt him." "He's as safe one place as another." "He's got a charmed life."

If I had allowed these expressions of my men to have any effect upon my mind the impression was quickly dissipated when the Sharpsburg storm came and the whizzing Minies, one after another, began to pierce my body.

The first volley from the Union lines in my front sent a ball through the brain of the chivalric Colonel Tew, of North Carolina, to whom I was talking, and another ball through the calf of my right leg. On the right and the left my men were falling under the death-dealing cross-fire like trees in a hurricane. The persistent Federals, who had lost so heavily from repeated repulses, seemed now determined to kill enough Confederates to make the debits and credits of the battle's balance-sheet more nearly even. Both sides stood in the open at short range and without the semblance of breastworks, and the firing was doing a deadly work. Higher up in the same leg I was again shot; but still no bone was broken. I was able to walk along the line and give encouragement to my resolute riflemen, who were firing with the coolness and steadiness of peace soldiers in target practice. When later in

the day the third ball pierced my left arm, tearing asunder the tendons and mangling the flesh, they caught sight of the blood running down my fingers, and these devoted and big-hearted men, while still loading their guns, pleaded with me to leave them and to go to the rear, pledging me that they would stay there and fight to the last. I could not consent to leave them in such a crisis. The surgeons were all busy at the field hospitals in the rear, and there was no way, therefore, of stanching the blood; but I had a vigorous constitution, and this was doing me good service.

A fourth ball ripped through my shoulder, leaving its base and a wad of clothing in its track. I could still stand and walk, although the shocks and loss of blood had left but little of my normal strength. I remembered the pledge to the commander that we would stay there till the battle ended or night came. I looked at the sun. It moved very slowly; in fact, it seemed to stand still. I thought I saw some wavering in my line, near the extreme right, and Private Vickers, of Alabama, volunteered to carry any orders I might wish to send. I directed him to go quickly and remind the men of the pledge to General Lee, and to say to them that I was still on the field and intended to stay there. He bounded away like an Olympic racer; but he had gone less than fifty yards when he fell, instantly killed by a ball through his head. I then attempted to go myself, although I was bloody and faint, and my legs did not bear me steadily. I had gone but a short distance when I was shot down by a fifth ball, which struck me squarely in the face, and passed out, barely missing the jugular vein. I fell forward and lay unconscious with my face in my cap; and it would seem that I might have been smothered by the blood running into my cap from this last wound but for the act of some Yankee, who, as if to save my life, had at a previous hour during the battle shot a hole through the cap, which let the blood out.

I was borne on a litter to the rear, and recall nothing more till revived by stimulants at a late hour of the night. I found myself lying on a pile of straw at an old barn, where our badly wounded were gathered. My faithful surgeon, Dr. Weatherly, who was my devoted friend, was at my side, with his fingers on my pulse. As I revived, his face was so ex-

pressive of distress that I asked him: "What do you think of my case, Weatherly?" He made a manly effort to say that he was hopeful. I knew better and said: "You are not honest with me. You think I am going to die; but I am going to get well." Long afterward, when the danger was past, he admitted that this assurance was his first and only basis of hope.

AT GETTYSBURG

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A THIRD of a century has passed since, with Lee's stricken but still puissant army, I turned my back upon the field of Gettysburg, on which nearly 40,000 Americans went down, dead or wounded, at the hands of fellow-Americans. The commanders-in-chief and nearly all the great actors upon it are dead. Of the heroes who fought there and survived the conflict, a large portion have since joined the ranks of those who fell. A new generation has taken their places since the battle's roar was hushed, but its thunders are still reverberating through my memory. No tongue, nor pen, can adequately portray its vacillating fortunes at each dreadful moment. As I write of it now, a myriad thrilling incidents and rapidly changing scenes, now appalling and now inspiring, rush over my memory. I hear again the words of Barlow: "Tell my wife that I freely gave my life for my country." Yonder resting on his elbow, I see the gallant young Avery in his bloody gray uniform among his brave North Carolinians, writing, as he dies: "Tell father that I fell with my face to the foe." On the opposite hills Lee and Meade, surrounded by staff and couriers and with glasses in hand, are surveying the intervening space. Over it the flying shells are plunging, shrieking, bursting. The battered Confederate line staggers, reels, and is bent back before the furious blast. The alert Federals leap from the trenches and over the walls and rush through this thin and wavering line. Instantly, from the opposite direction, with deafening yells, come the Confederates in counter-charge, and the brave Federals are pressed back to the walls. The Confederate banners sweep through the rid-

dled peach orchard; while farther to the Union left on the gory wheat-field the impacted forces are locked in deadly embrace. Across this field in alternate waves rolls the battle's tide, now from the one side, now from the other, until the ruthless Harvester piles his heaps of slain thicker than the grain shocks gathered by the husbandman's scythe. Hard by is Devil's Den. Around it and over it the deadly din of battle roars. The rattle of rifles, the crash of shells, the shouts of the living and groans of the dying, convert that dark woodland into a harrowing pandemonium. Farther to the Union left, Hood, with his stalwart Texans, is climbing the Round Tops. For a moment he halts to shelter them behind the great boulders. A brief pause for rest, and to his command, "Forward!" they mount the huge rocks reddened with blood—and Hood's own blood is soon added. He falls seriously wounded, but his intrepid Alabamians under Law press forward. The fiery brigades of McLaws move to his aid. The fiercest struggle is now for the possession of Little Round Top. Standing on its rugged summit like a lone sentinel is seen an erect but slender form clad in the uniform of a Union officer. It is Warren, Meade's chief of engineers. With practiced eye, he sees at a glance that, quickly seized, that rock-ribbed hill would prove a Gibraltar amidst the whirling currents of the battle, resisting its heaviest shocks. Staff and couriers are summoned, who swiftly bear his messages to the Union leaders. Veterans from Hancock and Sykes respond at a "double-quick." Around its base, along its sides, and away toward the Union right, with the forces of Sickles and Hancock, the gray veterans of Longstreet are in herculean wrestle. Wilcox's Alabamians and Barksdale's Mississippians seize a Union battery and rush on. The Union lines under Humphreys break through a Confederate gap and sweep around Barksdale's left. Wright's Georgians and Perry's Floridians are hurled against Humphreys and break him in turn. Amidst the smoke and fury, Sickles, with his thigh-bone shivered, sickens and falls from his saddle into the arms of his soldiers. Sixty per cent. of Hancock's veterans go down with his gallant Brigadiers, Willard, Zook, Cross, and Brooke. The impetuous Confederate leaders, Barksdale and Semmes, fall and die, but their places are quickly assumed by the next in com-

mand. The Union forces of Vincent and Weed, with Hazlett's artillery, have reached the summit, but all three are killed. The apex of Little Round Top is the point of deadliest struggle. The day ends, and thus ends the battle. As the last rays of the setting sun fall upon the summit, they are reflected from the batteries and bayonets of the Union soldiers still upon it, with the bleeding Confederates struggling to possess it. The embattled hosts sleep upon their arms. The stars look down at night upon a harrowing scene of pale faces all over the field, and of sufferers in the hospitals behind the lines—an army of dead and wounded numbering over twenty thousand.

The third day's struggle was the bloody postscript to the battles of the first and second. There was a pause. Night had intervened. It was only a pause for breath. Of sleep there was little for the soldiers, perhaps none for the throbbing brains of the great chieftains. Victory to Lee meant Southern Independence. Victory to Meade meant an inseparable Union. The life of the Confederacy, the unity of the Republic—these were the stakes of July third. Meade decided to defend; Lee resolved to assault. The decisive blow at Meade's left centre was planned for the early morning. The morning came and the morning passed. The Union right, impatient at the Confederate delay, opens fire on Lee's left. The challenge is answered by a Confederate charge under Edward Johnson. The Union trenches are carried. Ruger's Union lines sweep down from the heights on Johnson's left and recover these trenches. High noon is reached, but the assault on the left centre is still undelivered. With every moment of delay Lee's chances are diminishing with geometrical progression. At last the heavy signal-guns break the fatal silence and summon the gray lines of infantry to the charge. Pickett's Virginians are leading. The tried veterans of Heth and Wilcox and Pettigrew move with them. Down the long slope and up the next the majestic column sweeps. With Napoleonic skill, Meade's artillerists turn the converging, galling fire of all adjacent batteries upon the advancing Confederates. The heavy Southern guns hurl their solid shot and shell above the Southern lines and into the Union ranks on the summit. The air quivers and the hills tremble. Onward, still onward, the Southern legions press.

Through a tempest of indescribable fury they rush toward the crest held by the compact Union lines. The Confederate leaders, Garnett, Trimble and Kemper, fall in the storm—the first dead, the others down and disabled. On the Union side, Hancock and Gibbon are borne bleeding to the rear. Still onward press the men in gray, their ranks growing thinner, their lines shorter, as the living press toward the centre to fill the great gaps left by the dead. Nearly every mounted officer goes down. Riderless horses are flying hither and thither. Above the battle's roar is heard the familiar Southern yell. It proclaims fresh hope, but false hope. Union batteries are seen to limber up, and the galloping horses carry them to the rear. The Confederates shout is evoked by a misapprehension. These guns are not disabled. They do not fly before the Confederate lines from fear of capture. It is simply to cool their heated throats. Into their places quickly wheel the fresh Union guns. Like burning lava from volcanic vents, they pour a ceaseless current of fire into the now thin Confederate ranks. The Southern left is torn to fragments. Quickly the brilliant Alexander, his ammunition almost exhausted, flies at a furious gallop with his batteries to the support of the dissolving Confederate infantry. Here and there his horses and riders go down and check his artillery's progress. His brave gunners cut loose the dead horses, seize the wheels, whirl the guns into position, and pour the hot grape and canister into the faces of the Federals. The Confederates rally under the impulse, and rush onward. At one instant their gray jackets and flashing bayonets are plainly seen in the July sun. At the next they disappear, hidden from view as the hundreds of belching cannon conceal and envelop them in sulphurous smoke. The brisk west wind lifts and drives the smoke from the field, revealing the Confederate banners close to the rock wall. Will they go over? Look! They are over in the Union lines. The left centre is pierced, but there is no Union panic, no general flight. The Confederate battle-flags and the Union banners are floating side by side. Face to face, breast to breast, are the hostile hosts. The heavy guns are silent. The roar of artillery has given place to the rattle of rifles and crack of pistol-shots, as the officers draw their side arms. The awful din and confusion

of close combat is heard, as men batter and brain each other with clubbed muskets. The brave young Pennsylvanian, Lieutenant Cushing, shot in both thighs, still stands by his guns. The Confederates seize them; but he surrenders them only with his life. One Southern leader is left; it is the heroic Armistead. He calls around him the shattered Southern remnants. Lifting his hat on the point of his sword, he orders "Forward!" on the second line, and falls mortally wounded amidst the culminating fury of Gettysburg's fires.

The collision had shaken the continent. For three days the tumult and roar around Cemetery Heights and the Round Tops seemed the echo of the internal commotion which ages before had heaved these hills above the surrounding plain.

LEE AND GRANT

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THE strong and salutary characteristics of both Lee and Grant should live in history as an inspiration to coming generations. Posterity will find nobler and more wholesome incentives in their attributes as men than in their brilliant careers as warriors. The lustre of a stainless life is more lasting than the fame of any soldier; and if General Lee's self-abnegation, his unblemished purity, his triumph over alluring temptations, and his unwavering consecration to all life's duties do not lift him to the morally sublime and make him a fit ideal for young men to follow, then no human conduct can achieve such position.

And the repeated manifestations of General Grant's truly great qualities—his innate modesty, his freedom from every trace of vainglory or ostentation, his magnanimity in victory, his genuine sympathy for his brave and sensitive foeman, and his inflexible resolve to protect paroled Confederates against any assault, and vindicate, at whatever cost, the sanctity of his pledge to the vanquished—will give him a place in history no less renowned and more to be envied than that secured by his triumphs as a soldier or his honors as a civilian. The Christian invocation which came from his dying lips, on Mount McGregor, summoning the spirit of peace and unity and

equality for all his countrymen, made a fitting close to the life of this illustrious American.

Scarcely less prominent in American annals than the record of these two lives, should stand a catalogue of the thrilling incidents which illustrate the nobler phase of soldier life so inadequately described in these reminiscences. The unseemly things which occurred in the great conflict between the States should be forgotten, or at least forgiven, and no longer permitted to disturb complete harmony between North and South. American youth in all sections should be taught to hold in perpetual remembrance all that was great and good on both sides; to comprehend the inherited convictions for which saintly women suffered and patriotic men died; to recognize the unparalleled carnage as proof of unrivaled courage; to appreciate the singular absence of personal animosity and the frequent manifestation between those brave antagonists of a good fellowship such as had never before been witnessed between hostile armies. It will be a glorious day for our country when all the children within its borders shall learn that the four years of fratricidal war between the North and the South was waged by neither with criminal or unworthy intent, but by both to protect what they conceived to be threatened rights and imperiled liberty; that the issues which divided the sections were born when the Republic was born, and were forever buried in an ocean of fraternal blood. We shall then see that, under God's providence, every sheet of flame from the blazing rifles of the contending armies, every whizzing shell that tore through the forests at Shiloh and Chancellorsville, every cannon-shot that shook Chickamauga's hills or thundered around the heights of Gettysburg, and all the blood and the tears that were shed are yet to become contributions for the upbuilding of American manhood and for the future defence of American freedom. The Christian Church received its baptism of pentecostal power as it emerged from the shadows of Calvary, and went forth to its world-wide work with greater unity and a diviner purpose. So the Republic, rising from its baptism of blood with a national life more robust, a national union more complete, and a national influence ever widening, shall go forever forward in its benign mission to humanity.

HENRY W GRADY

The Monument of Henry Woodfin Grady, Atlanta, Ga.

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY

[1851—1889]

JAMES W. LEE

HENRY WOODFIN GRADY was born in Athens, Georgia, in 1851. During his boyhood he enjoyed the best educational advantages; after graduating at the State University he went to the University of Virginia, where he took a postgraduate course. He was during his term at each of these institutions the youngest student in his class. He studied diligently what suited his intellect best, and paid little attention to branches in which he felt no interest. History, belles-lettres, Anglo-Saxon, and Greek attracted him, and his standing was very high in all of these.

Henry W. Grady was an idealist. He lived close by the clime of eternal realities, and looked out upon the stars which never go down; he reveled in the light which comes from the sun which knows no sinking; he kept up constant commerce with the enchanted land of beauty. Was he less practical because of this? He was more. Was he farther from the real world of suffering and toil because of this? He was nearer to it. He was one of the first to call attention to the wealth of our mountains. In a speech delivered some years ago he told of a burial in Pickens County, Georgia. He said the grave was dug through solid marble, but the marble headstone was from Vermont. That the burial was in a pine wilderness, but the pine coffin came from Cincinnati. That an iron mountain overshadowed it, but the coffin nails and screws came from Pittsburg. That hard woods and metals abounded, but the corpse was hauled on a wagon which was made in South Bend, Indiana. That a hickory grove was near by, but the pick and shovel handles came from New York. That the cotton shirt on the dead man came from Cincinnati, the coat and breeches from Chicago, and the shoes from Boston. That the folded hands were incased in white gloves which came from New York, and around the poor neck that had worn all its living days the bondage of lost opportunity was twisted a cheap cravat from Philadelphia. That the country so rich in undeveloped resources, furnished nothing for the funeral but the poor man's body and the grave in which it awaited the Judgment trump. And that the poor fellow lowered to his rest on coffin bands from Lowell carried nothing into the next world as a reminder of his home in this, save the halted blood in his veins, the chilled marrow

in his bones, and the echo of the dull clods that fell on his coffin lid.

The attention of the people he thus directed to the marble in our mountains and lived to see $3,000,000 invested in marble quarries and machinery around that grave. He lived to see the largest marble-cutting works in the world, twenty miles from that grave. He called attention to the iron in our mines, and helped to lift the iron industries of the South to rivalry with those in England and the North. He saw it advance from 212,000 tons in 1880 to the production of 845,000 in 1887. He called attention to the immense fund of heat God had stored away for us when he laid the foundations of the world. He helped to swell the mining industry from 3,000,000 tons of coal in 1870 to 6,000,000 in 1880, and nearly 15,000,000 tons in 1887.

He saw not only the coal and iron, but the uses coming together to which they might be turned. He saw their relation to human comfort and to civilization, and under the influence of his enthusiasm expressed in brilliant editorials through his pen, there were built some of the largest furnaces and foundries in the world. To bring this raw material of iron and wood a little way from the mountain and the forest did not satisfy him. He wished to see it carried through nail factories, shovel and pick factories, carriage and wagon factories, on the spot. He wished to see it made ready for use and started from our doors upon the rounds of trade. He urged the application of intelligence to raw material in bridge works, car works, chain works, nail works and hinge works.

He saw the possibilities of Southern soil. In the elements which compose it, the genial skies above it, and the dews which come out of the night upon it; he saw watermelons, strawberries, cherries, grapes, pears, peaches, and all fruits and foods. His editorials on truck farming were prose poems. They carried hope and courage to the Southern farmer. He idealized the Georgia watermelon: the blossom that bore it, the vine that nourished it, and the planter that protected it. In flavor, in beauty, in haste to get ripe, he helped it to the first place in the markets of the world. After reading one of his editorials on the watermelon, it could be seen lying green and dew-covered in the patch, with contents sweet enough for the taste of a king. He aided the Southern strawberry to herald first in Northern markets the coming spring. The Southern peach he made classic. He swelled its power to delight with its meat, and to suggest with its painted cheek the soft skies under which it grew. He made the Southern ground-pea a wanderer around the world and helped it to advertise our section from the peanut stands of all countries.

He loved the cotton plant. In no poet's esteem did ever rose or

hyacinth or violet stand higher. Its blossom opening its leaves of white to catch scarlet from the down-flowing light, revealed the birth of a king. It was interesting to him because of its relation to human comfort and use. He loved it because it caught so much of heaven's sunshine for man's use. It appropriated in the South every year from sky and rain enough cloth to protect with a suit of clothes every human being on earth. He saw more in it than its lint. He proved that though the South received $350,000,000 for its 7,000,000 bales of cotton, it would be a valuable plant though it gave no lint at all. That after the 3,000,000 pounds of lint was sold for the $350,000,000, there was left 3,750,000 tons of seed. That this would supply 150,000,000 gallons of oil, which, sold at forty cents a gallon, would bring $60,000,000. Or that it might be reduced to lard, when it would produce 1,125,000,000 pounds of edible fat, which would equal in pounds 5,625,000 hogs of 200 pounds each. Allowing 200 pounds of edible fat to each person per annum, he showed that this would keep in meat 5,625,000 citizens.

Whatever he wrote was colored and magnetized by the hue and subtle force of his own personality. He wrapped our mountains in the glow of his genius, and sent the light of his thought through the structure of our mineral formations, and invited millions of money to the establishment of mills and foundries to work them. He bathed our forests in the purple and pink and gold of his imagination and disclosed the value of our timber, and thus invited people to erect spoke and hub and ax-handle factories all through the Southern States. He laid the bars and lines of his exquisite imagery on the hills and valleys of our farms, and with graceful pencilings of light from the boundless resources of his mind worked traceries with the vines over the doors of our country homes and advertised the charm of rural dwelling places.

As an orator Mr. Grady sought, by spoken work and direct appeal, more immediately to accomplish what engaged his attention as an editor. To build up his section in wealth, to quicken its enterprise and widen its outlook, was ever his aim as editor or orator. As an orator he was without an equal among Southern men of the younger generation. On the rostrum he was a master. He had action, pathos, fervor. In gesture, in manner, he was grace itself. Never did the artist in him reveal itself more clearly than in one of his great speeches. He was the embodiment of strength, unity and beauty. The multitudes hung upon his lips entranced. A living man had come to talk upon living issues, in words exquisitely chosen, in sentences marvelously wrought, and out of a heart overflowing with sympathy and good will. His message was magnetized and baptized by a personality that conquered without effort. Straight to the heart it went,

mingling with the blood and assimilating the thought. It captured and held in the most magical way, imagination and reason and conviction. To hear his words as they fell from the chambers of his imagery, shot through with the colors of his own soul, and filled with the truth he had to utter, was absolutely delightful. They united hearts by a spell, and made them the speaker's own. Grady had a soul full of music. He used his power as an orator and an editor to play it to the people. He piped in strains high and accents low. He sent it from him in march and waltz, in plantation melody and cathedral hymn, in child's and battle-strain. He sought through his oration and editorial to strike all the notes of the orchestra. There was hidden in the life of Henry W. Grady the detentions and suggestions of a glad literature. It was an original quotation from an eternal source that managed to get itself into the syntax and prosody of orations and editorials, which kindled a new, wide and kindly light in twenty years of solemn time. Never did message from the illimitable sources of thought and life come to men at a more opportune moment. The section which gave Grady birth had been disorganized and dismantled by the conflicts of war. The Southern people were poor and down-hearted, oppressed by the burden of defeat and faced by the complications of untried problems. The sun of the Southern republic, which promised so much in its rising effulgence, had just gone down. The afterglow arising from the sense of honor unsullied, and from the assurance of duty faithfully performed, kept, it is true, the horizon of the sinking Confederacy red for a long time after the echo of the last gun had died away. But the brilliant display of pink bars of cloud, and orange flush of haze, shot into the western sky of the failing Southern republic from the heroism of Jackson and the courage of Lee, and the sacrifice of brave men and the devotion of tender women, could not keep the shadow lines from falling across the pageantry of glorious color.

Around the afterglow of vermilion and purple and green there was a fringe of night which threatened, inch by inch, to close in a curtain of darkness. At a time like this, Grady began to find in the folds of his glowing young life the alphabet of the doctrine of hope. Preliminary lessons from the literature of his mission he began to get. He was to call the attention of the Southern people from the afterglow of the sinking Confederacy, with its sad beauty of reminiscence and departing vision. He had seen the red streaks of a dawn which betokened the interior splendors of a grander day. Up the eastern horizon he saw arising the wondrous foregleams of a great future. Under the stimulus of this light from the frontiers of new time, the letters in his living spirit began to gather themselves into words and the words into sentences, and the sentences to

get filled with a meaning it became the passion of his life to make known.

Phlegmatic, low-keyed people, coming in contact with the boundless optimism of Grady, said he was visionary, and that his enterprises would not succeed. That class of men who are too stupid to think and too cowardly to get out of the beaten track, and too stingy to spend a cent on a promising experiment, always predict failure to the originality that dares to live and breathe under the burning sun. They would expect the honeysuckles to fail because they are so gay, and happy, and red, were they not assured by precedent, and the only logic they comprehend, that they have been blooming for ages. While wise and conservative and slow men were ringing the changes on the doctrine that the South was getting poorer and poorer every day, Grady with his orations and editorials was waking up his section and bringing a new invoice of blood to the hearts of her people.

In 1889 he was invited to deliver an address upon the occasion of the New England dinner in New York on "The New South." The surroundings were complicated. Demonstrations in honor of Jefferson Davis had been credited to the remains of the spirit of rebellion. How the South could honor its living heroes, and cover with flowers the graves of its sleeping dead, and yet be loyal to the flag, and in sympathy with the Union, was not understood. The crossing of swords by editors of different sections had kept the air full of misunderstandings and misinterpretations. Thus to be called to speak of the South to such a company, and under such conditions, while an honor, was attended with grave perils. Mr. Grady recognized the delicacy of the position, and accepted the responsibility. He had lived long enough to form for himself a conception of the South. He understood her resources, the hearts and motives of her people. He had imbibed from her genial skies, and learned from her loving sons, and caught from her suffering and her trials lessons which went to make the conception complete. It was not overdrawn; it was not unfair. It was such a conception of the South as squared with the facts. This conception he was not to chisel into cold, unfeeling marble, but was to throw it out into Northern thought, and to make it live entire and complete in Northern hearts. His traditions, his instincts, his training, came to his help. His exquisite taste and boundless charity guided him. The mistake of a word or an insinuation would have been fatal. He accomplished his work like a prince. He embodied his conception in Northern sentiment and left it to live and work in Northern convictions. It sensibly and perceptibly moved the sections nearer together. It thawed out much coldness, and inaugurated a better day. The gulf stream hugged

in midwinter New England's ice-bound coasts. The warm winds from its waters softened and scattered the blizzards that rushed over New England's hills. It was a speech of twenty minutes in length, but it did more to unite the North and the South than all the orations of politicians and discussions of editors that had occupied public attention since the war. It was the speech in which Mr. Grady gave the first national display of brilliant imagery from the boundless resources of his illuminated spirit. Upon that occasion he was like an animated Aurora with the variations of a luminous sunset, and managed in twenty minutes to bathe the whole nation with splendid light. Never did light in contact with cloud and water and dust produce a better twenty minutes' display than did the light of Grady's oration, in contact with the sorrows and disappointments and achievements and hopes of Southern history, thrown out before the brilliant company that made up the New England Society of New York on that night.

The last great speech Mr. Grady ever delivered was in Boston. It was upon the occasion of a banquet given by the merchants of that city. He was asked to discuss the race problem. His former addresses and work had come to the attention of the Republic. He was the acknowledged leader of the South. What he said was insured a hearing and what he wrote a reading. He was to speak on a subject less understood and more often treated than any in our social life. A theme hackneyed and old, but a theme ever new, because coming up in so many forms, and charged with interests so peculiar and relations so difficult of adjustment. He was to speak in the home of Sumner and Phillips, and under the shadow of Faneuil Hall. He was to be just to the South, fair to a weak and belated race, and true to the facts, from which conclusions had been drawn so diverse. He had a conception of the colored race, and a solution for the colored problem. It was not to be settled by law, or by force, or by editorials, written at a distance from the South, but by love. He was a true and tried friend of the colored people. He had been petted and nursed when a child by a colored mammy. He had been melted by their songs and charmed by their folk lore. All who knew his heart understood that he could not have been unjust to them. He uttered his message in Boston, and through Boston to the people of his country. They heard and pondered it. They said: "These are the words of an earnest, honest, manly man. They are spoken in love. We shall treasure them and honor the man who uttered them." Those who differed from him did so in respect and good will.

He left the scenes of his triumph, wrapped in the nation's applause, and came home to die amid the tears and the anguish of his people.

The world meant more to Henry Grady and brought more to him than to most people. He tasted neither tea, nor coffee, nor wine, nor tobacco—nothing but pure water passed his lips, yet no one relished more the simple pleasures of life. The elements in his spirit were rarefied and combined after the provisions of a marvelous formula. I have seen people look at him as he moved with gladsome swing and straight, vigorous step along the street, as they would stop to observe some striking phenomenon of Nature. There was a perpetual charm about his personality that could be worked out by no science. By the magnetism of his personality, by the impact of his spirit, by the warmth of his thought, he was capable of raising men to a very high degree of temperature. It was in this way that he got so much from them for the public good. He was concerned about all things relating to human life, its business, its loves, its fears, its hopes. Mr. Grady looked through social distinctions and official decorations to the hearts and interests beneath them.

A newsboy's tale of sorrow held him as completely as the movements of senators. As an editor and an orator he sought to advance public interests and social well-being, as a man his work was with individuals. He was related by some act of kindness to every individual in his native State. He was constantly speaking a word or writing a telegram about individuals when they had no thought of it. He saw everything and felt everything that concerned the people about him. Whether they were lawyers, or doctors, or engineers, or bootblacks, if he came to know them, they were ever after carried in his thought. His heart and his pocketbook were open, the one to give sympathy, the other help. During his last days, when delirious, he was often talking of helping some poor fellow to get a start. He would say: "I'll give twenty-five dollars, and this one will give so much, and thus we will get him on his feet again."

He had a deeply religious nature, and strong faith in God.

On a visit to his mother just before he died he told her he wanted to be a boy again. She toasted cheese for him in the corner and tucked the cover around him at night, and breathed to heaven a prayer for him as she had over her little boy in the years departed. She carried him to Sunday-school, and when the children sang "Shall we gather at the river?" he covered his face in both hands and cried like a child. When his mother came to see him in his last illness, the first words he said to her were: "Mother, my feet are in the river."

James W Lee

THE NEW SOUTH

Extract from an Address delivered at the Banquet of the New England Club, New York, December 21, 1886.
From 'Henry W. Grady, His Life, Writings, and Speeches.' All selections are copyright by Mrs. H. W. Grady, and used by permission.

DR. TALMAGE has drawn for you, with a master's hand, the picture of your returning armies. He has told you how, in the pomp and circumstance of war, they came back to you, marching with proud and victorious tread, reading their glory in a nation's eyes! Will you bear with me while I tell you of another army that sought its home at the close of the late war—an army that marched home in defeat and not in victory—in pathos and not in splendor, but in glory that equaled yours and to hearts as loving as ever welcomed heroes home! Let me picture to you the footsore Confederate soldier, as buttoning up in his faded gray jacket the parole which was to bear testimony to his children of his fidelity and faith, he turned his face southward from Appomattox in April, 1865. Think of him as ragged, half-starved, heavy-hearted, enfeebled by want and wounds, having fought to exhaustion, he surrenders his gun, wrings the hands of comrades in silence, and lifting his tear-stained and pallid face for the last time to the graves that dot old Virginia hills, pulls his gray cap over his brow and begins the slow and painful journey. What does he find—let me ask you who went to your homes eager to find, in the welcome you had justly earned, full payment for your four years' sacrifice—what does he find when, having followed the battle-stained cross against overwhelming odds, dreading death not half so much as surrender, he reaches the home he left so prosperous and beautiful? He finds his house in ruins, his farm devastated, his slaves free, his stock killed, his barns empty, his trade destroyed, his money worthless, his social system, feudal in its magnificence, swept away; his people without law or legal status; his comrades slain, and the burdens of others heavy on his shoulders. Crushed by defeat, his very traditions are gone. Without money, credit, employment, material, or training; and besides all this, confronted with the greatest problem that ever met human intelligence—the establishing of a status for the vast body of his liberated slaves.

What does he do—this hero in gray with a heart of gold? Does he sit down in sullenness and despair? Not for a day. Surely God, who had stripped him of his prosperity, inspired him in his adversity. As ruin was never before so overwhelming, never was restoration swifter. The soldier stepped from the trenches into the furrow; horses that had charged Federal guns marched before the plow, and fields that ran red with human blood in April were green with the harvest in June; women reared in luxury cut up their dresses and made breeches for their husbands, and, with a patience and heroism that fit women always as a garment, gave their hands to work. There was little bitterness in all this. Cheerfulness and frankness prevailed. "Bill Arp" struck the keynote when he said: "Well, I killed as many of them as they did of me, and now I'm going to work." Of the soldier returning home after defeat and roasting some corn on the roadside, who made the remark to his comrades: "You may leave the South if you want to, but I am going to Sandersville, kiss my wife and raise a crop, and if the Yankees fool with me any more, I'll whip 'em again." I want to say to General Sherman, who is considered an able man in our parts, though some people think he is a kind of careless man about fire, that from the ashes he left us in 1864 we have raised a brave and beautiful city; that somehow or other we have caught the sunshine in the bricks and mortar of our homes, and have builded therein not one ignoble prejudice or memory.

But what is the sum of our work? We have found out that in the summing up the free negro counts more than he did as a slave. We have planted the schoolhouse on the hilltop and made it free to white and black. We have sowed towns and cities in the place of theories, and put business above politics. We have challenged your spinners in Massachusetts and your iron-makers in Pennsylvania. We have learned that the $400,000,000 annually received from our cotton crop will make us rich when the supplies that make it are home-raised. We have reduced the commercial rate of interest from 24 to 6 per cent., and are floating 4 per cent. bonds. We have learned that one Northern immigrant is worth fifty foreigners; and have smoothed the path to Southward, wiped out the place where Mason and Dixon's line used to be, and hung out latch-

strings to you and yours. We have reached the point that marks perfect harmony in every household, when the husband confesses that the pies which his wife cooked are as good as those his mother used to bake; and we admit that the sun shines as brightly and the moon as softly as it did before the war. We have established thrift in city and country. We have fallen in love with work. We have restored comfort to homes from which culture and elegance never departed. We have let economy take root and spread among us as rank as the crab-grass which sprung from Sherman's cavalry camps, until we are ready to lay odds on the Georgia Yankee, as he manufactures relics of the battlefield in a one-story shanty and squeezes pure olive oil out of his cotton seed, against any down-easter that ever swapped wooden nutmegs for flannel sausage in the valleys of Vermont. Above all, we know that we have achieved in these "piping times of peace" a fuller independence for the South than that which our fathers sought to win in the forum by their eloquence or compel in the field by their swords.

It is a rare privilege, sir, to have had part, however humble, in this work. Never was nobler duty confided to human hand than the uplifting and upbuilding of the prostrate and bleeding South—misguided, perhaps, but beautiful in her suffering, and honest, brave and generous always. In the record of her social, industrial and political illustration we await with confidence the verdict of the world.

But what of the negro? Have we solved the problem he presents or progressed in honor and equity toward solution? Let the rccord speak to the point. No section shows a more prosperous laboring population than the negroes of the South, none in fuller sympathy with the employing and land-owing class. He shares our school fund, has the fullest protection of our laws, and the friendship of our people. Self-interest, as well as honor, demand that he should have this. Our future, our very existence depend upon our working out this problem in full and exact justice. We understand that when Lincoln signed the emancipation proclamation your victory was assured, for he then committed you to the cause of human liberty, against which the arms of man cannot prevail—while those of our statesmen who trusted to make slavery the cor-

ner-stone of the Confederacy doomed us to defeat as far as they could, committing us to a cause that reason could not defend or the sword maintain in sight of advancing civilization.

Had Mr. Toombs said, which he did not say, "that he would call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill," he would have been foolish, for he might have known that whenever slavery became entangled in war it must perish, and that the chattel in human flesh ended forever in New England when your fathers—not to be blamed for parting with what didn't pay—sold their slaves to our fathers—not to be praised for knowing a paying thing when they saw it. The relations of the Southern people with the negro are close and cordial. We remember with what fidelity for four years he guarded our defenceless women and children, whose husbands and fathers were fighting against his freedom. To his eternal credit be it said that whenever he struck a blow for his own liberty he fought in open battle, and when at last he raised his black and humble hand that the shackles might be struck off, those hands were innocent of wrong against his helpless charges and worthy to be taken in loving grasp by every man who honors loyalty and devotion. Ruffians have maltreated him, rascals have misled him, philanthropists established a bank for him, but the South, with the North, protests against injustice to this simple and sincere people. To liberty and enfranchisement is as far as law can carry the negro. The rest must be left to conscience and common sense. It must be left to those among whom his lot is cast, with whom he is indissolubly connected, and whose prosperity depends upon their possessing his intelligent sympathy and confidence. Faith has been kept with him, in spite of calumnious assertions to the contrary by those who assume to speak for us or by frank opponents. Faith will be kept with him in the future, if the South holds her reason and integrity.

But have we kept faith with you? In the fullest sense, yes. When Lee surrendered—I don't say when Johnston surrendered, because I understand he still alludes to the time when he met General Sherman last as the time when he determined to abandon any further prosecution of the struggle—when Lee surrendered, I say, and Johnston quit, the South became, and

has since been loyal to this Union. We fought hard enough to know that we were whipped, and in perfect frankness accept as final the arbitrament of the sword to which we had appealed. The South found her jewel in the toad's head of defeat. The shackles that held her in narrow limitations fell forever when the shackles of the negro slave were broken. Under the old régime the negroes were slaves to the South; the South was a slave to the system. The old plantation, with its simple police regulations and feudal habit, was the only type possible under slavery. Thus was gathered in the hands of a splendid and chivalric oligarchy the substance that should have been diffused among the people, as the rich blood, under certain artificial conditions, is gathered at the heart, filling that with affluent rapture but leaving the body chill and colorless.

The old South rested everything on slavery and agriculture, unconscious that these could neither give nor maintain healthy growth. The new South presents a perfect democracy, the oligarchs leading in the popular movement—a social system compact and closely knitted, less splendid on the surface, but stronger at the core—a hundred farms for every plantation, fifty homes for every palace—and a diversified industry that meets the complex need of this complex age.

The new South is enamored of her new work. Her soul is stirred with the breath of a new life. The light of a grander day is falling fair in her face. She is thrilling with the consciousness of growing power and prosperity. As she stands upright, full-statured and equal among the people of the earth, breathing the keen air and looking out upon the expanded horizon, she understands that her emancipation came because through the inscrutable wisdom of God her honest purpose was crossed, and her brave armies were beaten.

This is said in no spirit of time-serving or apology. The South has nothing for which to apologize. She believes that the late struggle between the States was war and not rebellion; revolution and not conspiracy, and that her convictions were as honest as yours. I should be unjust to the dauntless spirit of the South and to my own convictions if I did not make this plain in this presence. The South has nothing to take back. In my native town of Athens is a monument that crowns its central hill—a plain, white shaft. Deep cut into its shining

sides is a name dear to me above the names of men—that of a brave and simple man who died in brave and simple faith. Not for all the glories of New England, from Plymouth Rock all the way, would I exchange the heritage he left me in his soldier's death. To the foot of that I shall send my children's children to reverence him who ennobled their name with his heroic blood. But, sir, speaking from the shadow of that memory, which I honor as I do nothing else on earth, I say that the cause in which he suffered and for which he gave his life was adjudged by higher and fuller wisdom than his or mine, and I am glad that the omniscient God held that balance of battle in His Almighty hand and that human slavery was swept forever from American soil, the American Union was saved from the wreck of war.

This message, Mr. President, comes to you from consecrated ground. Every foot of soil about the city in which I live is as sacred as a battle-ground of the Republic. Every hill that invests it is hallowed to you by the blood of your brothers who died for your victory, and doubly hallowed to us by the blow of those who died hopeless, but undaunted, in defeat—sacred soil to all of us—rich with memories that make us purer and stronger and better—silent but staunch witness in its red desolation of the matchless valor of American hearts and the deathless glory of American arms—speaking an eloquent witness in its white peace and prosperity to the indissoluble union of American States and the imperishable brotherhood of the American people.

Now, what answer has New England to this message? Will she permit the prejudice of war to remain in the hearts of the conquerors, when it has died in the hearts of the conquered? Will she transmit this prejudice to the next generation, that in their hearts, which never felt the generous ardor of conflict, it may perpetuate itself? Will she withhold, save in strained courtesy, the hand which straight from his soldier's heart Grant offered to Lee at Appomattox? Will she make the vision of a restored and happy people, which gather about the couch of your dying captain, thrilling his heart with grace; touching his lips with praise, and glorifying his path to the grave—will she make this vision on which the last sigh of his expiring soul breathed a benediction, a cheat and delusion?

If she does, the South, never abject in asking for comradeship, must accept with dignity its refusal; but if she does not refuse to accept in frankness and sincerity this message of goodwill and friendship, then will the prophecy of Webster, delivered in this very society forty years ago amid tremendous applause, become true, be verified in its fullest sense, when he said: "Standing hand to hand and clasping hands, we should remain united as we have been for sixty years, citizens of the same country, members of the same government, united, all united now and united forever." There have been difficulties, contentions, and controversies, but I tell you that in my judgment,

> Those opened eyes,
> Which, like the meteors of a troubled heaven,
> All of one nature, of one substance bred,
> Did lately meet in th' intestine shock,
> Shall now, in mutual well beseeming ranks,
> March all one way.

THE SOUTH AND HER PROBLEMS

Extract from an Address delivered at the State Fair, Dallas, Texas, October 26, 1887. From 'Henry W. Grady, His Life, Writings, and Speeches.'

A FEW words for the young men of Texas. I am glad that I can speak to them at all. Men, especially young men, look back for their inspiration to what is best in their traditions. Thermopylæ cast Spartan sentiments in heroic mold and sustained Spartan arms for more than a century. Thermopylæ had survivors to tell the story of its defeat. The Alamo had none. Though voiceless, it shall speak from its dumb walls. Liberty cried out to Texas, as God called from the clouds unto Moses. Bowie and Fanning, though dead, still live. Their voices rang above the din of Goliad and the glory of San Jacinto, and they marched with the Texas veterans who rejoiced at the birth of Texas independence. It is the spirit of the Alamo that moved above the Texas soldiers as they charged like demigods through a thousand battle-fields, and it is the spirit of the Alamo that whispers from their graves held in every state of the Union, ennobling their dust, their soil, that was crimson with their blood.

In the spirit of this inspiration and in the thrill of the amazing growth that surrounds you, my young friends, it will be strange if the young men of Texas do not carry the lone star into the heart of the struggle. The South needs her sons to-day more than when she summoned them to the forum to maintain her political supremacy, more than when the bugle called them to the field to defend issues put to the arbitrament of the sword. Her old body is instinct with appeal calling on us to come and give her fuller independence than she has ever sought in field or forum. It is ours to show that as she prospered with slaves, she shall prosper still more with freemen; ours to see that from the lists she entered in poverty she shall emerge in prosperity; ours to carry the transcending traditions of the old South, from which none of us can in honor or in reverence depart, unstained and unbroken into the new. Shall we fail? Shall the blood of the old South—the best strain that ever uplifted human endeavor—that ran like water at duty's call and never stained where it touched—shall this blood that pours into our veins through a century luminous with achievement, for the first time falter and be driven back from irresolute heat, when the old South that left us a better heritage in manliness and courage than in broad and rich acres, calls us to settle problems? A soldier lay wounded on a hard-fought field; the roar of the battle had died away, and he rested in the deadly stillness of its aftermath. Not a sound was heard as he lay there, sorely smitten and speechless, but the shriek of wounded and the sigh of the dying soul, as it escaped from the tumult of earth into the unspeakable peace of the stars. Off over the field flickered the lanterns of the surgeons with the litter bearers, searching that they might take away those whose lives could be saved, and leave in sorrow those who were doomed to die with pleading eyes through the darkness. This poor soldier watched, unable to turn or speak, as the lanterns grew near. At last the light flashed in his face and the surgeon, with kindly face, bent over him, hesitated a moment, shook his head, and was gone, leaving the poor fellow alone with death. He watched with patient agony as they went on from one part of the field to another. As they came back the surgeon bent over him again. "I believe if this poor fellow lives until sundown to-morrow he will get well." And again

leaving him, not to death but with hope; all night long these words fell into his heart as the dews fell from the stars upon his lips, "if he but lives till sundown, he will get well." He turned his weary head to the east and watched for the coming sun. At last the stars went out, the east trembled with radiance, and the sun, slowly lifting above the horizon, tinged his pallid face with flame. He watched it inch by inch as it climbed slowly up the heavens. He thought of life, its hopes and ambitions, its sweetness and its raptures, and he fortified his soul against despair until the sun had reached high noon. It sloped down its slow descent, and his life was ebbing away and his heart was faltering, and he needed stronger stimulants to make him stand the struggle until the end of the day had come. He thought of his far-off home, the blessed house resting in tranquil peace with the roses climbing to its door, and the trees whispering to its windows, and dozing in the sunshine, the orchard and the little brook running like a silver thread through the forest.

"If I live till sundown I will see it again. I will walk down the shady lane: I will open the battered gate, and the mockingbird shall call to me from the orchard, and I will drink again at the old mossy spring."

And he thought of the wife who had come from the neighboring farmhouse and put her hand shyly in his, and brought sweetness to his life and light to his home.

"If I live till sundown I shall look once more into her deep and loving eyes and press her brown head once more to my aching breast."

And he thought of the old father, patient in prayer, bending lower and lower every day under his weight of sorrow and old age.

"If I but live till sundown I shall see him again and wind my strong arm about his feeble body, and his hand shall rest upon my head while the unspeakable healing of his blessing falls into my heart."

And he thought of the little children that clambered on his knees and tangled their little hands into his heart-strings, making to him such music as the world shall not equal or heaven surpass.

"If I live till sundown they shall find my parched lips with

their warm mouths, and their little fingers shall run once more over my face."

And he then thought of his old mother, who gathered these children about her and breathed her old heart afresh in their brightness and attuned her old lips anew to their prattle, that she might live till her big boy came home.

"If I live till sundown I will see her again, and I will rest my head at my old place on her knees, and weep away all memory of this desolate night." And the Son of God, who had died for men, bending from the stars, put the hand that had been nailed to the cross on ebbing life and held on the staunch until the sun went down and the stars came out, and shone down in the brave man's heart and blurred in his glistening eyes, and the lanterns of the surgeons came and he was taken from death to life.

The world is a battle-field, strewn with the wrecks of governments and institutions, of theories and of faiths that have gone down in the ravages of years. On this field lies the South, sown with her problems. Upon the field swing the lanterns of God. Amid the carnage walks the Great Physician. Over the South He bends. "If ye but live until to-morrow's sundown ye shall endure, my countrymen." Let us, for her sake, turn our faces to the east and watch as the soldier watched for the sun. Let us staunch her wounds and hold steadfast. The sun mounts the skies. As it descends to us, minister to her and stand constant at her side for the sake of our children, and of generations unborn that shall suffer if she fails. And when the sun has gone down and the day of her probation has ended, and the stars have rallied her heart, the lanterns shall be swung over the field and the Great Physician shall lead her up from trouble into content, from suffering into peace, from death to life. Let every man here pledge himself in this high and ardent hour, as I pledge myself, and the boy that shall follow me; every man himself and his son, hand to hand and heart to heart, that in death and earnest loyalty, in patient painstaking and care, he shall watch her interests, advance her fortune, defend her fame and guard her honor as long as life shall last. Every man in the sound of my voice, under the deeper consecration he offers to the Union, will consecrate himself to the South. Have no ambition but to be first at her

feet and last at her service. No hope but, after a long life of devotion, to sink to sleep in her bosom, as a little child sleeps at his mother's breast and rests untroubled in the light of her smile.

With such consecrated service, what could we not accomplish; what riches we should gather for her; what glory and prosperity we should render to the Union; what blessings we should gather into the universal harvest of humanity! As I think of it, a vision of surpassing beauty unfolds to my eyes. I see a South, the home of fifty millions of people, who rise up every day to call from blessed cities, vast hives of industry and of thrift; her country-side the treasury from which her resources are drawn; her streams vocal with whirring spindles; her valleys trampled in the white and gold of the harvest; her mountains showering down the music of bells as her slow-moving flocks and herds go forth from their folds; her rulers honest and her people loving, and her homes happy and their hearthstones bright and their waters still, and their pastures green, and her conscience clear; her wealth diffused and poor-houses empty, her churches earnest and all creeds lost in the Gospel. Peace and sobriety walking hand in hand through her borders; honor in her homes; uprightness in her midst; plenty in her fields; straight and simple faith in the hearts of her sons and daughters; her two races walking together in peace and contentment; sunshine everywhere and all the time, and night falling on her gently as from the wings of the unseen dove.

All this, my country, and more can we do for you. As I look the vision grows, the splendor deepens, the horizon falls back, the skies open their everlasting gates and the glory of the Almighty God streams through as He looks down on His people who have given themselves unto Him, and leads them from one triumph to another until they have reached a glory unspeaking; and the whirling stars, as in their courses through Arcturus they run to the Milky Way, shall not look down on a better people or happier land.

THE RACE PROBLEM

Extract from an Address delivered at the Annual Banquet of the Boston Merchants' Association, December, 1889.
From 'Henry W. Grady, His Life, Writings, and Speeches.'

MR. PRESIDENT: Bidden by your invitation to a discussion of the race problem—forbidden by occasion to make a political speech—I appreciate in trying to reconcile orders with propriety the predicament of the little maid who, bidden to learn to swim, was yet adjured, "Now, go, my darling, hang your clothes on a hickory limb, but don't go near the water."

The stoutest apostle of the church, they say, is the missionary, and the missionary, wherever he unfurls his flag, will never find himself in deeper need of unction and address than I, bidden to-night to plant the standard of a Southern Democrat in Boston's banquet hall, and discuss the problem of the races in the homes of Phillips and of Sumner. But Mr. President, if a purpose to speak in perfect frankness and sincerity; if earnest understanding of the vast interests involved; if a consecrating sense of what disaster may follow further misunderstanding and estrangement, if these may be counted to steady undisciplined speech and to strengthen an untried arm—then, sir, I find the courage to proceed.

Happy am I that this mission has brought my feet at last to press New England's historic soil, and my eyes to the knowledge of her beauty and her thrift. Here, within touch of Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill—where Webster thundered and Longfellow sang, Emerson thought and Channing preached—here, in the cradle of American letters and almost of American literature, I hasten to make the obeisance that every American owes New England when first he stands uncovered in her mighty presence. Strange apparition! This stern and unique figure—carved from the ocean and the wilderness—its majesty kindling and growing amid the storms of winters and of wars—until at last the gloom was broken, its beauty disclosed in the sunshine, and the heroic workers rested at its base—while startled kings and emperors gazed and marveled that from the rude touch of this handful, cast on a bleak and unknown shore, should have come the embodied genius of human government, and the perfect model of human liberty! God bless the

memory of those immortal workers—and prosper the fortunes of their living sons—and perpetuate the inspiration of their handiwork.

Two years ago, sir, I spoke some words in New York that caught the attention of the North. As I stand here to reiterate, as I have done everywhere, every word I then uttered —to declare that the sentiments I then avowed were universally approved in the South—I realize that the confidence begotten by that speech is largely responsible for my presence here to-night. I should dishonor myself if I betrayed that confidence by uttering one insincere word, or by withholding one essential element of the truth. Apropos of this last, let me confess, Mr. President—before the praise of New England has died on my lips—that I believe the best product of her present life is the procession of 17,000 Vermont Democrats that for twenty-two years, undiminished by death, unrecruited by birth or conversion, have marched over their rugged hills, cast their Democratic ballots, and gone back home to pray for their unregenerate neighbors, and awake to read the record of 26,000 Republican majority. May the God of the helpless and heroic help them—and may their sturdy tribe increase!

Far to the South, Mr. President, separated from this section by a line, once defined in irrepressible difference, once traced in fratricidal blood, and now, thank God, but a vanishing shadow, lies the fairest and richest domain of this earth. It is the home of a brave and hospitable people. There is centered all that can please or prosper humankind. A perfect climate, above a fertile soil, yields to the husbandman every product of the temperate zone. There, by night the cotton whitens beneath the stars, and by day the wheat locks the sunshine in its bearded sheaf. In the same field the clover steals the fragrance of the wind, and the tobacco catches the quick aroma of the rains. There are mountains stored with exhaustless treasures; forests, vast and primeval, and rivers that, tumbling or loitering, run wanton to the sea. Of the three essential items of all industries—cotton, iron, and wood—that region has easy control. In cotton, a fixed monopoly—in iron, proven supremacy—in timber, the reserve supply of the Republic. From this assured and permanent advantage, against which artificial conditions cannot much

longer prevail, has grown an amazing system of industries. Not maintained by human contrivance of tariff or capital, afar off from the fullest and cheapest source of supply, but resting in Divine assurance, within touch of field and mine and forest—not set amid costly farms from which competition has driven the farmer in despair, but amid cheap and sunny lands, rich with agriculture, to which neither season nor soil has set a limit—this system of industries is mounting to a splendor that shall dazzle and illumine the world.

That, sir, is the picture and the promise of my home—a land better and fairer than I have told you, and yet but fit setting, in its material excellence, for the loyal and gentle quality of its citizenship. Against that, sir, we have New England, recruiting the Republic from its sturdy loins, shaking from its overcrowded hives new swarms of workers and touching this land all over with its energy and its courage. And yet, while in the Eldorado of which I have told you, but fifteen per cent. of lands are cultivated, its mines scarcely touched and its population so scant that, were it set equidistant, the sound of the human voice could not be heard from Virginia to Texas—while on the threshold of nearly every house in New England stands a son, seeking with troubled eyes some new land into which to carry his modest patrimony, the strange fact remains that in 1880 the South had fewer than in 1870 and in 1870 fewer than in 1860. Why is this? Why is it, sir, though the sectional line be now but a mist that the breath may dispel, fewer men of the North have crossed over to the South than when it was crimson with the best blood of the Republic, or even when the slave-holder stood guard every inch of its way?

There can be but one answer. It is the very problem we are now to consider. The key that opens that problem will unlock to the world the fairest half of this Republic, and free the halted feet of thousands whose eyes are already kindling with its beauty. Better than this, it will open the hearts of brothers for thirty years estranged, and clasp in lasting comradeship a million hands now withheld in doubt. Nothing, sir, but this problem, and the suspicions it breeds, hinders a clear understanding and a perfect union. Georgia and Massachusetts at Valley Forge and Yorktown, chastened by the sacrifices

at Manassas and Gettysburg, and illumined with the coming of better work and a nobler destiny than was ever wrought with the sword or sought at the cannon's mouth.

If this does not invite your patient hearing to-night, hear one thing more. My people, your brothers in the South—brothers in blood, in destiny, in all that is best in our past and future—are so beset with this problem that their very existence depends upon its right solution. Nor are they wholly to blame for its presence. The slave-ships of the Republic sailed from your ports—the slaves worked in our fields. You will not defend the traffic, nor I the institution. But I do hereby declare that in its wise and humane administration, in lifting the slave to heights of which he had not dreamed in his savage home, and giving him a happiness he has not yet found in freedom—our fathers left their sons a saving and excellent heritage. In the storm of war this institution was lost. I thank God as heartily as you do that human slavery is gone forever from the American soil. But the freedman remains, and with him a problem without precedent or parallel. Note its appalling conditions. Two utterly dissimilar races on the same soil—with equal political and civil rights—almost equal in numbers, but terribly unequal in intelligence and responsibility—each pledged against fusion—one for a century in servitude to the other, and freed at last by a desolating war—the experiment sought by neither, but approached by both with doubt—these are the conditions. Under these, adverse at every point, we are required to carry these two races in peace and honor to the end.

* * * * * *

The love we feel for that race you cannot measure nor comprehend. As I attest it here, the spirit of my old black mammy from her home up there looks down to bless, and through the tumult of this night steals the sweet music of her croonings as thirty years ago she held me in her black arms and led me smiling into sleep. This scene vanishes as I speak, and I catch a vision of an old Southern home, with its lofty pillars, and its white pigeons fluttering down through the golden air. I see women with strained and anxious faces, and children alert yet helpless. I see night come down with its dangers and its apprehensions, and in a

big homely room I feel on my tired head the touch of loving hands—now worn and wrinkled, but fairer to me yet than the hands of mortal woman, and stronger yet to lead me than the hands of mortal man—as they lay a mother's blessing there while at her knees—the truest altar I yet have found—I thank God that she is safe in her sanctuary, because her slaves, sentinel in the silent cabin, or guard at her chamber door, put a black man's loyalty between her and danger.

I catch another vision. The crisis of battle—a soldier struck, staggering, fallen. I see a slave, scuffling through the smoke, winding his black arms about the fallen form, reckless of the hurtling death—bending his trusty face to catch the words that tremble on the stricken lips, so wrestling meantime with agony that he would lay down his life in his master's stead. I see him by the weary bedside ministering with uncomplaining patience, praying with all his humble heart that God will lift his master up, until death comes in mercy and in honor to still the soldier's agony and seal the soldier's life. I see him by the open grave, mute, motionless, uncovered, suffering from the death of him who in life fought against his freedom. I see him when the mound is heaped and the great drama of his life is closed, turn away, and with downcast eyes and uncertain step start out into new and strange fields, faltering, struggling, but moving on, until his trembling figure is lost in the light of this better and brighter day. And from the grave comes a voice saying: "Follow him! Put your arms about him in his need, even as he put his about me. Be his friend as he was mine." And out into this new world—strange to me as to him, dazzling, bewildering both—I follow! And may God forget my people when they forget these.

Whatever the future may hold for them—whether they plod along in the servitude from which they have never been lifted since the Cyrenian was laid hold upon by the Roman soldiers and made to bear the cross of the fainting Christ—whether they find homes again in Africa and thus hasten the prophecy of the psalmist who said: "And suddenly Ethiopia shall hold out her hands unto God"—whether, forever discollated and separated, they remain a weak people beset by stronger, and exist as the Turk, who lives in the jealousy

rather than in the conscience of Europe—or whether in this miraculous Republic they break through the caste of twenty centuries and, belying universal history, reach the full stature of citizenship, and in peace maintain it—we shall give them uttermost justice and abiding friendship. And whatever we do, into whatever seeming estrangement we may be driven, nothing shall disturb the love we bear this Republic or mitigate our consecration to its service. I stand here, Mr. President, to profess no new loyalty. When General Lee, whose heart was the temple of our hopes and whose arm was clothed with our strength, renewed his allegiance to the Government at Appomattox, he spoke from a heart too great to be false, and he spoke for every honest man from Maryland to Texas. From that day to this, Hamilcar has nowhere in the South sworn young Hannibal to hatred and vengeance—but everywhere to loyalty and to love. Witness the soldier standing at the base of a Confederate monument above the graves of his comrades, his empty sleeve tossing in the April wind, adjuring the young men about him to serve as honest and loyal citizens the government against which their fathers fought. This message, delivered from that sacred presence, has gone home to the hearts of my fellows! And, sir, I declare here, if physical courage be always equal to human aspiration, that they would die, sir, if need be, to restore this Republic their fathers fought to dissolve!

Such, Mr. President, is this problem as we see it; such is the temper in which we approach it; such the progress made. What do we ask of you? First, patience; out of this alone can come perfect work. Second, confidence; in this alone can you judge fairly. Third, sympathy; in this you can help us best. Fourth, give us your sons as hostages. When you plant your capital in millions, send your sons that they may help know how true are our hearts and may help to swell the Anglo-Saxon current until it can carry without danger this black infusion. Fifth, loyalty to the Republic—for there is sectionalism in loyalty as in estrangement. This hour little needs the loyalty that is loyal to one section and holds the other in enduring suspicion and estrangement. Give us the broad and perfect loyalty that loves and trusts Georgia alike with Massachusetts—that knows no South, no North, no East, no West;

but endears with equal and patriotic love every foot of our soil, every State in our Union.

A mighty duty, sir, and mighty inspiration impels every one of us tonight to lose in patriotic consecration whatever estranges, whatever divides. We, sir, are Americans—and we fight for human liberty. The uplifting force of the American idea is under every throne on earth. France, Brazil—these are our victories. To redeem the earth from kingcraft and oppression—this is our mission. And we shall not fail. God has sown in our soil the seed of His millennial harvest, and He will not lay the sickle to the ripening crop until His full and perfect day has come. Our history, sir, has been a constant and expanding miracle from Plymouth Rock and Jamestown all the way—ay, even from the hour when, from the voiceless and trackless ocean, a new world rose to the sight of the inspired sailor. As we approach the fourth centennial of that stupendous day—when the old world will come to marvel and to learn, amid our gathered treasures—let us resolve to crown the miracles of our past with the spectacle of a Republic compact, united, indissoluble in the bonds of love—loving from the Lakes to the Gulf—the wounds of war healed in every heart as on every hill—serene and resplendent at the summit of human achievement and earthly glory—blazing out the path, and making clear the way up which all the nations of the earth must come in God's appointed time!

THE LITTLE BOY IN THE BALCONY

From 'Henry W. Grady, His Life, Writings, and Speeches.'

My special amusement in New York is riding on the elevated railway. It is curious to note how little one can see on the crowded sidewalks of this city. It is simply a rush of the same people—hurrying this way or that on the same errands—doing the same shopping or eating at the same restaurants. It is a kaleidoscope with infinite combinations but the same effects. You see it to-day, and it is the same as yesterday. Occasionally in the multitude you hit upon a *genre* specimen, or an odd detail, such as a prim little dog that sits upright all day and holds in its mouth a cup for

pennies for its blind master, or an old bookseller with a grand head and the deliberate motions of a scholar moldering in a stall—but the general effect is one of sameness and soon tires and bewilders.

Once on the elevated road, however, a new world is opened, full of the most interesting objects. The cars sweep by the upper stories of the houses, and, running never too swiftly to allow observation, disclose the secrets of a thousand homes, and bring to view people and things never dreamed of by the giddy, restless crowd that sends its impatient murmur from the streets below. In a course of several months' pretty steady riding from Twenty-third Street, which is the station for the Fifth Avenue Hotel, to Rector, which overlooks Wall Street, I have made many acquaintances along the route—and on reaching the city my first curiosity is in their behalf.

One of these is a boy about six years of age—akin in his fragile body and his serious mien, a youngster that is very precious to me. I first saw this boy on a little balcony about three feet by four, projecting from the window of a poverty-stricken fourth floor. He was leaning over the railing, his white, thoughtful head just clearing the top, holding a short, round stick in his hand. The little fellow made a pathetic picture, all alone there above the street, so friendless and desolate, and his pale face came between me and my business many a time that day. On going up town that evening just as night was falling, I saw him still at his place, white and patient and silent. Every day afterwards I saw him there, always with the short stick in his hand. Occasionally he would walk around the balcony rattling the stick in a solemn manner against the railing, or poke it across from one corner to another and sit on it. This was the only playing I ever saw him do, and the stick was the only plaything he had. But he was never without it. His little hand always held it, and I pictured him every morning when he awoke from his joyless sleep, picking up his plaything and going out to his balcony, as other boys go to play. Or perhaps he slept with it, as little ones do with dolls and whip-tops.

I could see that the room beyond the window was bare. I never saw anyone in it. The heat must have been terrible, for it could have had no ventilation. Once I missed the boy

from the balcony, but saw his white head moving about slowly in the dusk of the room. Gradually the little fellow became a burden to me. I found myself continually thinking of him, and troubled with that remorse that thoughtless people feel even for suffering for which they are not in the slightest degree responsible. Not that I ever saw any suffering on his face. It was patient, thoughtful, serious, but with never a sign of petulance. What thoughts filled that young head—what contemplation took the place of what should have been the ineffable upspringing of childish emotion—what complaint or questioning were living behind that white face—no one could guess. In an older person the face would have betokened a resignation that found peace in the hope of things hereafter. In this child, without hope or aspiration, it was sad beyond expression.

One day as I passed I nodded at him. He made no sign in return. I repeated the nod on another trip, waving my hand at him—but without avail. At length, in response to an unusually winning exhortation, his pale lips trembled into a smile—but a smile that was soberness itself. Wherever I went that day that smile went with me. Wherever I saw children playing in the parks, or trotting along with their hands nestled in strong fingers that guided and protected, I thought of that tiny watcher in the balcony—joyless, hopeless, friendless—a desolate mite, hanging between the blue sky and the gladsome streets—lifting his wistful face now to the peaceful heights of the one, and now looking with grave wonder on the ceaseless tumult of the other. At length—but why go any further? Why is it necessary to tell that the boy had no father, that his mother was bedridden from his birth, and that his sister pasted labels in a drug-house, and he was thus left to himself all day? It is sufficient to say that I went to Coney Island yesterday, and forgot the heat in the sharp saline breezes—watched the bathers and the children—listened to the crisp, lingering music of the waves as they sang to the beach—ate a robust lunch on the pier—wandered in and out among the booths, tents, and hubbub—and that through all these manifold pleasures I had a companion that enjoyed them with a gravity that I can never hope to emulate, but with a soulfulness that was touching—and that as I came back in the

boat, the breezes singing through the cordage, music floating from the fore-deck, and the sun lighting with its dying rays the shipping that covered the river, there was sitting in front of me a very pale but very happy bit of a boy, open-eyed with wonder, but sober and self-contained, clasping tightly in his little fingers a short battered stick. And finally, that whenever I pass by a certain overhanging balcony now, I am sure of a smile from an intimate and esteemed friend who lives there.

TRIBUTE TO DAVIS

From Speech introducing him at the Unveiling of the Statue of Senator Hill.

HAD the great man whose memory is perpetuated in this marble chosen of all men one witness to his constancy and his courage, he would have chosen the honorable statesman whose presence honors this platform to-day. Had the people of Georgia chosen of all men one man to-day to aid in this sacred duty, and, by the memories that invest him about, to give deeper sanctity to their work, they would have chosen Jefferson Davis—first and last President of the Confederate States. It is good, sir (*turning to Mr. Davis*), for you to be here. Other leaders have had their triumphs. Conquerors have won crowns, and honors have been piled on the victors of earth's great battles, but never yet, sir, came man to more loving people. Never conqueror wore prouder diadem than the deathless love that crowns your grey hairs to-day. Never king inhabited more splendid palace than the millions of brave hearts in which your dear name and fame are forever enshrined. Speaking to you, sir, as a son of a Confederate soldier who sealed his devotion with his life—holding kinship through the priceless heritage of his blood to you and yours—standing midway between the thinning ranks of his old comrades, whose faltering footsteps are turned toward the grave, and the new generation thronging eagerly to take the work that falls unfinished from their hands—here, in the auspicious Present, across which the historic Past salutes a glorious Future, let me pledge you that the love we bear you shall be transmitted to our children, and our children's children, and that generations yet unborn shall in this fair land hold your memory

sacred, and point with pride to your lofty and stainless life. My countrymen (*turning to the audience*), let us teach the lesson in this old man's life, that defeat hath its glories no less than victory. Let us declare that this outcast from the privileges of this great government is the uncrowned king of our people, and that no Southern man, high or humble, asks a greater glory than to bear with him, heart to heart, the blame and the burden of the cause for which he stands unpardoned. In dignity and honor he met the responsibilities of our common cause. With dauntless courage he faced the charges. In obscurity and poverty he has for twenty years borne the reproach of our enemies and the obloquy of defeat. This moment—in this blessed Easter week—that, witnessing the resurrection of these memories that for twenty years have been buried in our hearts, has given us the best Easter we have seen since Christ was risen from the dead, this moment finds its richest reward in the fact that we can light with sunshine the shortening end of a path that has long been dark and dreary. Georgians, countrymen, soldiers and sons of soldiers, and brave women, the light and soul and crown of our civilization, rise, and give your hearts voice, as we tell Jefferson Davis that he is at home among his people.

A PERFECT CHRISTMAS DAY

From *The Atlanta Constitution.*

No man or woman now living will see again such a Christmas day as the one which closed yesterday, when the dying sun piled the western skies with gold and purple.

A winter day it was, shot to the core with sunshine. It was enchanting to walk abroad in its prodigal beauty, to breathe its elixir, to reach out the hands and plunge them open-fingered through its pulsing waves of warmth and freshness. It was June and November welded and fused into a perfect glory that held the sunshine and snow beneath tender and splendid skies. To have winnowed such a day from the teeming winter was to have found an odorous peach on a bough whipped in the storms of winter. One caught the musk of yellow grain, the flavor of ripening nuts, the fragrance of strawberries, the

exquisite odor of violets, the aroma of all seasoning in the wonderful day. The hum of bees underrode the whistling wings of wild geese flying southward. The fires slept in drowsing grates, while the people, marveling outdoors, watched the soft winds woo the roses and the lilies.

Truly it was a day of days. Amid its riotous luxury surely life was worth living to hold up the head and breathe it in as thirsting men drink water; to put every sense on its gracious excellence; to throw the hands wide apart and hug whole armsful of the day close to the heart until the heart itself is enraptured and illumined. God's benediction came down with the day, slow dropping from the skies. God's smile was its light, and all through and through its supernal beauty and stillness, unspoken but appealing to every heart and sanctifying every soul, was His invocation and promise, "Peace on earth, good will to men."

WILLIAM ALEXANDER GRAHAM

[1804—1875]

R. D. W. CONNOR

WILLIAM ALEXANDER GRAHAM, youngest son of Joseph and Isabella Graham, was born in Lincoln County, North Carolina, September 5, 1804. Following the Scotch-Irish impulse for education, he was trained at private academies for the University of North Carolina, from which he graduated with "highest honors" in 1824. His prowess in debate, manifested in the old Dialectic Literary Society, kindled ambition for political distinction, to be won at that time through the bar alone. He read law and was admitted to the bar in 1827. Aware of the opportunity and responsibility of the lawyer, he set before himself high standards of professional learning, dignity, and integrity. To these standards he proved inflexibly true.

His fame rests less upon his ability as a lawyer than upon his services as a statesman. Beginning his public career in the General Assembly of North Carolina in 1833, he served as member and speaker until 1840, when he was elected to the Senate of the United States. After serving two years he was retired in 1842 by the election of William H. Haywood, Democrat. The Whigs in the next year elected Graham governor and reëlected him in 1845 by an increased majority. He declined the mission to Spain offered him by President Taylor, but in 1850 entered the Cabinet of President Fillmore as Secretary of the Navy. After two years' service as Cabinet minister he resigned to accept the Whig nomination for the Vice-presidency on the ticket with General Scott. Upon his defeat he retired to private life and except for one term in the State Senate did not again appear in public life until called to the front by the crisis of 1860.

By temperament conservative, he was intellectually progressive. The politician follows public opinion, the statesman leads it, and Graham was ever a statesman. He manifested deep interest in education, advocating earnestly the bill under which the public school system was inaugurated. By his bill the Raleigh and Gaston Railway, the first built in the State, was chartered and by another bill the Wilmington and Weldon was made possible. As legislator and governor he furthered every state activity, and when the revenues of the State amounted to but $9,000 recommended these measures to a

Legislature which had refused on the score of economy to vote funds for lighting the lamps in the portico of the State House. In the United States Senate, where his course, all too brief, foreshadowed a career of usefulness, he made two speeches that attracted attention and exhibited the breadth of his mind. He declined to embarrass the Tyler Administration, and in a debate involving the duties of the States under the Constitution he asserted that these must be determined not by their liability to punishment but by the covenant into which they had entered by that instrument. "It is faith, honor, conscience," he declared, "and not the hangman's whip," on which rest the blessings of free government.

As Secretary of the Navy he suggested and planned the successful expedition of Commodore Perry to Japan, sent out our expedition to explore the valley of the Amazon, and was instrumental in bringing Kossuth to America, publishing Commodore Maury's Charts of the ocean currents, surveying the seas to the south of Japan and between Asia and North America, and reorganizing for effective service the coast survey.

His defeat for Vice-president in 1852 sent him into retirement, where, out of sympathy with Democrats and Republicans, he watched from his quiet home in Hillsboro the approach of the crisis of 1860. He was one of the organizers of the Constitutional Union Party, made up of Whigs and American "Know Nothings" and bent on saving the Union without war. He stumped North Carolina for John Bell, their candidate for the Presidency, but foreseeing that Lincoln would be elected, he endeavored to prepare his people for the calm acceptance of this result. In his opinion Lincoln's election did not justify secession or revolution. He "therefore disapproved the counsels of those who sought the overthrow of the government" upon the announcement of Lincoln's election, and opposed the call of a convention in February, 1861, to effect secession. In this position he was upheld by the people of the State, who defeated the convention at the polls.

But the fall of Fort Sumter and the President's call for troops presented a different question to the people of North Carolina. Sustained by a practically unanimous sentiment among the people, the Legislature called a convention to meet at Raleigh, May 20. Realizing fully that this meant secession, William A. Graham yet approved the step; declaring, however, that he "had changed no opinions" which he had previously held and entertained "no regrets at the recent action of the people" in refusing to call a convention. He was elected a delegate from Orange County. Two parties at once appeared among the members, one advocating the constitutional right of secession, the other denying any such right but advocating

the right of revolution. For presiding officer William A. Graham, the candidate of the "revolution" party, was defeated by the "secession" candidate, but finally voted for the secession resolution. He opposed in vain the resolution adopting the Constitution of the Confederate States of America, as he wished North Carolina merely to "ally herself with her sister states of the South until the recognition of her and their common independence" but otherwise to "maintain her position as a separate power of the earth," leaving her ultimate political position "to the future to determine."

Though frequently disagreeing with the policies of the Confederate Government, he gave it his loyal support in the convention, the State Senate, and the Confederate States Senate. His loyalty to the Southern cause found practical expression in five sons who wore the gray. Among the first to recognize the hopelessness of the struggle, and failing in his effort to have the President conclude peace, he urged Governor Vance to negotiate for peace through the separate states. Vance declined, but if he had consented it would have been too late. Lee was at Appomattox and Sherman approaching Raleigh. Graham was doubtless instrumental in saving Raleigh from the fate of Atlanta and Columbia.

In the Reconstruction period Graham, the most trusted leader of the people, declined to place expediency against principle. The people followed him by defeating the constitutional amendments. His speech in 1868, when called to preside over the convention of the Conservative party, rang the death-knell of "Reconstruction" in North Carolina. In 1870 the Conservative Democratic party, having control of the Legislature, impeached and removed Holden as unfit to hold any office or place of trust in North Carolina. Throughout the trial Graham sustained his reputation as an able constitutional lawyer and powerful advocate.

But conspicuous as were Graham's political services, it may be doubtful whether we ought not to pronounce them surpassed by his service as trustee of two great educational institutions. Elected a member of the Board of Trustees of the University of North Carolina in 1834, he continued with the exception of a brief period, during which the doors of the University were closed, a member until his death. With him it was not merely a place of honor; it was equally a place of responsibility. He accepted this responsibility seriously, was a constant attendant upon the meetings of the Board, and was counted among its working members. A detailed account of his duties would make but a wearisome narrative, yet we may be sure he did not find them wearisome in the performance. They were with him labors of love. At the Commencement exercises of 1849, in the annual address, he defended the University curriculum

against its critics; and the University conferred upon him the degree of LL.D. In 1867 the great New England philanthropist, George Peabody, "moved by the Holy Ghost," created the Peabody Education Fund for the cause of education in the desolated States of the South. The Board of Trustees to whom the management of this fund was entrusted was composed of the most eminent men of the Nation. The service that Graham rendered the South as a member of the Board was a fitting close of his long career. Speaking of this service Robert C. Winthrop, Chairman of the Board, said: "One of the original members of the Board, receiving his appointment from Mr. Peabody on my own recommendation, he has fulfilled every promise I had made for him. No one of us has been more punctual in his attendance at our meetings, or has exhibited a more earnest and intelligent interest in all our proceedings, while his dignified, genial presence has given him a warm place in all our hearts."* The philosophical historian of the future, after surveying the whole field, will doubtless pronounce that the highest and most enduring statesmanship displayed by Southern leaders during the first half-century following Lee's surrender was that directed towards upbuilding the public school systems of the Southern States. When this final verdict is pronounced the services of William A. Graham as a member of the Peabody Education Board will appear of more permanent value than his more striking services as legislator, governor, and Cabinet minister.

The last years of Governor Graham's life were devoted to the practice of the law. The changes wrought by the war were productive of much litigation, and Graham, of course, received a large share of this practice. Preëminently a worker, the exacting demands of his profession, to all of which he paid careful attention, impaired his health, and his friends and physician warned him that he must seek rest. In 1874 the States of Virginia and Maryland agreed to submit to arbitration a long-standing boundary line dispute, each State to choose one commissioner, and these two to select a third. Virginia chose William A. Graham; Maryland, Jeremiah S. Black; and the two selected ex-Governor Winston of Alabama. It was while attending a meeting of this commission at Saratoga Springs, New York, that Graham was seized with the fatal illness from which he died August 11, 1875. Distinguished honors were paid to his memory, especially by the two states whose differences he was trying to settle, and by his native State. Accompanied by a guard of honor his body was taken first to Raleigh and thence to Hillsboro, where it is buried.

*"Proceedings of the Peabody Board," October 6, 1875.

Governor Graham was married in 1836 to Miss Susannah Washington, daughter of John Washington, of New Bern, North Carolina. They raised a large family, some of whom have attained places of distinction in the State.

The demands of his political and professional life left Governor Graham less time for literary work than suited his tastes and inclinations. He left therefore fewer literary productions than many other men of less ability. Of his political efforts the greatest was undoubtedly the speech against test oaths delivered in the Convention of 1861. It is of more than passing interest and value because he based his opposition on the fundamental principles underlying political freedom. Aside from his political and professional studies, his chief delight was in the study of history and especially the history of his own people. He was intensely interested in the collection and preservation of the sources of North Carolina history, and at the time of his death was president of the North Carolina Historical Society. All of the purely literary productions which he left, except the address at the University in 1849, treat of some phase of North Carolina history. The principal ones are "The British Invasion of North Carolina in 1780 and 1781," delivered before the New York Historical Society in 1853; "The Life and Character of General Nathanael Greene," delivered in Greensboro in 1860; "The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence," delivered in Charlotte at the Centennial Celebration of 1875; and memorial addresses on George E. Badger, Thomas Ruffin, and Archibald D. Murphey. In conception, in style, and in contents they are the productions of an educated, cultured, and well-read man, who was too busy in the making of history to devote much attention to the writing of it. While possessing considerable merit they give the author no claim to literary fame. This is not surprising, indeed, for they were not "prompted by mere desire for literary distinction," but "were all the result of passing events, all the fruit of hours snatched from an absorbing profession."*

Robert D. W. Connor

*McGehee: "Memorial Oration," p. 71.

SPEECH ON THE ORDINANCE CONCERNING TEST OATHS AND SEDITION

Delivered in the Convention of North Carolina, December 7, 1861. For lack of space about ten pages are omitted.

MR. PRESIDENT, the very motion of a test oath carries us back to the "bigot monarchs and the butcher priests" of the days of the Tudors and Stuarts, and beyond these, to the Inquisition itself. It is a device of power, in Church and in State, to perpetuate itself by force against free discussion and inquiry, and in defiance of what in more liberal times we call public sentiment. In direct contravention of that most essential principle of criminal justice that no man shall be compelled to give evidence against himself, it requires of its victim the confession of a creed, and his failure or refusal it takes as conclusive evidence of his guilt, and inflicts upon him torturous penalties of forfeitures, such as, if they will not cure him of his heresy, may deter others in like cases offending. Whether the creed be religious or political, or the remedy be the thumbscrew, the iron boot, the break-wheel, or the rack, or whether it be banishment, deprivation of privilege, degradation, or forfeiture of estate, there is no difference in the odiousness of the principle. Forsaking every vestige of Christian charity and toleration, it assumes to control by force that conscience which the God who gave it designed to be free, and avows its purpose to drive men to perjury or self-accusation. I have somewhere seen or read of a picture of a trembling prisoner of the Inquisition, who when called to take the religious test of that inexorable tribune, replies: "I cannot; I'll be damned if I do." To which the stern Inquisitor replies: "You'll be damned if you don't." It will require no stretch of the imagination to picture your justice, under this ordinance, with his prisoner before him, refusing the oath, with "I'll be perjured, forsworn, if I take it"; and the equally stern reply, "You'll be banished if you don't take it."

The history of our mother country affords us some instruction on the subject of tests, and the persecutions that attended them, religious and political. In the Catholic ascendency, Protestants were the victims; in the Protestant reigns, Cath-

olics suffered in turn; and it is a reproach to that enlightened and Christian nation, even that down within our own memories, no man could hold even a military office until he took a test oath against Catholicism, and received the sacrament according to the rites of the Church of England. This last vestige of intolerance and bigotry in that country was swept away under the enlightened counsels of Earl Gray, the Duke of Wellington, and Sir Robert Peel, not more than thirty years ago.

But in the worst and most intolerant times, neither in England nor in any civilized nation of which I have recollection, was there ever such an experiment made as is proposed to be made here, of prescribing a test, religious or political, and running amuck with it against the whole people, to see if perchance some victim may not be found for banishment or degradation.

In this country we have known but little of test oaths, except as we have read of them under more arbitrary governments. The Legislature of Virginia, more than fifty years ago, in a laudable desire to suppress the practice of dueling, directed an oath to be taken by certain public functionaries, and among others the advocates in her courts of justice, that they would not engage in any duel. Mr. Benjamin Watkins Leigh, since known to the country as one of her most distinguished lawyers, was then at the bar, and the Court of Appeals having decided that the oath must be taken, Mr. Leigh requested time to consider the question of the power of the Legislature to impose such an oath. And at a subsequent day he submitted an argument which satisfied the Court that the power did not exist, and they unhesitatingly reversed the former decision, which Chief Justice Roane pronounced to be an "offhand and erroneous" one; an example of fairness of mind which I beg to commend to all who may have inclined in favor of this ordinance. In his argument Mr. Leigh so vividly depicts the mischievous nature of test oaths as the "barbed and poisoned weapons" of despotic power, that I will detain the Convention by reading a few sentences from it:

"If the words of the Constitution," said he, "were doubtful, its spirit could not be mistaken. If the Legislature might add one new disqualification, they might add many, multiply

disabilities without end; disqualify whole districts or classes of men by personal or local description; make an academical degree, or even a previous service in one of its bodies, a necessary qualification; and thus convert the government into an oligarchy. If this tremendous power existed at all, it was boundless and uncontrollable as the winds, and dissipated at once all our fond notions of a written constitution, late the glory of American politics. These test laws, particularly, were the first weapons young oppression would learn to handle; weapons the more odious since, though barbed and poisoned, neither strength nor courage was requisite to wield them. Should we rely on public virtue to keep us from the use and extension of this system of tests? In no age, nor clime, nor nation, had ever virtue wholly swayed human bosoms and actions; man was universally liable to be transported with passion, blinded with folly, corrupted with vice, and yet more with power, maddened with faction, and fired with the lust of domination; let us not flatter ourselves that *we* were exempt from the common lot; and although the wise exposition of the bill of rights, by the act to establish religious freedom might for a time secure us from a *religious* test, a *political* one was certainly a possible, perhaps a probable, and not a very remote event. Sir, I am possessed with a strange delusion, if *the very law in question* does not appoint a political test. I fear other instances might be recounted. Such are the *beginnings*. The *end* of all these things is death."

Sir, this ordinance goes beyond the apprehensions of Mr. Leigh, and does apply a religious test to a considerable portion of our population, as a condition of their being allowed to remain citizens. It would be a very great mistake to suppose that the oath which it prescribes was an oath "to support the Constitution of the Confederate States," the only oath to that government required by its Constitution; or that it was the common oath of allegiance to the State of North Carolina, or both of these together. Let us read it:

"I, A. B., do solemnly swear (or affirm, as the case may be), that I will bear faithful and true allegiance to the State of North Carolina, and will, to the utmost of my power, support, maintain, and defend the independent government of the Confederate States of America, against the government of the

United States, or of any other power, that by open force or otherwise shall attempt to subvert the same. I do hereby renounce my allegiance to the government of the United States, and will support and defend the Constitution of the Confederate States of America, and the Constitution of this State, not inconsistent with the Constitution of the Confederate States—so help me God."

Now, Sir, the requirement of this affirmation to be taken by the denomination called Quakers is as effectual an act of banishment of that sect as if it had been plainly denounced in the ordinance. And the same may be said, I presume, in relation to Mennonists and Dunkards, though I have less knowledge of them. There were some of the last named class in the County of Lincoln during my boyhood; whether they remain, and keep up their peculiar tenets, I am not informed. But the Quakers are a well-known sect, numbering not less than ten thousand persons in the State—and it is equally well known that they will not engage in war, and are conscientiously scrupulous against bearing arms. Our laws, from the Revolution downward to this day, have respected their scruples and extended to them the charity and toleration due to the sincerity and humility of their profession. This ordinance wholly disregards their peculiar belief, and converts every man of them into a warrior or an exile. True, they are allowed to affirm; but the affirmation is equivalent to the oath of the feudal vassal to his lord, to "defend him with life and limb and terrene honor." It is that they "will, to the *utmost of their power,* support, maintain and *defend* the independent government of the Confederate States of America, against the United States, or any other power, that by *open force or otherwise* may attempt to subvert the same," etc. If this does not include military defence, it is difficult to find language that would. It is so well known that the ordinary oath to the State implies defence with arms, that the Quakers have ever refused to affirm it in terms, but have had a special affirmation provided for them, as may be seen in the present Revised Code, and in all former editions of our laws. This ordinance, therefore, is nothing less than a decree of banishment to them. Sir, this humble denomination, who in the meekness and charity which so distinguished their Divine Master, yield pre-

cedence to none, were the first white men who made permanent settlements within our borders. Scourged and buffeted by Puritanism in New England and Prelacy in Virginia, they found no rest or religious freedom until they had put the great Dismal Swamp between themselves and the nearest of their persecutors. In the dark forests of its southern border, they obtained a toleration from the red men which had been denied them by their Anglo-American brethren. There they opened the wilderness, reared their modest dwellings, and filled the land with the monuments of civilization. There, and upon the upper waters of the Cape Fear, which they subsequently colonized, their posterity has remained to this day—a quiet, moral, industrious, thrifty people, differing from us in opinion on the subject of slavery, but attempting no subversion of the institution—producing abundantly by their labor, paying punctually and certainly their dues to the government, and supporting their own poor. Sir, upon the expulsion from among us of such a people, the civilized world would cry, shame!

But it may be said that this was not intended. If so, it but demonstrates that it is dangerous for freemen to take hold of the weapons of despotism and brandish them about, lest they do mischief more than was designed. But there is certainly no exemption of Quakers in the ordinance, though they are excepted and specially provided for in the act of Assembly, 1777, from which its main features are copied—none in those amendments which the chairman signifies his intention to move; and the report of the committee declares "there can be no neutrals in the struggle" in which we are engaged.

It may not be a religious test to others, but Sir, it is a disturbance of and interference with the religious sentiment and domestic repose of the country, not to be justified unless called for by some most urgent necessity. The veteran of the Court House, who sees every breach of the peace and misdemeanor, and calculates on proving his attendance as a part of his income, may regard oaths as unmeaning ceremonies; but your quiet and retired citizen who, except when called to the public duty of a juror, or to prove his neighbor's will, has seldom been sworn at all, looks upon them in the language of your public statute, as "being most solemn appeals to Almighty

God, as the omniscient witness of truth and the just and omnipotent avenger of falsehood," and takes them not without a feeling of awe. Beyond his daily prayer—

> That He who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
> And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
> Would in the way His wisdom sees the best,
> For him and for his little ones provide;

Beyond this, his morning and evening imploration, repeated perhaps with unwonted fervor and emphasis in these times of difficulty and scarcity, he takes not his Maker's name. He is summoned to vex His ear with no blasphemous, unnecessary, unhallowed appeals. When you invade the retirement of such a man by domiciliary visitation, and demand from him his oath, with a threat of banishment brandished over his head, he would feel as the pagan whose household gods had been rudely jostled from their seats. He, as well as you, Mr. President, has read those thrilling words in which Chatham has engraven on our memories the domestic rights of our fathers beyond the seas, that "every Englishman's house is his castle, though so rude and humble that the rains and the winds of heaven may beat upon, and may enter it, yet the king cannot enter it." He will reflect that until now his house has been equally sacred from the intrusion of government, and his conscience unruffled by impertinent interrogation; and he will instinctively inquire, if these are the first fruits of the new order of things, what may not be expected in the sequel? And in spite of all the apologies and disclaimers that your magistrates may be instructed to make, he can sensibly arrive at no other conclusion than that he was suspected of disloyalty, and that the visit was designed to drive him to perjury, or exile; or else that it was a senseless proceeding, which ought to bring the government that made it into contempt.

But, Mr. President, the enormity of the proposition remains yet to be told. It violates every safeguard of personal freedom embodied in our bill of rights, most of which have been consecrated in the history of English liberty from the time of Magna Charta itself. The Northern government became a despotism by usurpation. Pass this ordinance upon

the old plea of tyrants, the necessity of the times, and the Southern one, within the borders of North Carolina, will have become a despotism by legislation. Whereas, our people are resolved to be independent and free, not only in the *end* but in the *means*. They are resolved, not only to be freemen at the termination of the contest, but will not surrender their liberties during its progress. Nor will they be satisfied with the flimsy pretexts and excuses for the sacrifice of a sacred principle, that it can do no harm except to traitors. They intend that even traitors shall not be condemned except in accordance with those great principles of right and justice which are of universal application. For they know full well that it is upon the persons of friendless or odious men that despotism, whether of a single tyrant or of a mob, first lays its hands; and that vigilance is more necessary to the preservation of liberty in times of public peril and revolution than in peace. Now, Sir, you can hardly mention a guarantee of individual right contained in that immortal declaration prefixed to the Constitution, which is not outraged by the proposed proceeding in relation to a test oath. Let me particularize a few of the more prominent among them:

1. Contrary to the very words of that declaration, it "disseizes every freeman" and every boy, too, above the age of sixteen, of his privileges as a citizen, and converts him into an alien, and exiles him until he shall reëstablish his right to citizenship by taking the oath of allegiance, defence, and of abjuration of the government of the United States, already recited; a high-handed outrage in subversion of "the law of the land," the only process by which so dreadful a sentence could be inflicted—and it is well known that "by law of the land" here is meant a regular trial before judge and jury, according to the course and usage of the common law.

2. It convicts a freeman of a crime, the high crime of disloyalty to the government, by an act of attainder passed by this Convention, and subjects him to the punishment of being banished unless he shall acquit himself by an oath—the declaration guaranteeing that no such conviction shall be had "but by the unanimous verdict of a jury of good and lawful men in open court, as heretofore used."

3. Without any evidence of an offence having been com-

mitted, and without any offence being described in a warrant and supported by evidence, it considers a free citizen as condemned, and exiles him from his sacred home, unless he will disclose the secrets of his heart, and they are found to be patriotic by a justice of the peace.

4. In a highly criminal proceeding, it compels a man to give evidence against himself. This hideous feature is a little disguised, but it is unquestionably there. If he will swear the oath he goes free, but if he will not his refusal is plenary evidence of his guilt, and he suffers the dread penalty. This refusal he is forced to give if his conscience will not allow him to take the oath. Wherein does this differ from that old device of bigotry and cruelty of putting him on the wheel and cracking his bones until he shall declare that he is not guilty of heresy or treason? In nothing that I can perceive, except that in the one case he suffers in the flesh, and in the other it is expulsion from wife and children, and friends and country.

Mr. President, when my friend, Charles S. Morehead, of Kentucky, as noble and gallant a gentleman as any that I have ever known, was seized on his native soil and hurried off to a prison in a far distant state, upon an alleged order from the Secretary of State at Washington, I thought, not that "ten thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards," but that the Mississippi Valley would have risen as one man and cried "to the rescue." American constitutional freedom has been struck down in the person of one of the noblest of her sons; and I supposed that without regard to past differences of opinion as to whether the Union should be maintained, all men would have been satisfied by that act of tyranny, that the free Constitution of our fathers was extinct; that arbitrary power reigned in its stead; and that safety was only to be found in the overthrow of that power. But that proceeding, violent and revolting as it was, may be favorably distinguished from this. Morehead was not required to give evidence against himself. The government which arrested him professed to have had sufficient proof of his guilt, and did not call upon him under penalty of exile, forfeiture or torture, to furnish any evidence either positive or negative to affect the case. Sir, I think it now appears that the oath in question

requires some emendation. The citizen ought to be excused from swearing to support the Constitution of North Carolina, as heretofore existing, since the whole proceeding violates so many of its fundamental principles, as in fact, to abrogate it. He might with more propriety be called on to take an oath of abjuration, declaring that he had no faith in the bill of rights as a means of securing freedom, and renouncing his adherence to it, at least in all cases where disloyalty was imputed. That would be far more appropriate than that other oath of abjuration, "renouncing 'hereby' all allegiance to the United States"; implying in the clearest manner that until the oath is taken allegiance is still due to the United States—a folly that will excite a laugh when it is not taken as an insult. The citizen will say, "I protest that I thought all this was settled in May last, by the Convention. I have not considered myself as owing any allegiance to the United States since that time, and I have none that I can 'hereby' renounce." With nearly as much reason might he be required to renounce all allegiance to Victoria Regina, successor of the Georges II and III, of whom our fathers were born subjects, and to abjure the heresy of transubstantiation, the invocation of saints, and Popery in general, as the Englishmen who took office were required to do prior to Catholic emancipation. And the power being established, as it is assumed by this ordinance, it would be the easiest thing in the world to superadd a mild abjuration to abide by the creed as established by the Convention, Synod, Conference or Association, as one or another denomination might happen to predominate with the ruling powers.

And here let me correct a very important error of fact which happens in the committee's report. It is there stated that our volunteers who have entered the military service have taken an oath, and it is argued that therefore all other citizens should enter into the like solemn obligation. The conclusion would not follow if the oath were the same. Soldiers received into the service and pay of the State or Nation, like public servants in civil office, have always been required to take an oath of allegiance, but citizens in general never were. In fact, however, no volunteer has taken the absurd oath here proposed to be thrust upon the citizen. They have not been

required to abjure allegiance "to the government of the United States." They are bound to take an oath of allegiance to the State. And under an act of Assembly in May last, the Governor prescribed an oath, by which they undertook "to obey his orders, and the orders of the officers set over them." But by ordinance of this convention they were relieved from an oath of this nature, which no man could be expected to keep without some infringement, and which had been disused in the Army of the United States, prior to the Mexican War, and since; and they were simply made liable to the penalties of the articles of war, for disobedience of orders, from the time of signing the agreement of enlistment. No volunteer of North Carolina, therefore, can be lawfully required to take any oath, but the oath of allegiance to the State, anterior to his being mustered into the service of the Confederate States. That, let us remember, is a government with Legislative, Executive and Judicial functionaries, in full operation, and can prescribe and administer such oaths as to it may seem meet, to soldiers; and, if it wishes to try so hazardous an experiment, to citizens also. Our interference, then, to bind the consciences of our citizens to that government, after having granted it power of life and death over their conduct, is quite a work of supererogation, if not of servility. In its Constitution, article 6, section 4, it has plainly enumerated the persons in the State and Confederacy whom it requires to take the oath to support it. If it desires to enlarge the catalogue by polling every citizen to search his heart, and see if it cannot find somebody to punish as a traitor, let it try the virtue of an act of Congress, and the machinery of its own officers. That would give the regulation generality and relieve it of one of its features of hatefulness, that of being leveled at the people of a particular State, and this by the officiousness of the State authority in a matter committed by the people to other hands. For I suppose no one imagines that there is any danger of rebellion against the State government as such.

The whole solicitude which prompts this most extraordinary measure springs from an apprehension of infidelity on the part of the people, or a portion of them, to the Confederate government—and it implies that that government is

too weak or its functionaries too timid to provide and apply the needful remedies. We, therefore, must rush in to the help of the Nation. If Congress were consulted I doubt not they would render thanks for the good and patriotic intention, but if they spoke candidly would declare that they considered the remedy ten times as bad as the disease. No, Sir —the Congress would as soon think of repealing the Constitution, and dissolving into a state of chaos, as to undertake this process of the polling and purgation of the whole people. Nor has any other state proposed or conceived it. They know that if serious disaffection does not exist (as every one knows it does not in North Carolina), this is a way in which the government may readily be brought into contempt and collision with the people; and that if it did, this is not the mode in which to deal with it. Lord Macaulay relates of James II, that he never learned how to treat an insurrection which common sense teaches should be treated by taking hold of the ringleaders and making examples of them—but on the happening of such an occurrence he seized, tried and executed the unhappy insurgents of all ages and sexes; and while his servile and tyrannical chief justice, Jeffries, went the circuits perverting the law for the condemnation of all accused, the moody monarch diverted himself among his parasites and courtiers by speaking of them as Jeffries's campaigns. Sir, the progress of your justices under this ordinance, abjuring men and boys, without regard to the aged, the decrepit, the halt, maimed or blind, under terror of exile or degradation from the proud privileges of citizenship, will be looked upon by those who have the instincts, not to say knowledge, of freemen, as no less of campaigns; and with no view to favor the public enemy, but to assert their self-respect and dignity, they will strive to hurl from power the authority under which they are made.

What, Sir, is such a proceeding but the establishment of martial law throughout the length and breadth of the state, by which the peaceful citizen is invaded in his home and his conscience, and placed upon the footing of the inhabitant of a besieged city? A Roman proconsul, a British colonial governor, or a successful general in the armies of Abraham Lincoln, with an overwhelming force and but feeble resistance,

may adopt measures of such dictatorial severity and rigor. We are informed that Governor Tryon, after overpowering the Regulators at Alamance, marched a military force into many of the upper counties of the then province and exacted from the inhabitants an oath of allegiance to the King at the point of the bayonet. General Dix, also, upon his recent conquest of the two counties of the eastern shore of Virginia, condescended to advertise their helpless citizens, that if they would take the oath of allegiance to the United States they should receive every protection and their property should not be confiscated. This was a sufficient hint what consequences would follow if they did not. But who ever heard of a government, professing to be free, undertaking to drive from its borders or disfranchise its whole population if they would not, man by man, submit to the ordeal of a compulsory test oath?

What arbitrary despotism, in its domestic rule, ever embarked in any such enterprise of Quixotic absurdity? Was it attempted in France under the First Napoleon, or under the Third? Even in the wildest excesses of her revolutionary frenzy, there seems to have been sufficient common sense left to the ruling authorities to enable them to recollect, that "human law is a rule of civil *conduct,*" not of *faith,* and that only bigotry and fanaticism will attempt to regulate conscience and opinion in government or in religion. Charles V, Emperor of Germany and Spain, after waging for years the most bloody and relentless wars, to put down Luther and the Reformation, becoming sated with carnage and disgusted with the pageantry of monarchy, yielded up the reins to his son and retired to a monastery. There he amused his leisure in scientific studies and in experiments upon instruments for measuring time. But by no diligence or skill was he ever able to make two clocks run alike. This, says his biographer, Dr. Robertson, saddened his soul with remorseful reflections upon his previous life, in which he had caused rivers of blood to flow, in vain and wicked efforts to compel men to think alike. This simple anecdote, which is but an illustration of all human experience, proves the futility and impossibility of controlling thought and opinion; and that those governments only are wise that leave

the mind and conscience free, and are content with conformity to their behests in action.

Of the one hundred and twenty thousand voters in the State, how many in the eighty-five years of its independence have taken an oath to the State, or to the United States, during our connection with that Government? Those who have filled office, and exercised a portion of the sovereign power as magistrates or constables, or in the higher stations, have been obliged, and properly, too, to swear fidelity to the State and General Government; but as to the great mass of the people, if they have not literally kept the Scriptural injunction to "swear not at all," it has not been by reason of any oath of fealty imposed by public authority. And the inquiry will naturally be made, where is the necessity for this novel and most extraordinary proceeding? The Legislature has twice been convened in extra session since the breaking out of the present war, and has considered and adopted such measures as it deemed necessary to the public safety or defence. But no member of either House, in anxious contemplation of the crisis, seems to have thought of a test oath, forced upon all the people, under terror of exile or loss of privilege, as among these measures. Cæsar Augustus sent out a decree that all the world should be taxed. The North Carolina Convention is asked to send out a decree that all the world shall be sworn. There is virtue in taxation. Money is the sinews of war; but what nation was ever defended by oaths—oaths imposed on its own people without distinction, especially when the alternative was banishment or degradation?

Mr. President, to say of this measure that it is absurd and calculated to bring ridicule on our legislature, and that it is unnecessary, and will be wholly ineffectual, if necessary, inasmuch as a forced oath is well understood to be no oath in the sight of man or his Maker, is but to characterize its more obvious features. I am fully persuaded that abroad, if not at home, it will be regarded as the offspring of fear. It will be argued, and the hypothesis cannot be resisted, that a proceeding so unusual, so searching, so destructive of personal freedom and dangerous to public liberty, would not be resorted to except in a state where public sentiment was suppressed by the high hand of force, and a sense of danger had

driven the government to desperation. In that aspect no measure could give greater encouragement to the enemy, and no libel could more deeply wound the sensibilities of the people of the State, or do them more gross injustice. They have looked upon the pending contest as a foreign war, of nation against nation, waged upon the frontiers by national armies. But you propose by this ordinance to declare it a civil and social war, in which no man is to be trusted—in which the secrets of the right hand may be concealed from the left, until you have cleansed out the conscience and made assurance doubly sure by a forced oath. It is not enough that thirty-five thousand men, portions of them from every county in the State, are in the field, exposing their lives to the arms of the enemy and to the pestilence of camp and garrison, and that almost every family has its representative there; that they have submitted cheerfully to the burdens of taxation and the privation incident to a destruction of commerce, and have, over and above this, voluntarily and cheerfully contributed of their labor, their substance, and the very comforts of their homes, to give aid to your soldiers and vigor to their efforts; that there is not a cloud of disloyalty to be seen in all the horizon as big as a man's hand; but that the whole people, it may be with trifling exceptions, are pressing forward with a noble unanimity to the establishment of our national independence. All this will not suffice. Every man must be purged as by fire.

And all for what? The report of the committee informs us. It is "to rid the country of traitors at heart," who are supposed to be few in number, and will be discovered when tested by this oath. Such doctrine, Mr. President, is the very bigotry of despotism. Who constituted us the searchers of hearts? What government ever undertook to deal with anything as crime, except the overt acts of its people, but the most unmitigated tyrannies? There are doubtless republicans in principle residing under every monarchy in Europe, and there may be monarchists in the States of America; but so long as they demean themselves as peaceable citizens, do not levy war against the State or the Confederate States, nor adhere to our enemies, giving them aid and comfort, they pass without molestation and are under the protection of the

Constitution and laws. . . . . But wherever they are, treason is an offence well known to and defined by law, and like other crimes, is to be dealt with according to law. And it is quite remarkable that while the committee inveigh with vehemence against the despotism now practiced by the Lincoln Government in Maryland, they should bring forward a measure equally abhorrent to freedom in North Carolina. Sir, if such a measure prevails, and is acquiesced in, it is of little moment what may be the issue of the present great conflict in the battle-field. We shall in the end be in any event slaves, and present the sad spectacle of a State throwing away its liberties in a struggle to preserve them, in angry imitation of the contagious example of an enemy who threw away theirs, to give vigor to their efforts for our subjugation.

I protest against it, as a gross abuse, amounting in effect to a usurpation of power—as a dangerous device by which a faction may at any time pervert the government and transmute it into an oligarchy. I protest against it in the name of religious freedom and domestic quiet—in the name of that civil liberty which is our birthright, and has been the inheritance of our ancestors for eight hundred years. I protest against it as a weak and futile weapon of defence, calculated only to encourage the enemy, weaken ourselves and bring our legislation into ridicule and disrespect at home and abroad, and degrade our citizens in their own esteem—as an officious intermeddling with the province of the Congress of the Confederate States—as a libel upon the people we represent, whose noble alacrity, patience, perseverance, self-denial and bravery in this contest deserve all praise; whereas, the statute book, in the present times, and much more in the future, in all historical interpretation must be construed to imply an imputation of widespread disaffection.

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But among freemen, every one of whom is equal, in consultation and at the ballot-box, if restraints upon the freedom of speech and of the press may be imposed beyond those provided by the common law, it has never been found necessary to call them into operation heretofore. There seems to have been a general acquiescence in the doctrines of Jefferson in his inaugural address. "If there be any among us who would

wish to dissolve this Union [Confederacy] or to change its republican form, let them stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated, where reason is left free to combat it." I have myself been accustomed to associate statutes of sedition with those indictments for seditious libel, where there were attempts to screen corruption, imbecility, favoritism, and the insolence of office, by criminal prosecutions against persons who exposed them, and when the gallantry of Erskine, Curran and other advocates at the English and Irish bar won immortal names in wrestling with a domineering and subservient bench, that never forgot the hand that elevated it above the people, nor its favorites; and prevailing in the contest, I have been accustomed to look upon them as bringing into active employment, if not producing, a vile race of parasites and sycophants, Titus Oateses, Bedloes, etc., thronging the gates of office and patronage, in the character of spies and informers, ready to discover Meal-tub plots and Rye-house plots of the most direful import, and to accuse any man whom it might be desirable to hunt down and destroy.

You propose by the first section of this ordinance to create nine indictable offences, every one of which is described in a manner so loose and undefined as to hold out the greatest temptations to malignant accusers, and to produce neighborhood strifes without end. I shall not detain the Convention by a recital of them. Their counterpart may be found in the misprisions against the King's person and government, which Blackstone says may be "by speaking or writing against him, cursing or wishing him ill, giving out scandalous stories concerning him, or doing anything that may tend to lessen him in the esteem of his subjects, may weaken his government, or may raise jealousies between him and his people." Under this it has been at different times held indictable to say of the King that he had a cold, at a time when his services were important in the field; also, to say of him falsely that he labored under mental derangement, or to drink to the pious memory of a traitor, or for a clergyman to absolve persons at the gallows who there persist in the treasons for which they die, etc. 4 Black. Com. 123. Sir, the whole doctrine is unsuited to our free institutions. It is founded on the supposi-

tion that force, compulsion, is the only means of upholding government, and that public opinion is nothing, and must be subordinated by it. We have sufficient law now to afford all the security needed, if, as no one doubts, public sentiment is with us and will enable us to enforce it—and if it is not, no new statutory enactment will be enforced. The common law of riot, rout, unlawful assembly, and conspiracy enables you to take hold of any parties whose guilt may be dangerous; and the doctrine of seditious libel is the same now that it was in 1802 when Harry Crosswell was convicted of a libel on President Jefferson—except that the truth of the matter published is a defence. Over and above this, every section of the State is accessible on brief notice by railroad, and the military power may be exerted with effect on the first appearance of insurrection.

But, Sir, the whole scope of this ordinance is to give proper defence and protection to the Confederate States. There are a few expletives thrown in, in which the State is mentioned but they seem only designed to fill out a sentence and give roundness to a period. Now what business is it of ours to pass a law to punish sedition against the Confederate States any more than to punish the robbery of its treasury or post-office, or piracy against its ships on the sea? If there is to be such a crime as sedition against that government, ought it not to be a general crime, punishable in Virginia, Tennessee, Kentucky and other states? And has not that government a Congress now in session for the third or fourth time? Is it supposed that we are wiser than they, and are to usurp their functions? If that Congress has the same propensity to copy that prevails here, they need only turn to the administration of the elder Adams, and reënact the sedition law of that day, referred to by the gentleman from Richmond (Mr. Leak). It is a very well drawn statute, much better than this ordinance. I say this without disrespect to the committee, for they only profess to copy from the act of 1777. The gentleman from Richmond made a slight error in supposing this was the same with the Sedition Law of 1798. It is infinitely worse. Judge Chase had decided, and correctly too, that there was no law of the United States except what was enacted by statute, and therefore that there was no law

of libel to protect its officers from the President downward against any defamation whatever. The act was consequently passed to punish by indictment libelous publications against them, which would be indictable if made against other persons by the common law—allowing, however, the truth to be given in evidence as a defence. Yet, so distasteful was it to the public mind, and so odious did it render its authors, that after a lapse of half a century, when all other party issues of that time were forgotten, it still remains in public recollection. But as a restriction on liberty, the liberty of the press and of speech, it was nothing compared with this act, which has been exhumed from the oblivion in which it has lain for eighty odd years, and which it is proposed to revivify, just as it was on the day of its first enactment. At that time the doctrine prevailed here as well as in the mother country, of "the greater the truth, the greater the libel." So that if any man "shall publish and deliberately speak or write against our public defence," (this is one of the defences it creates) no matter how true may be the words written or spoken, such as that a commanding general fled ingloriously from a field of battle when victory was in his grasp, or that from his incompetency he sacrificed half his command without any conceivable object, although it may be every word true, the party who wrote or spoke thus must be convicted.

If the Congress of the Confederate States desires to try over again the experiment of the Sedition Law of 1798, or to go back beyond it, and recopy old penal statutes made to put down Papacy, or uphold the prerogatives of royalty, the way is perfectly open to it. But let us not render ourselves a subject of merriment, by taking better care of that government than it takes of itself. Let us not stigmatize our people by singling them out as peculiar subjects for the operation of laws of this kind. Let us not give just cause of offence to them, by showing a distrust of that elevated patriotism and unanimity with which they are sustaining their country in this her hour of trial. Let us abandon this measure as impolitic, as it is insulting, oppressive and unjust. I ask the yeas and nays on the question of its indefinite postponement.

WILLIAM JOHN GRAYSON

[1788—1863]

GEORGE ARMSTRONG WAUCHOPE

WILLIAM JOHN GRAYSON, the son of William Grayson, an officer of the Revolution, was descended from one of the oldest families in South Carolina. He was born at Beaufort in that State on November 10, 1788. Having received a good classical training at the famous Willington Academy of Dr. Moses Waddel* (1770-1840), he continued his liberal education at the College of Charleston. After graduating there in 1809, he entered at once upon the study of law. In 1813 he was elected a member of the Legislature, and at the expiration of his term of office, he was admitted to the bar and entered upon the practice of his profession at Beaufort. Having been sent to the State Senate in 1831, he opposed the tariff act of that year, but was not in favor of pushing the collision between the State and the Federal authorities to the extreme of civil war. He was then elected a representative in Congress from the Beaufort and Colleton districts and served two terms (December 2, 1833 to March 3, 1837). In the tariff controversy which still agitated the country, he maintained a firm, but conservative policy, urging that "the reserve rights of the State gave it the power to determine the limits of its grant to the Federal authorities and the means of arresting violations when discovered." From 1841 to 1853 he held the position of collector of the Port of Charleston by the successive appointments of Presidents Tyler, Polk and Fillmore. Having been removed by President Pierce, he retired to his plantation and devoted himself to its management. For many years he served as a state commissioner of equity. During the secession agitation in 1850 he published an open letter to Governor Seabrook deprecating strongly the evils of disunion. Throughout his life he remained, however, a staunch defender of the institution of slavery. He died at Newberry, South Carolina, on October 4, 1863, of an illness resulting from a stroke of paralysis.

Grayson was known to the public of his day chiefly as a brilliant statesman and man of affairs, and as frequent contributor of articles to the *Southern Review* and the daily press. In addition

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*For a still fuller account of Dr. Waddel and his academy, see Judge Longstreet's "William Mitten." (1864).

to the "Letter to Governor Seabrook" (1850), he published his "Letters of Curtius" (1851). He was the author, also, of a very readable "Sketch of James Louis Petigru" (1866), the distinguished Charleston lawyer, which is his most important prose work. His style, though marked by the old-fashioned formality and self-consciousness then in vogue, is clear, vigorous, and decidedly entertaining. Especially interesting is the account of the school which he attended in the back-woods of Abbeville County, where so many men of national note, including Calhoun, Crawford, Legaré, Longstreet, McDuffie, and Wardlaw, were prepared for college, and his sketch of its great master, Dr. Moses Waddel, whom the author styles "the Carolina Dr. Arnold," and Calhoun "the father of classical education in the upper country of South Carolina and Georgia."

Grayson's place in literature, however, must ultimately rest upon his poetical writings, which afforded him a pleasing diversion during his life as a planter. From the four volumes of verse which he published, for the most part anonymously, one forms the impression that he was a vigorous and entertaining writer, though neither very correct nor original. His most serious effort, "Chicora" (1856), is an Indian legend treated in the manner and spirit of the early romantic poets, Scott and Southey. Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn finds in it "a singular sweetness of versification and a quiet, true, very real charm," and pronounces it "one of the pleasantest pieces of poetic work produced in the State." The canto containing the story of Acura's "Journey to the Blessed Isles," in its swift-footed measures, its romantic fancy, and its idyllic interpretation of Indian life and character, will endure favorable comparison with "The Song of Hiawatha." "Chicora" may, indeed, be safely named the second greatest poem on the red man in the literature of America. The same volume contains Grayson's finest and most important short poem, "Threescore Years and Seven." It is almost perfect in metrical technique, and its reflective quality is admirably sustained throughout. The calm and optimistic mood of the soul as it nears the close of life's voyage, the pathos of old age "footsore and faint with toil," the rapt vision of the spirit's flight to "the silent city of repose," and the chaste beauty of the imagery employed to convey or to decorate the thought, mark this as a noble poem on death not unworthy of a place by the side of the better known "Thanatopsis." Due no doubt to political conditions and the author's prominence as a public man, his long descriptive and didactic poem, "The Hireling and the Slave" (1854) attracted wider attention than his more artistic poems. In his use of the heroic couplet, he illustrates the tendency of the Southern poets of that generation to follow the literary conventions in vogue in England in the Eighteenth

Century. It is a poem with a purpose, and vividly and even argumentatively contrasts the miserable condition of the Northern wage-worker with the happy and care-free lot of the Southern slave. It contains, curiously, the first prophecy of a future return of the negroes to Africa, a solution of the question which has since been frequently proposed. The parts of most enduring value, as literature, are those in which the author portrays picturesquely the simple tasks of the slaves with axe or plough, and their merry pastimes, hunting in the swamps and fishing in the bays along the coast. Grayson published, privately, two other poems, "The Country" (1858), and "Marion" (1860). The former is a pastoral, descriptive poem of mediocre merit and is modeled on the sixth satire of the second book of Horace.

His work, as a whole, repays study as that of a representative Southern planter of ample culture and means, who, coming upon the stage immediately after the formation of the Union, reflects not only the new national and sectional impulses, but, also, the struggle between the classical and romantic movements in English literature, the influence of which he must have felt strongly in his early manhood.

George Armstrong Wauchope.

THREESCORE YEARS AND SEVEN

From 'Chicora, and Other Poems.'

Life's voyage, by rock and shoal, is near its close,
  The billow buffeted, the gale endured;
Shattered in spars and hull, the vessel goes
  Near the safe port from every storm secured.

The road grows short; with frost or torrid skies,
  By weary steps, hill, plain, and valley pressed,
Footsore and faint with toil the traveler eyes
  The rising spire that marks the place of rest.

The night is near at hand; the shadow steals,
  With the last sunbeam, farther from the trees;
In mist and chill the waning moon reveals
  Her light, and hollow sounds the evening breeze.

The year is almost gone; the falling leaf,
  Yellow and sere, flies far on every blast;
Spring flower, and summer fruit, and autumn sheaf
  Gathered—its bright and beautiful are past.

Welcome! the port of refuge safe from storms,
  Welcome! the silent city of repose,
Welcome! night's dreams and visionary forms,
  And winter's waste of purifying snows!

Another spring shall bloom; another day,
  Brighter than hope, shall rise to set no more;
A fairer region court the traveler's stay,
  And oceans, wreckless, spread without a shore.

Launched on their bosom, to each starry sphere,
  Beyond the reach of telescopic eye,
Farther than Fancy wings her swift career,
  Radiant, like suns, unbodied spirits fly.

Stripped of their fleshly rags—the mortal chain
  Of sensual appetite and passions vile—
Freed from the cankered earth, the sting, the stain
  Of base pursuits that dazzle and beguile—

Companionship with seraphim they hold,
  The endless chain of being they explore,
Nature's deep hidden mysteries unfold,
  And, face to face, the Ineffable adore.

Strong with the vigor of immortal youth,
  Beyond dim Reason's ken they speed their flight;
With Intuition's glance o'ermaster Truth,
  And find in knowing ever new delight.

Again, with earnest gaze and outstretched arms,
  They meet, oh thought of joy! the lost on earth,
Restored, renewed, arrayed in all the charms
  That Love bestows on Heaven's diviner birth.

Restored to part no more, no more to know
  The doubt, the fear, the change of mortal love;
To endless ages, hand in hand, they go,
  Sharing and doubling all their joys above.

Happiest of hearts on earth! the calm, the pure,
  Aloof from vulgar joys and vain pursuits,
That seek through life, unswerving, to secure
  Of nobler being these celestial fruits.

I ask no scholar's lore, no poet's lyre,
  Trophy nor wreath that conquerors display,
Nor wealth, nor wit, nor eloquence desire,
  Nor matchless wisdom, nor imperial sway.

But faith—strong faith—that upward to the sky,
  In every ill unshaken, undismayed,
Looks like the eagle, with unblenching eye,
  Steadfast and bright in sunlight and in shade.

Let this be mine! and if the parting day
  Grow dark, the wave seem black with winter's gloom,
Fearless, though rough and perilous the way,
  I tread the path that leads me to the tomb.

THE VISION OF BLISS

From 'Chicora, and Other Poems.'

Close by the lake, beside the wood,
The lodges of Acura stood;
His the Great Spirit's choicest boon,
The lofty stature, strong and straight,
The foot that traced from morn till noon,
From noon till night, the flying deer,
The buffalo or grizzly bear,
And drove the monster to his lair,
Unerring as the foot of Fate;
His heart was pure, his hand was strong,
Through the five tribes no name exceeds
His in the brave's triumphant song,
For fame achieved in warlike deeds.

But in the chief's young heart, the flame
Of love, with quiet progress stealing,
And warmer influence, daily came,
New hopes, and joys, and thoughts revealing;
The maid was beautiful as Spring,
With leaves and flowers, and whispering breeze,
And cloudless skies, and murmuring bees,
And humming-birds of glittering wing—
Such beauty as Yohèwah gives
At distant intervals, to show
The form of loveliness that lives
Where pure and gentle spirits go;
Scarce seen on earth the vision bright,
When, radiant with celestial light,
It vanishes from mortal sight;
So to the nation's wondering view,
Like some bright flower before unknown,
In wild or wood, of matchless hue,
In beauty's light, Avora shone;
So snatched away from human eyes,
In the cold grave the maiden lies.

Heart-broken now, the youth deplores
His loss by forest, vale, and hill,
By frozen lake and river shores,
Moon after moon, in sorrow still;
The bow unstrung, the quiver's store
Of shining shafts all idle lie;
No longer, as they shunned before,
The herds of deer now shun his eye;
In vain the lodges ask for game,
Bear, elk and moose unsought remain;
And through the tribes the sachems blame
The young brave's mournful mood in vain.

One morn, on new adventure bent,
To the wide wood the hunter went,
For there he knew a pathway led
Through the dim forest to the dead;

Such he had heard the legend told,
In stormy nights, when spirits wake,
By Meda-men and prophets old,
In winter lodge, by Erie's lake.

Onward he pushed, day after day,
In ice and snow, his eager way,
Through tangled swamp and deep morass,
Where moose or elk would never pass,
Till suddenly the yielding air
Grew soft, the thickets disappear;
The open wood is dressed in green,
And green the wider glades below,
And flowers of every hue are seen
On shrub or tree that ever blow;
With wondering eyes and joyous breast,
And swifter foot, the hunter pressed
Onward to where a sachem stood
By the green margin of the wood,
With head of snow, and eyes that beam
As calm and sweet as autumn morn,
When crimson leaves the woods adorn,
And fall in sunny bank and stream.

"Not unexpected are you come,"
The old man said; "Your wish I know;
But to the happy spirit home
No limbs of flesh can ever go;
Leave here the cumbrous mass; pursue
Your course; the open pathway take,
That ever leads the just and true
In safety to the sacred lake;
There by the pictured rocks that rise
From the blue waters to the skies,
Are crystal boats, that swiftly bear
Good spirits to the sacred isle,
And there, released from every fear,
Your eyes shall meet Avora's smile,
More bright and beautiful than when
Her spirit dwelt with mortal men."

The body's weight and weakness gone,
With swifter course the hunter flew,
And farther as he hastened on,
More wonderful the region grew;
No shadow from the rock was cast
In this the dreamland of the dead,
Through lofty trees his passage passed,
Yet pauseless on the hunter sped.

He found the pictured rocks, the strand,
With shining boats an endless store,
And, launching boldly from the land,
Upon the lake were myriads more;
Straight onward to the spirit's home,
Like flying swans, the vessels made
Their rapid course through mist and foam,
In every shadowy boat a shade.

He seized a boat, the paddle plied,
Nor thought of rising wave or storm,
When in another, by his side,
He wondering sees the maiden's form;
Forward with vigorous arms they urge
Their passage through the swelling surge,
That rises foaming on their way
With curling crest and blinding spray,
And threatens with resistless force,
Like a white rock, to bar their course.

But as the mountain billows swell,
And curl to crush the light canoe,
Obedient to some secret spell,
That ever guards the just and true,
The surge is hushed, the waves subside,
And on the calm, unruffled tide,
With placid course the vessels glide.

Fast on they pass—the maid, the youth;
The island cliffs that shine afar,
Radiant as evening's peerless star,
The guides of constancy and truth

Direct their way; upon the strand
The light prows grate; they leap to shore;
With hearts of rapture, hand in hand,
The hills ascend, the vales explore.

Not in those isles of summer seas,
Where, stories say, no winters come,
Are hills and vales as fair as these
In the blessed land, the spirit's home;
A richer verdure spreads the ground,
The sky is of a softer blue,
And scattered in profusion round
Are flowers of every shape and hue;
Their fragrance on the unsated breeze
Floats exquisite; and evermore
On purple vines and bending trees
Are various fruits, an endless store;
Innumerable birds prolong,
With chattering joy, their dainty cheer,
Of brighter plume and sweeter song
Than meet with mortal eye or ear;
The spotted fawn and timid doe
Browse the sweet shrub without a fear,
They never dread the hunter's bow
And quivered deaths that strike them here;
Not in this gentle spirit land
The warrior heeds his earthly fame,
Nor hunters drive, with practiced hand
And shining shafts, their former game;
No reptile crawls, no falcon flies,
No beast prowls savage and alone,
Nor snows nor ice, nor stormy skies,
In the blessed isle are ever known;
No need for food; the balmy air
Gives life, and strength, and added grace,
And beauty brightening every year
To youthful form and radiant face;
With senses more refined, and keen,
And various than we know in this,
Our grosser state, from every scene
They draw a sweeter, purer bliss.

By the Great Spirit's gracious boon,
In forests here, by crystal stream,
Acura lived moon after moon,
Earth almost a forgotten dream;
But when twice six were come and gone,
By the night lodge, at early dawn,
A gentle voice of music rose,
Than morning birds more soft and clear,
And whispering in the hunter's ear,
"Not this the life," it said, "for those
Whose bodies sleep not with the dead,
Through life's sharp cares and duties led—
Nature's sole pathway to repose;
To calm your grief, your courage cheer,
The pitying spirit has sent you here;
Return, and now, with manly heart,
Perform the chief's—the hunter's part;
Protect, defend, the wants supply
Of others; when the time to die
That comes for all shall come for you,
With bosom tried, but ever true,
Then come: the maid you love so well
Again shall meet you on the shore,
And with you in these vales once more
In boundless joys forever dwell."

Back to earth's toils the hunter came:
Among the tribes of purest race,
With chiefs and braves the first in fame,
Acura filled the noblest place;
And now, to leave its vales no more,
Blessed with the bliss enjoyed before,
He treads again the happy shore.

THE SLAVE AND HIS PASTIMES

From 'The Hireling and the Slave.'

Companions of his toil, the axe to wield,
To guide the plough, to reap the teeming field,
A sable multitude unceasing pour
From Niger's banks and Congo's deadly shore;
No willing travelers they that widely roam,
Allured by hope, to seek a happier home.
But victims to the trader's thirst for gold,
Kidnap'd by brothers and by fathers sold,
The bondsman born, by native masters reared,
The captive band, in recent battle spared.
For English merchants bought, across the main,
In British ships, they go for Britain's gain;
Forced on her subjects in dependent lands,
By cruel hearts and avaricious hands.
New tasks they learn, new masters they obey,
And bow submissive to the White man's sway.

But Providence, by His o'erruling will,
Transmutes to lasting good the transient ill,
Makes crime itself the means of mercy prove,
And avarice minister to works of love;
In the new home, whate'er the negro's fate,
More blest his life than in his native State!
No mummeries dupe, no Fetish charms affright,
Nor rites obscene diffuse their moral blight;
Idolatries, more hateful than the grave
With human sacrifice, no more enslave;
No savage rule its hecatomb supplies
Of slaves for slaughter, when a master dies;
In sloth and error sunk for countless years,
His race has lived, but light at last appears—
Celestial light—religion undefiled
Dawns in the heart of Congo's simple child:
Her glorious truths he hears with glad surprise,
And lifts his views with rapture to the skies;

The noblest thoughts that erring mortals know,
Spring from this source, and in his bosom glow;
His nature owns the renovating sway,
And all the old barbarian melts away.

And now, with sturdy hand and cheerful heart,
He learns to master every useful art,
To forge the axe, to mould the rugged share,
The ship's brave keel for angry waves prepare;
The rising wall obeys his plastic will,
And the loom's fabric owns his ready skill.

* * * * * *

Not toil alone, the fortune of the slave!
He shares the sport and spoils of wood and wave;
Through the dense swamp, where wilder forests rise
In tangled masses, and shut out the skies,
Where the dark covert shuns the noontide blaze,
With agile step, he threads the pathless maze;
The hollow gum with searching eye explores,
Traces the bee to its delicious stores,
The ringing axe with ceaseless vigor plies,
And from the hollow scoops the luscious prize.

When autumn's parting days grow cold and brief,
Light hoar frosts sparkle on the fallen leaf,
The breezeless pines, at rest, no longer sigh,
And pearl-like clouds stand shining in the sky;
When to the homestead flocks and herds incline,
Sonorous conchs recall the rambling swine;
And from the field, the low descending sun
Sends home the Slave, his fleecy harvest done,
In field and wood he hunts the frequent hare;
The wild hog chases to the forest lair,
Entraps the gobbler; with persuasive smoke
Beguiles the 'possum from the hollow oak;
On the tall pine tree's topmost bough espies
The crafty coon—a more important prize—
Detects the dodger's peering eyes that glow
With fire reflected from the blaze below,

Hews down the branchless trunk with practised hand,
And drives the climber from his nodding stand;
Downward, at last, he springs with crashing sound,
Where Jet and Pincher seize him on the ground,
Yields to the hunter the contested spoil,
And pays, with feast and fur, the evening toil.

When calm skies glitter with the starry light,
The boatman tries the fortune of the night,
Launches the light canoe; the torch's beam
Gleams like a gliding meteor on the stream;
Along the shore the flick'ring fire-light steals,
Shines through the wave, and all its wealth reveals.
The spotted trout its mottled side displays,
Swift shoals of mullet flash beneath the blaze;
He marks their rippling course; through cold and wet,
Lashes the sparkling tide with dext'rous net;
With poised harpoon the bass or drum assails,
And strikes the barb through silv'ry tinted scales.

* * * * * *

Still braver sports are his, when April showers
Impart new fragrance to the joyous flowers,
When jasmines, through the woods, to early spring,
In golden cups, their dewy incense bring,
White dogwood blossoms sparkle through the trees,
The fragrant grape perfumes the morning breeze,
And with the warmer sun and balmier air,
The finny myriads to their haunts repair;
Such sports are his—with boundless jest and glee,
Where bold Port Royal spreads its mimic sea;
Bright in the North—the length'ning bay and sky
Blent into one—its shining waters lie,
And southward breaking on the shelving shore,
Meet the sea wave and swell its endless roar,
On either hand gay groups of islands show
Their charms reflected in the stream below—
No richer fields, no lovelier isles than these,
No happier homes, the weary traveler sees!

WILL T. HALE

[1857—]

GEORGE F. NICOLASSEN

WILLIAM THOMAS HALE was born at Liberty, De Kalb County, Tennessee, February 1, 1857. His father kept a general store, in which the son was a clerk for a time. His education was obtained in the academy at his home place. At the age of twelve he began to write verses and throughout his youth manifested a fondness for literary and historical studies. The first of his lines to be printed was a sonnet which appeared in a country paper. The author relates that he could not sleep the night after it was published. He studied law in a private office and practiced about eight years at Liberty and Lebanon, but his preference has always been for literary work. He was married on April 6, 1876, to Miss Lula Lewis, at Lebanon, and in 1890 he removed to Lebanon with his wife and four children. Here he spent five of the pleasantest years of his life, and here he entered upon the wider literary career for which he was fitted by his tastes and talents. His work in journalism was begun while he was living at Lebanon, and has continued ever since. He has been connected with various papers in Tennessee and elsewhere; was assistant editor, book reviewer, and news editor on the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* when it was edited by Honorable E. W. Carmack, afterward United States Senator from Tennessee. It was on this paper that he began to make a reputation by his poems, which were copied by newspapers and periodicals in all parts of the country. Indeed, in a review of the first volume of this collected verse the Chicago *Times-Herald* said that he and Eugene Field were "the most widely copied of all the newspaper poets."

In 1896, Mr. Hale resigned his position on the *Commercial Appeal* and became assistant Sunday editor of the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch.* On account of ill-health he shortly afterward returned to Tennessee, spending some months in the Cumberland Mountains. In the latter part of 1896 he became assistant editor of the Nashville *American,* where he attracted attention both by his verse and editorials. After further editorial experience on the Knoxville *Sentinel,* the Nashville *Cumberland Presbyterian* and the Nashville *Daily News,* he retired from active journalism and became a general writer, which vocation he has continued to follow, contributing occasional verse to the

New York *Independent* and the *Youth's Companion*, and prose articles to the *Southern Methodist Review* and other periodicals. In the meantime several composers, North and South, asked and gained permission to give certain of his poems a musical setting. Requests from the editors of biographical dictionaries—among them Appleton's 'Cyclopedia of American Biography'—came for data as to his life and work, and from compilers of anthologies for permission to include specimens of his verse.

Mr. Hale's pennings for the press would fill volumes, and include historical and biographical sketches, literary criticism, political writing, stories, etc. He has published five volumes which have received flattering notices from the book-reviewers. They bear the titles: 'Showers and Sunshine,' a collection of poems, Memphis, 1896; 'The Backward Trail; Stories of the Indians and Tennessee Pioneers,' Nashville, 1899; 'An Autumn Lane, and Other Poems,' Nashville, 1900; 'Great Southerners,' a number of biographical and critical articles, Nashville, 1900; and 'True Stories of Jamestown and its Environs,' Nashville, 1907, a series of sketches, somewhat connected so as to present Jamestown during its whole existence. As indicating his versatility, at one period, while doing general literary work, he wrote at the same time editorials for four papers—a daily newspaper, a religious weekly, a weekly for children, and an agricultural weekly; and as showing the hold some of his fugitive verse has on the public, he frequently sees in the papers a bit of verse written while he was on the *Commercial Appeal* and still credited to that paper. During the St. Louis World's Fair he was manager of the Tennessee Building and acquitted himself with credit. While holding this position he received many of what he has described as "tiny ovations"—scores of persons from different states volunteering to inform him of some verse of his which clings to the memory and which has been treasured in a scrapbook. On one occasion an Illinois farmer approached him, quoting a line or two which had caught his fancy; and on another, the grandson of a Virginia general recited a number of verses which had appealed to him.

Mr. Hale has always been of a retiring disposition; and, after spending many years in several cities, he has withdrawn to his fruit farm, a few miles from Nashville on the Granny White turnpike, where he can enjoy country life and his work with fruits and flowers. He is a man of robust physique and pleasing countenance, broad-shouldered and above the average in height. He has had personal acquaintance with many literary people, living and dead, among them Mrs. Anne Chambers-Ketchum, James Whitcomb Riley, Maurice Thompson, Joel Chandler Harris, and Frank L. Stanton, and has many autograph volumes containing on the fly-leaves original

presentation verses of cherished sentiment. He is often classed with Riley and Stanton, and his works show many points of similarity with theirs. There is a love of Nature in his heart and he delights to interpret Nature in his poems, which are simple, true in sentiment, unaffected and clear in expression. His verse is smooth and rhythmical. He describes the gentle peace of the rural byway in mid-summer; he translates lovingly the myriad voices of Nature's wee creatures; weaves into rhythmic fancies the fragrance of leaf and flower. There are homely bits of sentiment in the pleasing dialect of the Tennessee villager and farmer; the philosophy of a simple and manly life close to Mother Earth; humor, too, often mingled with the minor note of hidden melancholy; occasionally a more strenuous tone, as when the poet utters a protest against oppression or cruelty sanctioned by the law. Best of all is the human quality, the recognition of man's perfection and the hopefulness for growth, while a certain devotional spirit is not the least of the many charms of the work of this high-souled Southern singer.

G. F. Nieklassen.

THOSE BOY ADVENTURERS

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SOMEONE has said that the names of twenty-seven persons are all that are known of the human family from man's creation down to the days of Noah. Most of the countless millions who have come into being have been utterly forgotten, their dust mingling with the soil, and what they dreamed or hoped having no part in the world any more.

Men have usually been the chroniclers of events. Bound up in their own importance, of their sex they have mainly written, giving so little space to the women that some disgusted writer has declared that history should be rewritten and the deeds of the mothers and wives given the prominence they deserve. What should be expected, then, than that the young folk should be overlooked? As an instance of how little we know of the young of even distinguished families, consider

James II of England. When we think of him, it is to blame him for his faults; but however great they were, should we not sometimes feel more charitable if we reflected that he had eleven dead children, all buried at Westminster? Then there was "Good Queen Anne," his daughter, who, though she died at fifty, had eighteen dead children. History is almost silent as to these, so that we know scarcely any more about those little princes and princesses than of scores of children who were born and buried at Jamestown almost in the same age.

As we have seen, among the emigrant arrivals at Jamestown in 1607 were four boys. Had they any relatives in the party, or were they waifs of the street—homeless orphans in "the desert of London town, gray miles long," who considered that it was no nearer to eternity in America than in England?

It may be that the early days of the voyage were jolly ones to them, with everything new and strange, and the stalwart sailors bravely battling with the storm. They really had no time to think of the desert, gray miles long, that had been left behind! Then there were things to be seen when they came into American waters—for instance, the first live Indians that they may have heard some decrepit sailor in some tumble-down tavern tell about. Representatives of the race came to view on April 26, 1607, after they had reached Cape Charles. A few of the company had ventured ashore, when they were attacked by the red men. As one of the colonists wrote: "At night when wee were going aboard, there came the savages creeping downe from the Hills like Beares, with their Bowes in their Mouthes, charged us very desperately, hurt Captain Gabriel Archer in both hands, and a saylor in two places of the body very dangerous. After they had spent their arrowes, and felt the sharpness of our shot, they retired into the woods with a great noise and so left us."

But that was exciting, being just at dusk when the pagans looked like shadowy demons! What English boys had ever looked on such a scene, and felt so joyously terrified by that "great noise"—which was the American Indian's war-whoop, to become dreadfully frequent throughout three centuries? Wonder how they made that unusual noise? Maybe when the youths should later hear some of the men like Captain John Smith describe how the signals of the Powhatan's guard were

made by "shaking his lips with his fingers between them" they would consider that an answer to their question. And how big the shadowy forms looked from the ship! By and by they would listen with widening eyes to the tales regarding the Susquehannocks—how they seemed giants to the English; one with his tobacco pipe three-quarters of a yard long, sufficient to beat out one's brains; and another "the calf of whose leg was three-quarters of a yard about and all the rest of his limbs answerable to that proportion." Then the four would get together and declare that those Cape Charles fellows, from the way they whooped and sent their arrows, must have been Susquehannocks.

In some respects the New World is a duplicate of the Old—only it is on a grander scale. As for the animals and birds—could all those around about Jamestown have been in the ark? The skylark was in it, of course, and lions and tigers and things the learned men wrote concerning; but these American creatures—pshaw, the Deluge never extended to Virginia!

The woodland creatures must have made the adults wonder and speculate also. Indeed, few things were more interesting to the English people than animal life in America. They gave rein to their fancy. Of the opossum, Purchas wrote that it was "a monstrous deformed beast, whose fore part resembleth a fox, the hinder part an ape, excepting the feet, which are like a man's; beneath her belly she hath a receptacle like a purse, where she bestows her young until they can shift for themselves." The humming-bird was believed to be a cross between a fly and a bird; it was sometimes called the West Indian bee. Another writer declared that the buffalo—"a slow kind of cattel as bigge as kine, which were good meate"—vomited "a hot, scalding liquor" on the dogs that chased them. Sir Samuel Argall, who ruled the colony a few years from 1617, was the first Englishman to see the buffalo; that was in 1613. In 1609 the ship which carried Captain John Smith to England carried also some flying squirrels to be presented to James I. Then there is a little animal which was at first believed to be the civet of Africa. Harriot, the learned man of Sir Walter Raleigh's colony on Roanoke Island in 1587, made this note: "In our travels there, one had been killed by a savage or inhabitant; and in many

places the smell where one had been." That was the American skunk!

As late as 1649 a pamphlet descriptive of Virginia mentions the variety and abundance of wild creatures—"rackoons, as good meat as lamb," deer, otters, beavers, foxes, dogs that "bark not," wild turkeys, partridges, geese, mocking-birds, pigeons, and "passonnes," meaning opossums. The fact that more of these were not slain for food during the starving time of 1609-10 was sufficiently explained once by Captain Smith in his celebrated "rude answer" to the London Company: they were very wild, their bounds large, and the settlers weak.

So the boy adventurers could have filled a book with descriptions of queer things in America. They had an early experience with the savages soon after the settlers had landed at Jamestown, too. That was while Captain Smith and Newport were on an exploring expedition up the river. The grass about the fort was tall, and one day, unaware that the Indians were near, the colonists were startled by an attack of two hundred yelling savages. The latter were beaten back, but not before one Englishman was killed and eleven of his comrades wounded. This was the first death in the community, and must have deeply impressed the boys.

For the next two weeks the red men crouched in the grass and sent their arrows after the whites; then a friendly Indian belonging to the Powhatan's tribe suggested that the grass be cut. Thereafter sentinels were kept out day and night. In 1608, according to Smith, there were five thousand Indians within a radius of sixty miles of Jamestown.

What wonder if the dreams of the waifs were often troubled during the mysterious muteness of midnight? Doubtless they could hear in the vague recesses of the forest the night bird's cry, or the snarl of a prowling animal, and straightway thought of the buffalo that vomited "hot, scalding liquor" on its foe! When it was safe, they may have strolled about the peninsula, watching the James moving unceasingly through sunshine and shadow, and rippling against the low banks. Was either an orphan? If so, thoughts of the mother came in those idle hours of wandering. Might she not then, though an angel, be watching that spot wistfully?

And then the stirring stories they were in a position to hear!—of the strange fate of Virginia Dare, the first English child born in America; of bloody pirates far to the south; of the devils that were believed to inhabit the distant Bermudas; of the queer Indian women barbers who with two shells could "grate away the hair of any fashion they please!"

In after years there were many interesting young people in Jamestown: maybe Bermuda, the daughter of John Rolfe by his first wife; and Henry (the son of the antiquary Sir Henry Spelman, of England), who was one day to be rescued by Pocahontas and live with the Indians. We know nothing of the fate of Bermuda, but Spelman grew to be a man of importance in the colony and wrote the 'Relation of Virginia.' But how did the four boy adventurers live and die? We may never know, but strangely and imperishably connected with the beginning of a great nation are the names of Samuel Collier, Nat Pecock, James Brumfield, and Richard Multon.

AN AUTUMN LANE

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The farthest hills that vaguely are outlined
  Are loveliest to the dreamer's pensive view;
The dearest years are those that lie behind,
  Far off and dim in recollection's blue.
I loiter, therefore, in the autumn lane
  That leads to where my earlier years were spent;
Old forms, old thought, old faiths come back again
  As all the past is with the present blent.
The dawn-gleams spread—soon will the car of light
  Pass yonder peak upon its world-long run:
Lo, out from Night's dark tunnel on the sight
  See the red headlight now, the rising sun!

Beneath the glow that like a rapture springs,
  The frosted fields show an unwonted dress,
As though of down from visiting angel's wings
  Who passed above them in night's silentness.

Beyond the glistening runnel gray cliffs raise
  Heads that are ancient—turbaned in the blue—
As cities that were legends in the days
  When old Damascus flourished quaintly new.
Not here may come the sounds from where is whirled
  The city's smoke that all the welkin drapes—
Harsh hammerings on the anvil of the world
  Where rushed humanity its fortune shapes.

Unvexed by much that makes the spirit sore
  With witnessing the war of Wrong and Right,
A peaceful stream that cheers a peaceful shore
  Day rolls between its banks of morn and night.
The upper waste, moved by nor winds nor tides,
  Spreads in calm beauty countless leagues away,
Where one cloud looms as if at anchor rides
  The Ship of Zion in some heavenly bay.
Within their wings a scrap of April sky,
  The watchful jays their strident warnings clang,
Where the low hills seem lonely mounds where lie
  The bones of giants from whom Anak sprang.

Here humble folk in humble ways have taught
  The truth too often now ignored by men:
Pure lives are echoes of God's holiest thought
  That sounds awhile betwixt the Now and Then;
Who for the sake of right have often done
  Some kindly deeds the world may never con—
White blocks of light they've quarried from the sun
  To form a stair to step to heaven on;
And proving, in their efforts to succeed
  Through shadows that envelop them, that still
That path is plain, in spite of night and need,
  That's lighted by the ruddy light, the will.

Here likewise, as when Eve saw last the face
  Of her firstborn and dropped her trial tears,
Old Memory keeps her regretful gaze,
  And Love lives on, unaltered by the years.

The aged sit with their eyes turned Edenward,
  Where youth's flowers in perennial beauty show;
But though they would return, the decades guard
  With flaming sword the Gates of Long Ago;
While motherhood may sigh with quivering lips,
  Recalling some sweet child-face known of yore,
"How dearer seem those on the outbound ships
  Than those who tarry with us on the shore!"

At noontide to the ears are wafted in
  Wind harmonies from out the minstrel trees,
Faint as we deem the distance-mellowed din
  Made by the wheels of passing centuries.
The insect-drones, continuous and forlorn,
  Out where the fallen leaves the moist earth press,
Hint of a fairy Samson grinding corn—
  Blind dupe of some Delilah's faithlessness.
The garrulous crows go flapping out of sight
  Where sumacs their ensanguined banners raise;
While on the fence a partridge stands upright
  And slides its whistle-shuttle through the haze.

Deep are the dyes of purple, gold, and green,
  And sweet all sound the sylvan ways along;
Yea, all the earth is but a singing scene,
  And all the world is but a pictured song.
But distant are those joys my youth has known
  As things that now tradition only holds—
The trysts on twilight roofs of Babylon,
  And shepherd songs in Shinar's fields and wolds.
Old homestead! was it wisdom's part to choose
  A larger world and worldly views, in truth?
For taste Ambition's apple, and we lose
  The sweet faiths of the Paradise of Youth!

DOWN ON THE FARM—A MEDLEY

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Some gleams of sunshine in rhyme's thrall,
  Some hints of old ways meshed in song—
These all I bring, my little all,
  To catch the notice of the throng.

How trivial and how tame! And still—
  Though all of grace and art I lack—
Some unforgetting heart may thrill
  To have them even thus brought back.

At times 'tis all monotonous, you too are prone to say?
The same old hills in sun and shade, the same folks day by day?
And you are almost led to think the very whippoorwill
I heard when but a youngster calls from out the thicket still?
God made the country; man, the town—a worn-out song again!
But then I've tried them both, and would not modify the strain.

A stroll up the road, on the still spring days,
That winds with the creek through the pastoral ways!
The kingfisher, stretching its blue neck, flies
Through interlaced shadows with startled cries;
In the rail fence corners the wild rose gleams
Pink as old loves' lips come back in our dreams;
On the sloping hillsides cattle drowsily laze;
  And we think of "still waters"
    In the Land that is fadeless
      On still spring days.

God is loving the world when He sends spring days
By the sun-catching streams—to the emerald ways!
The smell of the hay from the meadow comes in,
Mellowed to song blade and whetrock's din;

The miracle of fishes and loaves is outdone
In this feast for the senses of every one;
And I think, when my soul from its tenement strays,
'Twill long to pass hereward
On its outbound journey
On still spring days.

The hours in the deep summer ways
Go to sleep in a bed of blooms;
While Faith like a David looms
O'er the prostrate form of Doubt, and your spirit lifts up its praise.
Regret, as a sad dream flees
When the morning's eyes ope wide,
Floats out on a passing tide
Till faint as the hint of a sail far out on the twilight seas.
The scents from the forestside drift
Serenely to you, as a gift
In a chalice of tropical winds blown onward and on and on;
While you feel in the roses' smell
Lie mummies of dreams that tell
Of the hopes that were sweet and dear in the dear sweet years long gone.
Except for the dissonant cries
Of the jay on the sun-loved hill—
Rustling the silence as sighs
Of a nun vibrating her veil in her love for a lost love still—
There's peace in the runnel clear,
And rest with contented herds;
Yea, joy in the flutter of birds;
And you know in the reigning peace and the beauty the Lord is near!

I think when God looks downward on the autumn scenes unfurled
He feels fresh satisfaction in the beauty of His world!
True, flower scents are scarcer than in leafy days of June,
And bird-songs are more plaintive than some summer afternoon;

There's something in the quiet, though, as sweet as sweetest
rhymes—
The Still Small Voice is nearer then than at all other times.
The crickets, like wee carriers that whistle where they go,
Bring tender little messages from those we used to know;
We journey through the gate unlatched by Fancy's servitor,
To where we had our sweetest dreams and where the old
friends are,
And halfway wish that life had passed with all our boyish
dreams,
When ripened nuts are falling with a spatter in the streams.

On winter nights we learn the truth, when by the fire alone,
That day thoughts are not such as those that come when
day is flown.
The clock's tick on the mantelpiece may be the only voice
Now left to call to mind the tones that made us once rejoice,
And features so familiar then, and smiles that we recall,
Are passed away or live alone in pictures on the wall.

And over at the graveyard, where my little firstborn lies—
He'd be well grown and manly now—the mockbird's
warblings rise.
'Tis strange none talk about him when the catbird pipes at
dawn,
For still he's with me all the time, as in the decades gone.
I wish that I could look on him just like he used to be,
A chubby little fellow still and toddling after me;
I wish that I could hear him once yet shouting at his play
As ere the angels, coming down, decoyed my boy away.
At nights when he grew weary he would climb upon my knees,
And, nestling cheek against my cheek, plead: "Yist one
stowey, p'ease!"
Although it seems but childish to recall such little things,
His prattle, innocent and dear, in recollection rings.
So many things go out of life that we had learned to prize,
And leave an ashen heap alone to mark Time's sacrifice;
But saddest is the passing of the baby words that die
With childhood and are heard no more save in the memory.

Friends' comfortings can warm no more than starfires in the night;
Philosophy's a feeble thing when Grief leaps up in might!
But clearer than the voice of youth, ere youth be overpast,
The song his mother used to sing of peace that comes at last:

"Far out through the mists of the Now, in the lily-loved region of Then,
Are the hills of One of these Days;
The lights and the shadows lie soft as sleep in the overworked eyes of men,
On the hills of One of these Days.
The noon is as deathless as truth and love; unheard is the sound of *no more*;
The music of lutes rings hopefully out, responding to Joy's encore,
Now full on the ears entranced, now faint on the tropical shore,
And the hills of One of these Days,
The hills of One of these Days.

"God fashioned them out of the loss of the pleasures of Paradise—
The hills of One of these Days—
To gladden the spirit that tires of the world with its tears and its tearful good-bys,
The hills of One of these Days—
O, fresh as the smile of a friend, when the patience of heart seems vain;
As bright as a steadfast splendor aglow in the midst of the rain;
And dear as the eyes we have loved, come back in a dream again,
Are the hills of One of these Days,
The hills of One of these Days!"

But hold—the ruralite, you know, is not obliged to sit
In solitude and never note men's wisdom and their wit.
I've marked lines in my Shakespeare, and I dote on Milton, too;
Preserve my Homer from the dust, keep Dante bright and new,

To be prepared should some guest speak about the poets old,
Who hid in many-worded quartz their grains of precious gold!
Let me confess—when fain to spend an hour from wordly smart,
Like Longfellow then I seek some one whose songs gushed from his heart.
O yes; I like my Shakespeare much, and Milton's lines, indeed;
I keep great poems but to praise, the minor ones to read!
But poetry is giving way to the Commercial Age,
And sentiment will be no more our cherished heritage?
Well, Mammon is a selfish king, oppressing where he may,
But God's curse follows him—the heart will yet dispute his sway!

Mammon's forces for a while may drive the patient sons of men,
Laugh to scorn the social prophet with a future-probing ken;
But the masses, turned to vassals by the Pharaohs on the throne,
Finding that their tasks are doubled should they murmur or make moan,
Will yet prove the past has really settled one eternal truth:
That the power that sows oppression in the end must garner ruth!
Anarchy? Let that be throttled! Liberty? Let that be hailed
As the friend of law and progress, unimpeached and unassailed!
But the Czar is not a despot that we have the most to fear;
Mammon hath the eyes that see not and the ears that will not hear;
And old sentiment, long-suffering, knows that it is not decreed
That those made in Deity's likeness must forever bow to greed!
When the masses rise like Samson, trying if their strength be shorn;
Feeling through their pulses quiver the fresh energy of morn;
Brooding on the wrongs of ages, trembling in their new-roused hate;
Fiercer for the wakened devil rushing through the patience gate—

What shall be the end, O dreamer? What disasters dire will swarm
When the thongs that bound fall broken and the masses lift their arm?

But pessimism is a plant whose blossom is distress;
Be mine to make hope more and more, and doubt forever less.
By looking we may see a rose: and, listening, hear a song;
So let us trust the good in man may linger with us long—
With thoughts that love best other days, and but a fossil now,
Few care, I think, when death may place his signet on my brow,
And yet I trust the time will be, when called on to depart,
While memories, as flowers in bloom, are fresh within my heart.

Out from the earthly harbor how soon will the going be?
Will the sunbeams' play on the waters enjewel the smiling sea?
Will the moments be woeful or pleasant, will the voyage be gloomy or gay,
On a course where the ship prows ever are headed the other way?
Shall we pass by the isles that are fragrant with flowers of a tropical clime,
Our bark with the blue waves moving as sweetly as rhyme with rhyme?

Out from the earthly harbor what time will the ship set sail?
Will the nights be formed of the shadows from the wings of an endless gale?
Shall we crouch in our berths in silence while away on the desolate waste
Lost shallops go floundering helmless in a gloom that shall not be effaced?
Shall we pass near the mystical star-lands where those of the other spheres
May shout in an unknown jargon their queries within our ears?
Out from the earthly harbor shall we drift in the by and by,
Unnoticed the clinging of loved ones, unheeded the kiss and the sigh?

But the compass of faith will avail us, and the prayers that
we have prayed
Will twinkle as lights in the distance, illuming the heaviest
shade;
And instead of the bell buoys sounding a warning of ambushed harm,
We will hear, "It is I," from the Saviour, as He called once
before through the storm!

THE BOUNDARIES OF THE BLUE

In childhood—when the bases of our dreams
Seem builded upon granite—I have gazed
In wonder on the evening skies, and raised
Vast shapes of mystery. I saw white gleams
Of sails beneath the stars; the tremulous beams
From desert camps, where, bearded and swart-faced,
The Mussulmen told legends weird; and traced
Great shadowy temples by the Old World's streams.
Then trustful Thought climbed Fancy's Nebo, whence
Like Moses in rapt vision, I would view
The Land that is the pilgrim's recompense—
O for unhindered faith which then I knew,
To see again, in its magnificence,
What lies beyond the boundaries of the blue!

SOLOMON NOKES'S VIEWS

A man of a plain but sensible kind
Was Solomon Nokes;
And his reasoning good, you would generally find—
This Solomon Nokes.
"Hate the bad in your natur'," is the way he would warn,
"An' encourage the good, is the lesson to l'arn:
The weeds need no hoein', but you hatter to work corn,"
Said Solomon Nokes.

"I've sprouted no wings; I'm a common old man,"
Said Solomon Nokes,
"But I cultivate charity all that I can,"
Said Solomon Nokes.
"Don't blame people quickly until you have seen
All p'ints of a question, from startin' to een':
Ripe fruit's ever better than that pulled green,"
Held Solomon Nokes.

"Might as well think right, too, as study up wrong,"
Urged Solomon Nokes
As, fat and industrious, he plodded along—
Old Solomon Nokes;
"The thoughts you're ashamed fer the good folks to know
Ain't elevatin' guests—better hint 'em to go:
With ants at the roots, roses have a pore show,"
Claimed Solomon Nokes.

LAFAYETTE RUPERT HAMBERLIN

[1861—1902]

P. H. EAGER

LAFAYETTE RUPERT HAMBERLIN, of Virginia ancestry, was born in Clinton, Mississippi, February 25, 1861. His mother, Virginia L. Stone, of a prominent Mississippi family, died when he was but two years of age, and his father, a scholarly clergyman educated at Mississippi College and Rochester Theological Seminary, entered the Confederate Army as chaplain in Joseph E. Johnston's Mississippi Division. Young Hamberlin until his thirteenth year, attended school in Meridian. That year he spent on a neighboring farm and the next moved with the family to Ocean Springs on the Mississippi Gulf Coast.

At sixteen he entered Mississippi College, remaining there four years. Interrupting his education by one year's service as principal of a collegiate institute in Greensburg, Louisiana, he resumed it at Richmond College, Virginia, in 1882. During his two years' course here he repeated his triumphs won at Mississippi College in oratory, reading, and editorial connection with the college magazines. For both of these institutions he cherished the tenderest affection, which he manifested by dedicating his first two volumes to them respectively. His first poems collected for publication in 1880 under the title of 'Lyrics,' were written while he was a student in his teens in Mississippi College and were dedicated to this institution.

He received his Bachelor's degree from Richmond College in 1884. To Richmond College he dedicated his best collection of poems, 'Alumni Lilts,' containing "The College Bell," the undergraduate song, "Strike Warm Your Cordial Hands," an alumni reunion song, and many other loving tributes to the college of which he had by merit become the poet laureate.

After six years spent in teaching in secondary schools in Tennessee and Louisiana he returned to Richmond College as instructor in elocution. This position he surrendered for a similar one in the University of North Carolina, which he held until called in 1892 to the position of instructor in elocution and English in the University of Texas. In this position and as adjunct professor he remained in Texas for seven years until he found an opportunity to enter Harvard for special study. This was in 1899, two years after the "Bach-

elor Poet of Mississippi" had married in Richmond, Virginia, Miss Lily Wilson, the daughter of an able clergyman. In the fall of 1900 he resumed teaching as adjunct professor of elocution and oratory at Vanderbilt University. He held this position until his untimely death on April 24, 1902.

Mr. Hamberlin seems always to have had an impulsive instinct for dramatic action, and it may be that Dr. Waggener, chairman of the University of Texas, was right when, in March, 1895, after a charming evening with "The Old Favorites," by Mr. Hamberlin, he sought him out and said:

"Go on the stage! No matter what excellence you may have reached in your work here, you are hiding your light and depriving the world of an actor." But while he did not go on the stage as a professional actor, he did figure prominently both North and South as a dramatic reader, and in this rôle he was a master. He was born with the artist's instinct and temperament.

One of the editors of this 'Library of Southern Literature,' Dr. Morgan Callaway, head of the Department of English in the University of Texas, and who was his associate in that institution seven years, and knew him as few were privileged to know him, speaks of Mr. Hamberlin in the following words: "Born with the instinct of an artist, he had cultivated this gift by long and unremitting study, until he stood in the very front rank of the vocal interpreters of literature; and I shall never forget the exquisite pleasure received at Professor Hamberlin's readings and recitations, especially his masterly presentation of Richelieu. The strength of his rendition lay in the sane and sympathetic presentation of his selections; these he had so thoroughly mastered that in his reading every faculty of body, mind, and soul beat in unison with his theme. And this mastery came of his belief in the 'holiness of beauty,' to the service of which he dedicated his life. In his specialty—Expression—he is an artist of the first class. He has sound theories, and best of all he exemplifies them. His renditions of literary masterpieces are delightful; with one exception there is no one on the American stage to-day whom I should prefer to hear." He was a member of the Board of Directors of the National Association of Elocutionists, and honored many times by that distinguished body; he appeared on their annual programs in New York, in 1892; in Chicago, in 1893; in Philadelphia, in 1894.

Mr. Hamberlin's early piety was marked and beautiful. Many of his verses express the Christian's experience of trust and doubt, hope and fear, joy and sorrow. He was the soul of honor, politeness, and generosity. He fulfilled his life mission honestly and faithfully.

He lived and labored rapidly, and judging by what he accomplished, he lived longer than many who could count twice forty-one years. He was handsome in person, vivacious in spirit, brilliant in intellect, fertile in fancy, and strong in imagination. He loved reality and simplicity and had a distaste for ostentation and mere seeming. He loved Nature with all his poet's soul; his love of birds, flowers, and trees was apparent. He knew the call of every bird and the form of every leaf. The city "smothered" him. Vanderbilt campus, where he watched for the redbirds in the morning, was his delight.

In him was the consistent beauty of high ideas and ideals, which make life a sweeter and happier thing: love of beauty, love of purity, a spirit of tenderness and kindness, Christian integrity and loyalty, loving fidelity to friends, delicacy of thought and feeling, finish of expression, a fine sense of form, responsiveness to the touch of Nature, high ideals of thought and conduct, belief in infinite pains, a high conception of one's work as the expression of his character, and, therefore, a holy thing, sublime courage to battle with the ills of life, even to the end, and a soul aglow with Southern warmth.

As a poet Mr. Hamberlin's work was still tentative and fuller of promise than achievement, but he was beginning to feel his way safely. We class Mr. Hamberlin among those lighter spirits, those companionable souls, who utter the smaller and nearer things of Nature and life, but who do speak, and speak truly. His verses are mostly brief, occasional, and spontaneous, produced at a sitting and presenting but a single phase of life or of things; an author, not for deep counsel in the emergencies of life, but a pleasant friend for sweet confidential words on everyday themes with all; a delightful companion for our moments of relaxation, through whose genial and humorous temperament we may get a breath of Nature for spiritual stimulation and refreshment.

Among Mississippi writers Mr. Hamberlin takes high rank as one of her most gifted poets. He is deserving of consideration both because of the amount and the variety of his work, and for certain unmistakable points of merit, which a careful reading of his poems will verify. His writings may be classified as follows: 'Lyrics,' 1880; 'Seven Songs,' 1887; 'Alumni Lilts and Other Lines,' 1892; 'A Batch of Rhymes,' 1893; 'In Colorado,' 1895; 'Rhymes of the War,' 1899; a total of 492 pages of poems, besides numerous uncollected poems, published in various newspapers and magazines, and preserved only in scrapbooks. Among these are many of his best lyrics. He wrote short stories, "Dick Richard," and "Lil"; essays, "Matthew Arnold," "Robert Browning," and a pamphlet, "Elements of Versification." Mr. Hamberlin's poems were published originally

in the New Orleans *Picayune* and *Times-Democrat,* the Jackson *Clarion-Ledger,* the Meridian *Democrat-Star,* the Richmond *Dispatch* and *Times,* and the magazines of Mississippi and Richmond colleges and of Texas and Vanderbilt universities. Many of them were copied in local papers, in the New York *Sun,* the New York *World, Current Literature,* and other journals of similar national circulation and influence.

The following quotation is from a published review of the volume 'Alumni Lilts and Other Lines,' when it first appeared in 1892:

"Poet-like, Mr. Hamberlin draws his material from three main sources; legend, Nature, and the passions of the soul. Of those legendary in origin "The Marble Heart" is a conspicuous example; of those inspired by communion with Nature, "August 28, 1890," or "Niagara," and the "Natural Bridge," would stand as a striking representative; of those revealing the heart's deepest feelings, "A Song of the Seas" might be mentioned. The author shows skill in verse-making. His compliance with the laws of rhythm and rhyme is exact, but easy and natural; while in character and number of feet employed the reader meets with a most pleasing variety. In reading the book one could scarcely fail to be impressed deeply by the poem, "What is the Song?" Its happy combination of the poetic and the devout is well suited to call to mind some of Addison's religious odes." Mr. Hamberlin had only begun experiments in the critical essay, but the little he had done gave evidence of a high order of critical ability. His essay on Browning's poetry is genuine criticism of real merit.

He lies buried at Richmond, Virginia, in "Hollywood" cemetery, with the noble dead about him; around him the things he most loved—murmuring waters, towering trees, blowing flowers, and singing birds—fit place for the body of poet to rest till the eternal waking.

O. H. Eager.

DICK RICHARD

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THAT? That is a picture of one of the rare things that have touched my life. Any story? Well, I never much thought of that brat's having any story. He seemed to have come from nowhere, stayed a little while, amused and worried us a bit, heard and was able to imitate almost every sound that was made about him, ran some errands, lied some, stole a little, had a scrap or two with the town boys, went off with some of them one night and tried to wreck a train and was started to the penitentiary—but never got there, and he isn't anywhere now I think; and that's his story. But he was odd, and I shall never forget him.

From where we never knew—just out of the woods it seemed—a negro girl in a forlorn condition strayed up to our back door one day and begged for food and shelter. She called herself Ann. She was taken care of. In a few weeks that boy was born. Dick his mother called him, and some of us children added Richard; and there he was—Dick Richard.

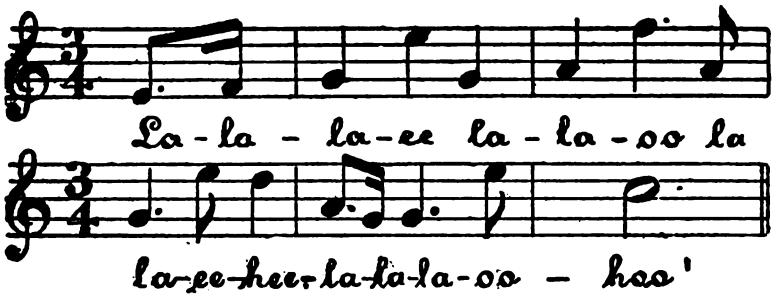
Dick Richard grew; more correctly, perhaps, time passed. Dick was a runt. He was soot-black and bow-legged. His head was like a little round cymling. His eyes reminded one of bullets, with lots of white. His lower lip hung and his ears were very large, from habits he had of holding two fingers in his mouth and of pulling his ears around to the front and stuffing them into the ear holes. He grew up with the younger children of the two or three families of the place, and perhaps thought himself one of them—only, he slept in a cabin, and they in "the house." He was nimble, and for the most part willing, and in a small way he was very convenient to all of us for quick errands and other light services. He could even work—while your eye was on him; but take it from him, and Dick Richard was off to the grape-vine, or the melon-patch, or the flower garden, or the water—anywhere but at his task. Even keep your eye upon him, and often you would find him standing motionless, two fingers in his mouth, the fingers of the other hand holding one ear

crammed in the hole, while his eyes seemed never to bat; he would be listening.

He heard everything. Dick had no soul; I am sure of that; many things made us all sure of that. But he had an ear—sometimes two, but mostly one at a time. Birds were plentiful, and our yard had all sorts of fowls; on one side of us was the Bay with its draw-bridge for trains and boats, and on the other was great Fort Bayou running far up into the coal-burners' camps in the pinelands; near us were the coal station and the switch yard for the coast trains; from more than one position on land and on water we could count several echoes to our childish shouts; the village was a mile above us, and Spanish Point half a mile below, and the "big road" was a good distance from our dwellings and was hidden by a wild rose hedge, and our neighbors and ourselves when approaching on the "big road" used always to shout a familiar yodel. Well, the birds sang, the fowls made their noises, the boats blew their horns, the trains hissed and tooted and rang and rattled, the yodels filled our little peninsula with many a sweet and merry sound, and echoes floated with their mockery, while the waters about us laughed or sighed as the winds were rough or gentle with them. Dick Richard heard all this; he could imitate all this—his little voice was simply a marvel in delicacy and color and truth in its imitation of everything. I sometimes thought while watching him stuffing one ear into the side of his head that he somehow had a theory that thus he could keep the sound that came in one ear from going out of the other. Sound was the soul of Dick Richard. And it used to be our delight to have him by the hour "take off" the sounds he had heard. He was at his best, however, when he was alone and in the mood—off in the garden, out among the flowers, on top of the scuppernong arbor, on the bluff or the sands of the Bay; by himself and "feeling like it," he seemed a veritably inspired little echo-box, and he knew we always listened. And, though we were aware of his powers, frequently we were startled by the guineas in the garden, the noon-day train at the wrong hour, the sailor's long call so close in shore, or, sweetest of all, the yodel one of us ourselves should

have sounded; then somebody would come to his senses and say "Dick!" and another would say, "The little rat!"—though how "rat" applied I never quite saw; and then we all listened, and Dick knew he was pleasing us.

I hinted just now that the yodel was his best performance; that was so perhaps because he had heard that the oftenest, perhaps because it was so musical and so human. Probably you have heard how of old the brave Biloxi Indians, rather than be taken by an overpowering foe, chose to march —men and women and children—down into the salt waters of our Bay for their grave; and how, ever since, the waters there have been strangely and sweetly vocal with what the legend makers tell us is the lingering music of that Indian death-song. I have heard those haunting strains; but sweeter far to me—the reality in the days of my youth, with the memory of it now in my later years—was the clear-voiced yodel of happy children, children wandering through the jasmine-yellow woods or along the shady road, lingering by the plenteous spring or gathering grapes from the wondrous old vines, wading barefoot over the shallow sea-sands or into the cooler depths of the small and flaggy bayous; boating here and there upon our loved waters; calling, ever calling, morning, noon and night, with glad fair voices of youth, and answering, ever answering, if only to hear the echoes that floated back from every quarter, echoes rejoicing themselves in the sweetness and simplicity of the life we led. No Indian song, of death or of life, could ever move my heart as did that simple yodel. And Dick Richard's ears had caught it in all its music, in all its variations; and his tongue could troll it sweeter than the coal barge horns could blow, sweeter than the mocking-birds could trill, sweeter than even our girls could sound that yodel. Like a little black snipe, as the sun went down, he waded along the shore below the bluff, spearing at crabs or fish, yodeling his heart away, calling to the friendly echoes—he knew them all, that flung the melody back at the strange little imp; till the fishermen answered his notes, and the sailors blew him a blast on their conchs, and the children for a mile up and down our beach learned to reply—



Why could not Dick have been content? When he got old enough he used to go to the village for the mail and small marketing. He met other companions, white and black. He took on town-boy ways. He got trifling, learned to lie and steal. He spent a month in the county jail, but he fared very well there; "Ole Miss's" own blankets went there to keep him warm, and many a cooky from her kitchen found its way to the county seat; while the jailer was good to him, he was "such an odd one." When his term was up he came home—a hero, and I do believe he would have enjoyed another term.

One night a train was partially wrecked just west of the Biloxi bridge. A crowd of boys, white and black, had obstructed the track in the cut over there, nearly causing a serious disaster. In the crowd was Dick—think of it!—little, foolish, yodeling Dick Richard! The boys were tried and sentenced to a term in the penitentiary. Confinement, indeed, was the only thing that could have placed a surety on Dick's conduct; it seemed to me that he was in no wise responsible for what he did. He had been brought up amongst the sweetest lives on earth, yet at the first opportunity he took to crime as a duck to water. Young as he was, he had no compunction, no fear, no remorse over any wrong he committed. "Old Miss" might lecture; Ann might beat him, and she often did, unmercifully; it was all wasted on Dick Richard. This lack of moral sense made what I am about to tell you very remarkable to me.

On the way from Mississippi City the night train brought the prisoners toward the east, to pass on its route our town —Ocean Springs. Our home was on the eastern shore of the Bay between us and Biloxi, and we could hear and see every

train that crossed the long bridge. A thousand trains Dick Richard had seen every year; countless times with a crowd of our children had he stood on the railroad "dump" and waved his hands at the engineers and passengers, laughing and dancing in a sort of elfin glee whenever a hand waved back at him. He knew the meaning of the hollow rumble and the solid roll of the wheels—one was over the water and the other on the land; he could shut his eyes and tell where the train was. As the train that bore him sped eastward over our bridge, it was near midnight. Dick had no soul—I feel sure of that; but, as he heard beneath him the hollow rumble of the trucks above the sea, his heart must have pictured a crowd of children on that eastern shore watching in the summer night the long "Cannon Ball" go rushing by. Dick Richard had no soul—I feel sure of that; but something told him that home was there, just there on the shore, half a mile away—the children were there, "Old Miss" was there, and flowers were there, the woods and the grapes were there, the Bay and the Bayou were there, the echoes were there, the sunset was there, all he knew was there—HOME was there; and he could not pass it, perhaps forever. All of a sudden, as the hollow rumbling began to grow into a solid roll a window smashed, a seat was empty, the bell was rung, the train stopped;—and, outside, a broken-bodied little black negro with gyves upon his wrists lay quivering on the hard new cross-ties that had lately been unloaded just where the Bay's waters were carelessly lapping the sands of our beach. And we children, and "Ole Miss," too, I think, were glad that Dick did not go to the "pen."

How the members of those families—one family indeed—have scattered since that summer night—to Virginia, Michigan, California, Tennessee, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas, Mexico! But every once in a while, in singles or in crowds, we all wander back to the old Bay Home. "Ole Miss" is there still, and Ann; and for every one of us rovers there is always a place in their hearts, and for every one of us when we come a place in the dear old home. And, as we near the wild-rose hedge that surrounds the home, we yodel still to let them know we are coming; but we sing it softlier now than of old, for a spell of loneliness holds the place, and Dick will

not come again to open the big gate for us to drive through. Poor Dick! Ugly, bad little Dick! Dear, dead little yodeling Dick Richard!

AUGUST

Did you note in the half-dim heavens last night
Around the moon that halo of light,
While one red star alone could be seen
Within that circle of silver sheen?

Fair Dian it was, and the hero Mars
Enwound with the girth of love mid the stars;
So queenly she with her chiseled grace,
So earnest he with his glowing face.

Her head was turned from the stern-mailed god,
Nor sound she vouchsafed by even a nod;
But I'm sure she could not help but hear,
He wooed so warmly and close to her ear.

Next night she had fled and the halo was gone,
And he with the stars was drifting on—
Each going their ways, forgetting, forgot,
And the silver girth unloosed from its knot.

FORGET-ME-NOTS

Dainty little blooms of blue,
Dear to lovers' hearts are you,
For the very name you bear
Lisps of love, and breathes love's prayer.

May not friendship claim you, too,
Dainty blooms of sky-lent hue?
May not dear old comradeship
Speak your name with fervent lip?

Tiny stars of dainty blue,
May the months be swift and few
While my friend and I must say—
"Me remember while away."

Purple petals, never dew
More shall pearl its beads on you;
But, as gentle 'membrancer,
You, though dead, shall speak of her.

FAR, FAR TO THE SOUTH

Far, far to the South, to the dear Land of Dreams,
My heart slips away like a sloop on the stream;
I float as a barque to a haven of bloom,
And harbor me there midst the flowers of doom:
The flowers of doom—aye, the poppies are there.
The satin-weft poppies, soft-scenting the air.

They loll in the light like a cloud of perfume;
They gleam, as they swing, like the silk in the loom;
Oh, rare on their stems that uprise through the grass,
They sway, and they lean on the breezes that pass;
The breezes grow drunken and dazed with perfume,
And linger, caressing the blossoms of doom.

And there, midst the color and odor, is she—
And stateliest bloom, and the sweetest, to me;
And I, like the breezes, grow faint, and remain,
To look and to sigh, and to love, and feel pain,
O flower so perfect—the poppies die soon;
What fate will be yours in the glare of the noon?

FOUR-LEAFED CLOVERS

Shadows of early morning
Across the clover lie—
White and red clover blossoms,
All fresh from the night gone by.

Dews of the moon-soft hours
Gleam in the growing light;
Pliant and sweet are the leaflets
And petals dew-'dorned in the night.

Bees, with a low, busy droning,
Suck at the clover stems,
Bearing away, as their toil-meed,
The saffron honey-gems.

Breezes and light steal softly
Over the clover lawn;
Love for a token is seeking,
Here in the early dawn.

Low in the leaves of the clover,
Heedless of bloom white or red,
Four-leafed stems am I seeking—
The love-luck token, 'tis said.

—Here where the bee is winging
His hum of full content,
Here where the dew is brightest,
Here where the shadow is spent.

Here in the cool of the morning,
Love in his search is blest;
For here I find, presageful,
A four-leaf clover-nest—

Stems twain with the fateful petals,
Two four-leafed clovers, dear;
And morning is brighter and sweeter,
And hope has overcome fear.

* * * * * *

Take the clovers, dearest;
May the charm they bear
Be like an amulet's witching,
Blessing the passion I dare.

SHE KISSED MY VIOLETS

I stood in waiting there before her,
  My heart athrob, aglow;
I ne'er had told the love I bore her,
  And yet—ah, did she know?

She held a moment in her fingers
  Some violets I'd brought:
(Ah, sometimes Time all breathless lingers
  To view the scene he's wrought:)

A moment paused she; then, a-seeming
  Like one who half forgets,
Like one who sighs in gentle dreaming,
  She kissed my violets.

My heart shall ne'er know joy completer,
  However fortune pets,
Than when, with lips than roses sweeter,
  She kissed my violets.

When hours are heavy grown with toiling,
  And duty's routine frets,
I sing, care's teasing fingers foiling,
  "She kissed my violets."

BLUE-BONNETS

Blue-bonnets—millions, aye, myriads—
  Purple, and tender with dew,—
Odorous, they fill with their daintiness
  Every glad morning anew.

Blue-bonnets—legioned, aye, numberless—
  Daring the white of the day—
Cheerful, they cheer us, though winds harshed with
  Dust-clouds o'erflaunt them away.

Blue-bonnets—star-thick—all purple and
  Sweet, they grow soft-hued, as night,
Slipping down slow with its restfulness,
  Hides them awhile from the light.

OUR STARS WERE CROSSED

Our stars were crossed.
From out the infinite of chaos, dashed
Their baby-gleams of destiny, and flashed
Along their separate ways, converging—born,
It seemed, to merge and melt in love's quick morn.
Our stars were crossed.

Our stars were crossed.
Oh, closer, trembling each, and thrilling down
Upon each other, bore each fatal crown
Of eager light; and then—a moment—oh,
A moment mingled in love's fiery glow.
Our stars were crossed.

Our stars were crossed.
O troubled, clinging mass—asunder torn:
From out that blending, twin-flames burst, fate-borne
Along the lonely paths ordained before
The meeting—now diverging evermore.
Our stars were crossed.

* * * * * *

Our stars were crossed.
We shall not meet again; and yet, we ne'er
Shall separate: our hearts have touched; we bear
The subtle thrill—a pain that pierceth you
And me with self-same pang—God's ages through.
Our stars were crossed.

AWAKENING

Time, like a mummied Pharaoh,
But held me asleep in his hand;
Nothing I knew of Life's import,
Nor cared I to understand:

Then came the thrill of your presence,
Then came the dew of your breath—
Then I awoke unto Love, dear,
Released from a living death.

HER WAYS

I do recall a hundred ways of hers—
  When she was angry, glad or shy, or loving:
How she would pat her little foot perverse,
  Or throw her arms about my neck, thus proving
The flame that stirred within her fluttering breast;
  How her blue-lacèd lids would slowly rise,
And give me only glimpses of her eyes—
  Eyes where dear Love hid, but to me confest.

These, and a hundred other woman's ways
Come back to me, as I sit here and gaze
Into the dimming coals, whose gentle heat
Feels on my cheek like her warm life so sweet,
When near my own her face lay, and her breath
Seemed like a thing beyond the touch of death.

LET LOVE BE BY

(*Boat Song.*)

Far, far, far, far,
Far from the city's din and jar!
Far in the fresh of the wild-flow'r air,
Far from the jangling cares that mar
Far where the world has room to spare,
Far afloat in a birchen car!
  Let Love be by, and daylight die,
  While music I make with the oars I ply.

Dream, dream, dream, dream,
Still, oh, still on the tranquil stream,
Let the breath of heav'n a whisper seem,
The river croon with sweetness a-teem,
The moonlight fall with velvet beam,
The star-sheen drift with mystic gleam,
  And Love be by, with her melting eye,
  While still as a dream in my skiff I lie.

Row, row, row, row,
Over the frothing waters go!
Let the breezes lull or the breezes blow,
Let the river rest or the river flow,
Let the moon be high or the moon be low,
Let the stars be pale or the stars be a-glow!
  So Love be by, what else care I?
  While over the waves in my boat I fly!

NEVER A LINE FROM YOU

Letter by letter the days bring on—
  Companionship's dearest lieu,
But, amongst the lines I gaze upon,
  There's never a line from you.

Have you forgotten I love to hear
  And know your lightest thought?
Is life so gay—dear heart, I fear—
  My face is crowded out?

Comes there never a silent hour
  When memory turns to me?
Is old time dead? has the present no power
  To call back our days by the sea?

Letter by letter, day by day,
  Longing I look them through;
But of them all, I only say,
  There's never a line from you.

SOMETIME

Sometime,
When like a wisp of angel's hair,
The slender moon floats in the air;
Or when, with full and beaming breast,
She glideth toward the wooing West—
I know that thou wilt then recall
  Some hours that then have long been dead;
And, midst the brightness of them all,
  Mine eyes from thine shall not be fled.

Sometime,
When odorous flowers are in thy hand,
On some far day, maybe long years;
When perfumes from their petals fanned
Pierce memory like a thousand spears—
I know that thou wilt then recall
  Some hours that then have long been dead;
And, midst the sweetness of them all,
  My face from thine shall not be fled.

Sometime,
When music greets thy weary ear—
The air of some long-loved old strain
That I have loved as thou hast, dear,
But which we ne'er shall sing again—
I know that thou wilt then recall
Some hours that then have long been dead;
And, midst the music of them all,
  My voice from thine shall not be fled.

SLUMBER SONG

Sleep, my baby, sleep,
  'Neath the cold, bright moon;
Sleep, the flowers weep,
  Morning cometh soon.
Sleep, dear baby, sleep,
  Rosy dreams be thine,
And of all the dreams you dream,
  May one dream be mine?

Closed the brown eyes are,
  Wide lie tresses brown,
Beams of yonder star
  Play through casement down.
Sleep, my baby, sleep,
  Gentle dreams of thine,
And of all the dreams you dream,
  May one dream be mine.

NEVER MIND THE RAIN

Often, in the queerest way,
  Though the frogs croaked loud and fast,
Have I seen the sunshine play
  Through the rainfall pelting fast;
And there rang all through my brain,
  As the storm was put to rout,
This: Never mind the rain
  While the sun shines out.

* * * * * *

And with all things that annoy,
  In the heaviest times we know,
Is a counterparting joy,
  Is a weal to baffle woe,
Mixed with loss there is a gain;
  So I plod along and shout
This: Never mind the rain
  While the sun shines out.

THE WOMAN IN THE MOON

With wax and wane of yonder fickle moon
  There comes and goes a vision known to few;
  Deft o'er the disc, with hand and chisel true,
Some god, whose love and fancy were in tune,
Hath carved the features of his mistress there.
  The lifted profile speaks a noble mind,
  Yet claims, withal, a woman's heart there shrined;
The full dark wealth of wondrous gathered hair
Proves woman's glory matching charms within;
  Below, the almost heaving bosom swells
    In shapely fairness 'neath the chisel-trace.
And ever as that orb doth fulness win,
  Its widening growth each day to me out-spells
    The bright medallion of that classic face.

WADE HAMPTON

[1818—1902]

M. C. BUTLER, SR.

GENERAL HAMPTON was born on Hasel Street, in the City of Charleston, South Carolina, on the twenty-eighth day of March, 1818, and died in the City of Columbia on the eleventh day of April, 1902, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He was the eldest grandson of General Wade Hampton, who served with distinction in the War of the Revolution, and eldest son of Colonel Wade Hampton, who was equally distinguished in the War of 1812. It will thus be seen he came by right of inheritance into the high estate to which he added so much luster by his own brilliant achievements. His early education was acquired at a school on Rice Creek, and later at the Columbia Academy, under the direction of Mr. Daniels, familiarly known as "Jimmy" Daniels, a strict and capable instructor of the old, perhaps better, school. Here he was prepared for the South Carolina College. He entered the class of 1836, in the eighteenth year of his age.

General Hampton was married to Margaret Frances Preston, the daughter of General Francis Preston, at Abingdon, Virginia, October, 1838. This gentle and accomplished lady was the sister of William C. and John S. Preston, two marvelous and entrancing orators, who charmed their hearers by their fervid eloquence and instructed them by their finished scholarship and learning.

The wife of General Hampton's second marriage was Mary Singleton McDuffie, the only child of George McDuffie, another of South Carolina's most illustrious and gifted statesmen.

The first military position held by General Hampton was as aide-de-camp to Governor Pierce M. Butler in 1836-38. This was then regarded, as it should be now, a post of honor and distinction, attended with responsible duties and obligations. Subsequently he became captain of the "Richland Light Dragoons," one of the crack companies of the State.

In 1852 Wade Hampton was elected third on the list of Representatives from Richland. In 1854 he was reëlected, and again in 1856 he returned at the head of the list. In 1858 he was elected State Senator, succeeding John S. Preston, whose canvass against James H. Adams had been a celebrated political event. It is said

that Hampton foretold the vote in that contest and came within two or three votes of the correct returns.

At the opening of the legislative session of 1861, the following letter was read in the Senate:

"Hon. W. D. Porter, President of the Senate:

"Sir: As my duties as an officer of the army render it impossible for me to discharge those of State Senator, I beg to tender my resignation as Senator from Richland.

"WADE HAMPTON."

General Hampton was opposed to secession. He was in Mississippi when the Governor called the Legislature together to consider calling a convention. He was not in the Senate when the vote was taken.

This is a brief outline of General Hampton's political services prior to the breaking out of the war for the establishment and independence of the Southern Confederacy. Call it "insurrection," "rebellion," "Civil War," "war between the States," or what not—a matter of small concern—it was *real* war, "a battle of the giants," and no soldier who took the field and did his duty for the establishment of that independence, need feel ashamed of his conduct. In the early fifties, the aggressive propaganda of the New England Abolitionists created intense excitement in the Southern slave-holding states, notably in this State. The State was divided into two active parties; one, under the leadership of R. B. Rhett, James H. Adams, Milledge L. Bonham, John H. Means, F. W. Pickens, and other distinguished, patriotic citizens, urged the immediate withdrawal of South Carolina from the Union, separate and alone, by resuming that part of her sovereignty she had delegated, for the forming of the Federal Union, and setting up for herself, independent of the action of her sister slave-holding states of the South.

The other party, under the leadership of A. P. Butler (at that time a United States Senator), Robert W. Barnwell, Preston S. Brooks, and other gentlemen equally patriotic and distinguished as the others, counseled moderation and non-action until the coöperation of the other slave-holding states could be secured. The latter counsels prevailed, and while I have no positive information as to General Hampton's affiliations in that controversy, which assumed an animated, rather bitter, character during its progress, I am quite sure, from his conservative, sedate temperament, he approved, if he did not actively advocate, the latter course. It is quite certain, as stated above, he was opposed to secession in 1860-61. It is equally certain

that when his fellow-citizens had acted, he threw his whole soul, body and fortune in the scale with them, as the sequel proved.

An accomplished, well-bred, well-educated gentleman, General Hampton belonged to that noble class of Southern land and slave owners, who by their high and incorruptible characters raised the standard of man and womanhood in the South, and gave well-earned prestige to their social distinction. Their relations to their slaves were more in the nature of a personal and sympathetic guardianship, than the harsh and oppressive taskmasters so often ascribed to them. Of course, there may have been exceptions, but the exceptions prove the rule.

General Hampton was a notable example of the kindly master, always solicitous for the welfare and well-being of his slaves, who manifested their appreciation by their affectionate regard for him. The negroes were happy and contented under his mild and temperate government—an ideal status for them in their then condition. While this class of Southern slave-owners, of which General Hampton was such a conspicuous and illustrious exponent, held the reins of public affairs, no scandal ever cast its baleful shadow over their official lives or poisoned the political atmosphere with its noxious vapors. Their rule of conduct, in discussing public questions, was to employ reason and argument and intelligence and never to descend to the tricks of the petty demagogue, by appealing to passion and prejudice, or soil their political ermine by personal traduction and vituperation.

It would be unprofitable, perhaps inappropriate, to speculate now what effect their absence from participation in State and National affairs might have had on the fate of our constitutional and popular institutions. It is sufficient to say, they hewed closely to the lines laid down by the fathers in the construction and administration of the best system of human government ever devised by man.

The preservation of the reserved rights of the States and of the people, and cordial, liberal support of the Federal Government, when acting within the sphere of its constitutional power and jurisdiction, were the guiding stars in their political firmament, from which their course never deviated.

Assembling in June, 1861, The Hampton Legion, of which he assumed command as colonel, Hampton led his dauntless soldiers to Virginia. He halted near Richmond, but was in time with his infantry to have a part in the memorable battle of Manassas. Wounded in this engagement severely and permanently, though not dangerously, he had with his noted Legion a significant part in the defence of Yorktown and in the many engagements around Williamsburg and Richmond. In 1862 the Legion as a separate organization

was broken up. The infantry retained the name of the Hampton Legion, but the four troops of the Legion battalion were added to six others and constituted the Second Carolina Cavalry. In the spring of this same year, Hampton was separated from his cavalry command by being made brigadier-general and assigned to the command of an infantry brigade, including his Hampton Legion. In the fall of the year he was restored to the branch of service he always preferred by being placed in command of the First Cavalry Brigade, Army of Northern Virginia. A detailed history of this brigade would be necessary in order to picture adequately General Hampton's military prowess and glory. Suffice it here to say that it had prominent part in the invasion of Pennsylvania and found ample opportunity for daring expeditions under the personal leadership of Hampton, along the Rappahannock in '62 and '63.

On August 3, 1863, he became a major-general and when Stuart was killed in May, 1864, was the ranking major-general of cavalry. In the memorable and terrific campaign of 1864, he was pitted against Sheridan, one of the ablest, and most capable and daring cavalry officers in the Federal Army. Well-nigh equally matched in subordinate commanders but unequally matched in arms, equipment, mounts and numbers, they met in fierce conflict in the two days' fight near Trevilian's Station. Sheridan was compelled to retreat. Between the eleventh and twenty-ninth of June Hampton defeated Sheridan, Gregg, and Wilson, the first and last having a force larger and superior to his own. His command in that time must have marched and counter-marched more than a hundred miles, with the scantiest supply of food for men and animals, and killed, wounded and captured as many men as he had under his command. It is doubtful whether a parallel for this can be found anywhere in the annals of military history.

His later service was in North Carolina, where he saved Weldon, and in South Carolina, where he won his final promotion, as lieutenant-general, on February 14, 1865, three days before Sherman's army sacked and burned Columbia. The march through South and North Carolina, the battle of Aerysboro, the early morning surprise and attack on Kilpatrick's camp, where that daring officer escaped from his camp in deshabille—the battle of Bentonville and the end came. General Hampton had determined to cross the trans-Mississippi Department and join the Confederate forces there. He accordingly left General Johnston's army at Greensboro, before the final terms of capitulation were arranged. He, however, changed his mind at Charlotte, North Carolina, and returned to his desolate home in Columbia, like so many thousands of his comrades, pauperized, but not dismayed, sustained by the consciousness of his duty well per-

formed, and proud of the great service he had rendered his country.

Thus ended his military career. It was honorable, brilliant, successful. General Robert E. Lee trusted and confided in him implicitly. He inspired his soldiers with a confidence in his leadership and respect for his person. They were ready to follow him blindly and unflinchingly. No higher test can be found of a commanding officer's ability. His bearing in camp was quiet, dignified, sedate. On the battlefield superb, faultless. He began life anew by devoting himself to the pacification and rehabilitation of his stricken State, was a delegate to the National Democratic Convention that nominated Seymour and Blair; also a member of the State Convention that met in Columbia to ratify the nomination of the National ticket.

General Hampton was a member of a strong delegation sent by a taxpayers' convention to protest with the authorities in Washington against their sustaining the enemies of law and order and decency in South Carolina. The remonstrance was strongly but respectfully presented, but the appeal was made to deaf and unsympathetic ears. No relief was vouchsafed.

In 1876, when every resource to secure peace and order was exhausted, the white people of the State met in convention at Columbia and nominated Hampton for Governor.

It is unnecessary for me to discuss at length the events of that political revolution, under Hampton's matchless leadership. It may safely be affirmed that every white man, woman and child, except the few time-servers and co-conspirators with the invading camp-followers, lined up behind Hampton and drove the criminals from the temples they had desecrated. It is due to the contingent of colored men who took their lives in their hands and contributed to the triumph of intelligence, law and order, to give them full credit for their aid.

I cannot linger to relate in detail the events following that election—the organization of the two Houses of the Legislature, the intensity of public feeling, the strain on the people, the anxiety, the excitement, the uncertainty, the interference by Federal troops, the final triumph of the Wallace House, Hampton's inauguration, and assumption of the reins of government.

Throughout the trying ordeal he was calm, sedate, firm, counseling patience and moderation, the central figure of a great momentous political upheaval, skilfully guiding the movements of the excited multitude through the storm of political and social redemption—he made a place in the hearts of his countrymen more enduring than any monument his grateful and admiring countrymen and countrywomen can ever erect to his memory.

He so administered the great office of Governor as to bring order

out of chaos and inspire confidence among all the people, by honestly managing the State's finances, justly executing the laws and fearlessly maintaining his constitutional prerogatives.

He was elected to the United States Senate during his second term as Governor, and took his seat on the fourth of March, 1879. There, as elsewhere, his lofty, exalted character soon impressed itself on his colleagues of that august body. His influence was always exerted for the good and welfare of his constituents, and dignity and honor of his State and the whole country.

He served two terms in the Senate, and one term as Commissioner of the Trans-continental Railroads, successor to General Joseph E. Johnston.

After his term as United States Railroad Commissioner ended, he returned to private life and passed his remaining days with a dignity and self-respect which nothing could affect. He has gone to join that brilliant galaxy of Confederate comrades who will beckon him into their ranks, in the spirit land, as a worthy companion of the highest and best and most chivalric of them.

General Hampton was well-nigh a perfect specimen of physical manhood. A little less than six feet in height, well proportioned, with a muscular development like a trained athlete. While punctiliously observant of the conventionalities and duties of polite life, he cared little for the glamour and frivolities of social pastime. His leisure hours were more congenially employed by the exciting chase of outdoor sports, and his unaffected nature more attracted by the movements and habits of the evasive trout.

In his relations with strangers he was rather reserved, without being forbidding, but with intimate friends was the soul of geniality and good cheer—always considerate, kindly and respectful.

He was endowed with a dignity that never suggested superiority, and yet free from condescension or haughtiness—always self-poised, self-respecting—a gentleman.

It would be flagrant flattery to say General Hampton had no faults. If he could speak, he would have a poor opinion of a man or woman who would set up such a claim. He was cordially human, with many of the weaknesses with which all human nature is affected, but his high and noble qualities of head and heart were so commanding and controlling as to overshadow his weaknesses and reduce them to the category of foibles.

Hampton's ambition was that of temperance, discretion; he did not contend in splendor with the rich or in faction with the seditious, but with the brave in fortitude, with the modest in simplicity, with the temperate in abstinence; he was more desirous to be than to

appear virtuous; and thus the less he courted popularity the more it pursued him.

General Hampton was a great cavalry soldier, one of the greatest of modern times, if not of any period of the world's history; he was an exemplary citizen of the loftiest and highest ideals of duty, devoted to the principles of constitutional government, a statesman of sound judgment and wisdom, an incorruptible gentleman. What more can or need be said of him?

INAUGURAL ADDRESS

GENTLEMEN OF THE SENATE
AND HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES:

IT is with feelings of the profoundest solicitude that I assume the arduous duties and grave responsibilities of the high position to which the people of South Carolina have called me. It is amid events unprecedented in this Republic, that I take the chair as Chief Magistrate of this State. After years of misrule, corruption, and anarchy, brought upon us by venal and unprincipled political adventurers, the honest people of the State, without regard to party or race, with one voice demanded reform, and with one purpose devoted themselves earnestly and solemnly to the attainment of this end. With a lofty patriotism never surpassed, with a patience never equaled, with a courage never excelled, and with a sublime sense of duty which finds scarce a parallel in the history of the world, they subordinated every personal feeling to the public weal, and consecrated themselves to the sacred work of redeeming their prostrate State. To the accomplishment of this task, they dedicated themselves with unfaltering confidence and with unshaken faith, trusting alone to the justice of their cause, and commending that cause reverently to the protection of the Almighty. When the corrupt party which for eight years has held sway in this State, bringing its civilization into disgrace and making its government a public scandal, saw that the demand for reform found a responsive echo in the popular heart, and that the verdict of the

people would be pronounced against those who have degraded the State, they appealed to Federal intervention, and by a libel on our whole people as false as it was base, called in the soldiery of the United States Army to act as supervisors of our election. In a time of profound peace, when no legal officer had been resisted in the proper discharge of his functions, we have witnessed a spectacle abhorrent to every patriotic heart and fatal to republican institutions—Federal troops used to promote the success of a political party. Undismayed, though shocked by this gross violation of the Constitution of the country, our people, with a determination that no force could subdue, no fraud could defeat, kept steadily and peacefully in the path of duty, resolved to assert their rights as American freeman at the ballot box—that great court of final resort before which must be tried the grave questions of the supremacy of the Constitution and the stability of our institutions. What the verdict of the people of South Carolina has been, you need not be told. It has reverberated throughout the State, and its echoes come back to us from every land where liberty is venerated, declaring in tones that cannot be mistaken, that, standing on the Constitution of our country, we propose to obey its laws, to preserve, as far as in us lies, its peace and honor, and to carry out in good faith every pledge made by us for reform and honest government. We intend to prove to the world the sincerity of our declaration, that the sole motive which inspired the grand contest we have so successfully made, was not the paltry ambition for party supremacy, but the sacred hope of redeeming our State. It was this hope that led our people to a victory which was grander in its proportions, greater in its success, nobler in its achievement, and brighter in its promise of prosperity, than any other ever waged on this continent. But it was sought to wrest the fruits of this magnificent victory from the hands that won it, by a gigantic fraud and a base conspiracy. When the members elect of the General Assembly repaired to the Capitol to take the seats to which the people of South Carolina had assigned them, armed soldiers of the Federal Government confronted them, and their certificates of election were examined and passed upon by a corporal of the guard. A spectacle so hu-

miliating to a free people, and so fatal to republican institutions, has never been presented in America. It could not have been witnessed even here, where civil liberty has for years been but a mockery, had not the ruthless hand of military power struck down the most sacred guarantees of the Constitution; for the tread of the armed soldier, as he made his rounds through the halls of legislation, was over the prostrate form of liberty herself. It was amid these ominous, these appalling scenes, that the members of the General Assembly were called on to assume their duties as the representatives of a free state, and that State one of the original thirteen which won our independence and framed our Constitution. That the natural patriotic indignation of our people did not find expression in violence, is creditable in the highest degree to them; and this was due in a large measure to the statesmanlike and dignified conduct of those members of the General Assembly who had been made the victims of this gross outrage on their persons and this daring conspiracy against their constitutional rights. Debarred the free exercise of their rights by the presence of an armed force, a legal quorum of the lower House, after placing on record a noble protest, quietly withdrew from the Capitol and proceeded to organize that branch of the General Assembly. Not one form of law nor one requirement of the Constitution was wanting to give force and legality to this organization; and that its authority has not been fully recognized is due solely to the same armed usurpation which has subordinated the civil to the military power throughout this whole contest. Of the disgraceful, dangerous, and revolutionary proceedings resorted to by the defeated party after the organization of the lower House, it is needless for me to speak. You have been the witnesses and the victims of these, and the civilized world has looked on with amazement, disgust, and horror; you have seen a minority of that House usurp the powers of the whole body; you have seen the majority expelled from their hall by threats of force; you have seen persons having no shadow of a claim as members, admitted to seats as representatives by the votes of men who themselves were acting in direct violation of the Constitution; and you have seen the last crowning act of infamy by which a

candidate for the office of Governor, defeated by the popular vote, had himself declared elected by his co-conspirators. I make no comment on these flagrant outrages and wrongs; it pertains to the General Assembly to take such action in regard to them as that honorable body may deem proper. But it is due to my position as the Chief Magistrate of this commonwealth to place on record my solemn and indignant protest against acts which I consider as subversive of civil liberty and destructive of our form of government. These are questions which concern not us alone but the people of the United States; for if facts so unauthorized and so unconstitutional are allowed to pass without rebuke, popular government, as established by the Constitution, will give place to military despotism. Our duty, the duty of every patriot, is to demand a strict construction of the Constitution and a rigid adherence to its provisions. We can only thus preserve our liberties and our Government. A great task is before the Conservative party of this State. They entered on this contest with a platform so broad, so strong, so liberal, that every honest citizen could stand upon it. They recognized and accepted the amendments of the Constitution in good faith; they pledged themselves to work reform and to establish good government; they promised to keep up an efficient system of public education; and they declared solemnly that all citizens of South Carolina, of both races and of both parties, should be regarded as equals in the eye of the law—all to be fully protected in the enjoyment of every political right now possessed by them.

To the faithful observance of these pledges we stand committed; and I, as the representative of the Conservative party, hold myself bound by every dictate of honor and of good faith, to use every effort to have these pledges redeemed fully and honestly. It is due, not only to ourselves, but to the colored people of the State, that wise, just, and liberal measures should prevail in our legislation. We owe much of our late success to those colored voters who were brave enough to rise above the prejudice of race, and honest enough to throw off the shackles of party in their determination to save the State. To those who, misled by their fears, their ignorance, or by evil counselling turned a deaf ear to our appeals,

we should be not vindictive, but magnanimous. Let us show to all of them that the true interests of both races can best be secured by cultivating peace and promoting prosperity among all classes of our fellow-citizens. I rely confidently on the support of the members of the General Assembly in my efforts to attain these laudable ends; and I trust that all branches of the government will unite cordially in this patriotic work. If so united and working with resolute will and earnest determination, we may hope soon to see the dawn of a brighter day for our State. God, in His infinite mercy, grant that it may come speedily; and may He shower the richest blessings of peace and happiness on our whole people.

WILL N. HARBEN

[1858—]

ANNIE BOOTH McKINNEY

BORN July 5, 1858, in Dalton, Georgia, Will N. Harben is descended from the Harbens of Somersetshire, England, through a younger son that came to Virginia in 1625, and among his ancestors he numbers a brother of Daniel Boone. His mother was of the Bowman family, well known in the early history of Virginia and Kentucky. His childhood and youth were spent in Dalton. Will Harben, as a schoolboy, was not studious. The close confinement and application necessary for a thorough education were wholly irksome to his care-free, outdoor temperament. He rebelled against restraint, and early broke through the bars of school life. His usual position in class, as he admits to-day without shame, was at the bottom of the line. Upon one occasion, when required, unexpectedly, to present an original "composition," he sauntered down the aisle and gave the first two chapters of his initial novel, 'The Silent Hunter of the Great West.' It was lurid, but thrilled and enraptured his auditors, who awaited hungrily the fulfilment of his promise—"to be continued in our next."

Will Harben's literary experience is unique, and should be an encouragement to aspiring authors. He did not attempt serious creative work until twenty-eight, after testing his fitness for mercantile life in Georgia and Tennessee. In this commercial experiment he was totally unsuccessful, for he chafed against his narrow environment and the sordid outlook on life. Will Harben was essentially a dreamer and, despite the indubitable fact that to-day he is on the road that leads to permanent fame, and is justly noted for his virile grasp and presentment of important questions through the medium of fiction, he is still a dreamer. It is claimed that to succeed in literature one must first fail; this may be true, but if it be so, it is a rule proved by interesting exceptions. At any rate Will N. Harben's way toward recognition was by no means smooth. There were many boulders over which he stumbled. In fact he was well-nigh ditched by that most serious stumbling-block, his first book, 'White Marie,' though he declares his motives to have been as creditable as any actuating his later work. Like many another blunder, it served to advertise and call attention to the young author,

who tells how he awoke to find himself famous, or as some critics then claimed, infamous.

It was fourteen years after this unlucky production that Mr. Harben chose the clearer road that has led him to undoubted success. Carlyle says: "Thou mayst not know thyself, but find thy work—and do it." Assuredly none can deny that Will Harben has found his work—work thoroughly adapted to him—which he is now doing energetically and well. It can be justly claimed that this author was among the pioneer Southern writers to realize the immense value of specialization. So soon as he began to localize his stories, confining them to Northern Georgia; and to present well-defined types that he knew thoroughly, because he had moved and lived his life among them, just so soon did the veriest stranger to his country and his people feel the fidelity of his portraiture and proffer him a flattering appreciation.

In 1900 he entered upon the charmed path leading to fame in his own country and abroad, with a volume of short stories reprinted from various leading periodicals called 'North Georgia Sketches,' which at once lifted their author into prominence. A significant incident in this connection is that almost immediately after the publication of this volume Mr. Harben received a letter from the dean of American letters, W. D. Howells, who in behalf of the Harpers asked that he submit to that firm a novel treating of the same locality. He forwarded 'Westerfeldt,' previously rejected by all the leading publishers, even Harper and Brothers themselves, who now accepted and promptly published it in 1901. Close upon the heels of 'Westerfeldt' followed 'Abner Daniel,' 1902, which was particularly timely, since the country was still diverted over 'David Harum.' One periodical declared it to be a "pity to hamper such a good story by calling it the 'David Harum of the South.'" Certain it is that 'Abner Daniel' made a wide appeal, North as well as South, and really laid the foundation stone of Mr. Harben's reputation as a delineator of character. Crude, whimsical, sarcastic, yet good-natured, droll, witty, human, Abner Daniel stands quite apart, and it is unlikely that his creator will ever surpass this creation. This author's succeeding books may be listed as follows: 'The Substitute,' 1903; 'The Georgians,' 1904, in which Abner enters once more; 'Pole Baker,' 1905; 'Ann Boyd,' 1906; 'Mam Linda,' 1907. No one can read carefully any of these stories and fail to be impressed by their underlying sincerity, or fail to rejoice in the crisp humor that seems to be as much a part of old Abner and Pole Baker as the blue is of the sky. But his latest stories unquestionably show an advance, less in the delightful humor than in a surer handling of the dramatic elements.

In 'Ann Boyd,' one of the most forceful productions in the realm of fiction in recent years, the portrait of the heroine is done in primary colors, limned indelibly on the memory with the bold stroke of a master. Few American writers have done anything more sincere than this character sketch. In his last book, 'Mam Linda,' Mr. Harben touches at once strongly and humanely a question that has come to be a part of the social and ethical life of to-day throughout the entire nation. The writer has presented the race problem sanely and convincingly, yet without bitterness or bias, and at the same time interwoven with it is the prettiest love-idyl he has attempted.

To quote his own words: "I don't know which of my books fairly represent me; in fact, not one of them would, I am afraid. I wish I could write you fully of myself, but I simply can't. I have lived so very, very much and felt so much, and suffered, and enjoyed and gloated and despaired—but I can't put it on paper; not yet, anyway."

To analyze Will N. Harben's characteristics: he is, first, American in breadth of outlook and understanding; next, he is typically Southern in his impulses and enthusiasms, his warm humaneness and generosities. He is practical and dreamy—an idealist and a realist—a confessed contradiction; owning not only a fair allotment in the domain of talent, but able to glimpse that dangerous, enchanted kingdom of genius.

To sum up his work: it is marked by simplicity and directness; terse yet never bald; as if the man is so dominated by his story, the faithful presentment of his men and women, that he cannot afford the introduction of one extraneous syllable. Notwithstanding this clear simplicity of his style, it is full of individuality. As all the reading-world knows, Will Harben excels in characterization; yet is his stage well set, his *mise en scène* always colorful. His books have atmosphere, and thus he enlists our sympathy and interest in the scenes as well as the people he portrays. He never hurries, never slurs; perhaps because he lives with his books, makes their people his daily intimates, living their lives and thinking their thoughts. So, when he takes up his pen, his stories lie before him like a well-tilled field ripe for the reaping.

Among present-day Southern writers Mr. Harben occupies an enviable place, and the later host of literary aspirants should need no better example of steadfastness of purpose resulting in achievement of a high order.

Annie B. McGinnis

ABNER'S CONSOLATION

From 'Abner Daniel.' Copyright by Harper and Brothers. By kind permission of the author and the publishers.

THAT evening after supper, the family remained, till bedtime, in the big, bare-looking dining-room, the clean, polished floors of which gleamed in the light of a little fire in the big chimney. Bishop's chair was tilted back against the wall in a dark corner, and Mrs. Bishop sat knitting mechanically. Abner was reading—or trying to read—a weekly paper at the end of the dining-table, aided by a dimly burning glass-lamp. Aunt Maria had removed the dishes, and, with no little splash and clatter, was washing them in the adjoining kitchen.

Suddenly Abner laid down his paper and began to try to console them for their loss. Mrs. Bishop listened patiently, but Bishop sat in the very coma of despair, unconscious of what was going on around him.

"Alf," Abner called out, sharply, "don't you remember what a close-fisted scamp I used to be about the time you an' Betsy fust hitched together?"

"No, I don't," said the man addressed, almost with a growl at being roused from what could not have been pleasant reflections.

"I remember folks said you was the stingiest one in our family," struck in Mrs. Bishop, plaintively. "Law me! I hain't thought of it from that day to this. It seems powerful funny now to think of you havin' sech a reputation, but I railly believe you had it once."

"An' I deserved it." Abner folded his paper, and rapped with it on the table. "You know, Betsy, our old daddy was as close as they make 'em; he had a rope tied to every copper he had, an' I growed up thinkin' it was the only safe course in life. I was too stingy to buy ginger-cake an' cider at camp-meetin' when I was dyin' fer it. I've walked round an' round a old nigger woman's stand twenty times with a dry throat an' my fingers on a slick dime, an' finally made tracks fer the nighest spring. I had my eyes opened to stinginess bein' ungodly by noticin' its effect on pa. He was a natural human bein' till a body tetched his pocket, an' then he was a rantin'

devil. I got to thinkin' I'd be like 'im by inheritance ef I didn't call a halt, an' I begun tryin' in various ways to reform. I remember I lent money a little freer than I had, which wasn't sayin' much, fer thar was a time when I wouldn't 'a' sold a man a postage-stamp on a credit ef he'd 'a' left it stuck to the back o' my neck fer security.

"But I'll tell you how I made my fust great big slide towards reformation. It tuck my breath away, an' lots o' my money; but I did it with my eyes open. I was jest a-thinkin' a minute ago that maybe ef I told you-uns about how little it hurt me to give it up you mought sleep better to-night over yore own shortage. Alf, are you listenin'?"

"Yes, I heard what you said," mumbled Bishop.

Abner cleared his throat, struck at a moth with his paper, and continued: "Betsy, you remember our cousin, Jimmy Bartow? You never knowed 'im well, beca'se you an' Alf was livin' on Holly Creek about that time, an' he was down in our neighborhood. He never was wuth shucks, but he twisted his mustache an' greased his hair an' got 'im a wife as easy as fallin' off a log. He got to clerkin' fer old Joe Mason in his store at the cross-roads, and the sight o' so much change passin' through his fingers sort o' turned his brain. He tuck to drinkin', an' tryin' to dress his wife fine, an' one thing or other, that made folks talk. He was our double fust cousin, you know, an' we tuck a big interest in 'im on that account. After a while old Joe begun to miss little dribs o' cash now an' then, an' begun to keep tab on Jimmy, an' 'fore the young scamp knowed it, he was ketched up with as plain as day.

"Old Joe made a calculation that Jimmy had done 'im, fust and last, to the tune of about five hundred dollars, an' told Jimmy to set down by the stove an' wait fer the sheriff.

"Jimmy knowed he could depend on the family pride, an' he sent fer all the kin fer miles around. It raised a awful rumpus, fer not one o' our stock an' generation had ever been jailed, an' the last one of us didn't want it to happen. I reckon we was afeerd ef it once broke out amongst us it mought become a epidemic. They galloped in on the'r hosses an' mules, an' huddled around Mason. They closed his doors, back an' front, an' patted 'im on the back, an' talked about

the'r trade an' influence, an' begged 'im not to prefer charges; but old Joe stood as solid as a rock. He said a thief was a thief, ef you spelt it back'ards or for'ards, or ef he was akin to a King or a corn-fiel' nigger. He said it was, generally, the bigger the station the bigger the thief. Old Joe jest set at his stove an' chawed tobacco an' spit. Now and then he'd stick his hands down in his pockets an' rip out a oath. Then Jimmy's young wife come with her little teensy baby, an' set down by Jimmy, skeerd mighty nigh out of 'er life. Looked like the baby was skeerd too, fer it never cried ur moved. Then the sheriff driv' up in his buggy an' come in clinkin' a pair o' handcuffs. He seed what they was all up to an' stood back to see who would win, Jimmy's kin or old Joe. All at once I tuck notice o' something that made me madder 'n a wet hen. They all knowed I had money laid up, an' they begun to ax old Mason ef I'd put up the five hundred dollars would he call it off. I was actu'ly so mad I couldn't speak. Old Joe said he reckoned, seein' that they was all so turribly set back, that he'd do it ef I was willin'. The old Nick got in me then as big as a side of a house, an' I give the layout about the toughest talk they ever had. It didn't faze 'em much, fer all they wanted was to get Jimmy free, an' so they tuck another tack. Ef they'd git up half amongst 'em all, would I throw in t'other half? That, ef anything, made me madder. I axed 'em what they tuck me fer—did I look like a durn fool? An' did they think beca'se they was sech fools I was one?

"Old Tommy Todd, Jimmy's own uncle, was thar, but he never had a word to say. He jest set and smoked his pipe an' looked about, but he wouldn't open his mouth when they'd ax him a question. He was knowed to be sech a skinflint that nobody seemed to count on his help at all, an' he looked like he was duly thankful fer his reputation to hide behind in sech a pressure.

"Then they lit into me, an' showed me up in a light I'd never appeared in before. They said I was the only man thar without a family to support, an' the only one thar with ready cash in the bank, an' that ef I'd let my own double fust cousin be jailed, I was a disgrace to 'em all. They'd not nod to me in the big road, an' ud use the'r influence agin my stayin' in

the church an' eventually gittin' into the Kingdom o' Heaven. I turned from man to devil right thar. I got up on the head of a tater-barrel behind the counter, an' made the blamest speech that ever rolled from a mouth inspired by iniquity. I picked 'em out one by one an' tore off their shirts, an' chawed the buttons. The only one I let escape was ole Tommy; he never give me a chance to hit him. Then I finally come down to the prisoner at the bar an' I larruped him. Ever' time I'd give a yell, Jimmy ud duck his head, an' his wife ud huddle closer over the baby like she was afeerd splinters ud git in its eyes. I made fun of 'em till I jest had to quit. Then they turned the'r backs on me an' begun to figure on doin' without my aid. It was mortgage this, an' borrow this, an' sell this hoss or wagon or mule or cow, an' a turrible wrangle. I seed they was gittin' down to business an' I left 'em.

"I noticed old Tommy make his escape, an' go out an' unhitch his hoss, but he didn't mount. Looked like he 'lowed he was at least entitled to carryin' the news home, whether he he'ped or not. I went to the spring at the foot o' the rise an' set down. I didn't feel right. In fact, I felt meaner than I ever had in all my life, an' couldn't 'a' told why. Somehow I felt all at once ef they did git Jimmy out o' hock an' presented 'im to his wife an' baby without me a-chippin' in, I'd never be able to look at 'em without remorse, an' I did think a lots o' Jimmy's wife an' baby. I set thar watchin' the store about as sorry as a proud sperit kin feel after a big rage. Fust I'd hope they'd git up the required amount, an' then I'd almost hope they wouldn't. Once I actually riz to go offer my share, but the fear that it ud be refused stopped me. On the whole, I think I was in the mud about as deep as Jimmy was in the mire, an' I hadn't tuck nobody's money nuther. All at once I begun to try to see some way out o' my predicament. They wouldn't let me chip in, but I wondered ef they'd let me pay it all. I believed they would, an' I was about to hurry in the store when I was balked by the thought that folks would say I was a born idiot to be payin' my lazy, triflin' kinfolks out o' the consequences o' the'r devilment; so I set down agin, an' had another wrastle. I seed old Tommy standin' by his hoss chawin' his ridin'-switch an' watchin' the door. All at once he looked mighty contemptible, an' it struck me that I

wasn't actin' one bit better, so I riz an' plunged fer the door. Old Tommy ketched my arm as I was about to pass 'im an' said, 'What you goin' to do, Ab?' An' I said, 'Uncle Tommy, I'm a-goin' to pay that boy out ef they'll let me.'

" 'You don't say,' the old fellow grunted, lookin' mighty funny, an' he slid in the store after me. Somehow I wasn't afeerd o' nothin' with or without shape. I felt like I was walkin' on air in the brightest, safest sunshine I ever felt. They was all huddled over Mason's desk still a-figurin' an' a-complainin' at the uneven division. Jimmy set thar with his head ducked an' his young wife was tryin' to fix some'n' about the baby. She looked like she'd been cryin'. I got up on my tater-barrel an' knocked on the wall with a axe-handle to attract the'r attention. Then I begun. I don't know what I said, or how it sounded, but I seed Jimmy raise his head an' look, an' his wife push back her poke-bonnet an' stare like I'd been raised from the grave. Along with my request to be allowed to foot the whole bill, I said I wanted to do it beca'se I believed I could show Jimmy an' his wife that I was doin' it out o' genuine regard fer 'em both, an' that I wanted 'em to take a hopeful new start an' not be depressed. Well, sir, it was like an avalanche. I never in all my life seed sech a knocked-out gang. Nobody wanted to talk. The sheriff looked like he was afeerd his handcuffs ud jingle, an' Jimmy bu'st out cryin'. His wife sobbed till you could 'a' heerd her to the spring. She sprang up an' fetched me her baby an' begged me to kiss it. With her big glad eyes, an' the tears in 'em, she looked nigher an angel than any human bein' I ever looked at. Jimmy went out the back way wipin' his eyes, an' I went to Mason's desk to write him a check fer the money. He come to my elbow an' looked troubled.

" 'I said it was five hundred dollars,' said he, 'but I was sorter averagin' the loss. I ain't a-goin' to run no risks in a matter like this. I'd feel better to call it four hundred. You see, Jimmy's been a sort of standby with me, an' has fetched me lots o' trade. Make it four hundred and I'll keep 'im. I don't believe he'll ever git wrong agin.'

"And Jimmy never did. He stayed thar for five yeer on a stretch, an' was the best clerk in the county! I was paid a thousandfold. I never met them two in my life that they

didn't look jest like they thought I was all right, an' that made me feel like I was to some extent. Old Tommy, though, was the funniest thing about it. He bored me mighty nigh to death. He'd come to my cabin whar I was livin' at the time an' set by my fire an' smoke an' never say hardly a word. It looked like som'n' was on his mind, an' he couldn't git it off. One night when he'd stayed longer'n usual, I pinned 'im down an' axed 'im what was the matter. He got up quick an' said nothin' ailed 'im, but he stopped at the fence an' called me out. He was as white as a sheet an' quiverin' all over. Said he: 'I've got to have this over with, Ab. I may as well tell you an' be done with it. It's been botherin' the life out o' me, an' I'll never git rid of it till it's done. I want to pay you half o' that money you spent on Jimmy. I had the cash that day, an' it ain't done me one bit o' good sence then. I'll never sleep well till I go you halvers.'

" 'I cayn't sell that to you, Uncle Tommy,' I said, laughin'. 'No, siree, you couldn't chip into that investment ef you doubled your offer. I've found out what it is wuth. But,' said I, 'ef you've got two hundred that's burnin' a hole in yore pocket, ur conscience, an' want to yank it out, go give it to Jimmy's wife to he'p her to educate that baby.'

"It struck 'im betwixt the eyes, but he didn't say yes or no. He slid away in the moonlight, all bent over an' quiet. I never seed 'im agin fer a month, an' then I called 'im out of a crowd o' fellers at the court-house an' axed 'im what he'd done. He looked bothered a little, but he gave me a straight look like he wasn't ready to sneak out o' anything.

" 'I thought it over,' said he, 'but I railly don't see no reason why I ort to help Jimmy's child anymore'n a whole passle o' others that have as much claim on me by blood; but somehow I do feel like goin' cahoot with you in what's already been done, an' I'm still ready to jine you, ef you are willin'.'

"I didn't take his money, but it set me to thinking. When old Tommy died ten years after that, they found he had six wool socks filled with gold an' silver coin under his house an' nobody ever heerd o' his doin' any charity work. I wish now that I'd 'a' lifted that cash an' 'a' put it whar it would do good. If I had he'd 'a' had a taste o' some'n that never glorified his pallet."

When Abner concluded, Mrs. Bishop went to the fire and pushed the chunks together into a heap in the fireplace. Bishop moved in his chair, but he said nothing.

"I remember heerin' about that, brother Ab," Mrs. Bishop said, a reminiscent intonation in her voice. "Some folks wondered powerful over it. I don't believe money does a body much good jest to hold an' keep. As the Lord is my judge, I jest wanted that bank deposit fer Alan and Adele. I wanted it, an' I wanted it bad, but I cayn't believe it was a sin."

Something like a groan escaped Bishop's lips as he lowered the front posts of his chair to the floor.

"What's the use o' talkin' about it?" he said impatiently. "What's the use o' anything?"

He rose and moved towards the door leading to his room.

"Alfred," Mrs. Bishop called to him, "are you goin' to bed without holdin' prayer?"

"I'm goin' to omit it to-night," he said. "I don't feel well, one bit. Besides, I reckon each pusson kin pray in private according to the way they feel."

Abner stood up, and removing the lamp-chimney he lighted a candle by the flame.

"I tried to put a moral lesson in what I said just now," he smiled mechanically, "but I missed fire. Alf's sufferin' is jest unselfishness puore an' undefiled; he wants to set his children up in the world. This green globe is a sight better'n some folks think it is. You kin find a little speck o' goody in mighty nigh ever' chestnut."

"That's so, brother Ab," said his sister; "but we are ruined now—ruined, ruined!"

"Ef you will look at it in that way," admitted Abner, reaching for his candle; "but thar's a place ahead whar thar never was a bank, or a dollar, or a railroad, an' it ain't fur ahead, nuther. Some folks say it begins heer in this life."

THE SALE OF THE MAMMOTH WESTERN

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As George Mandel entered the store, and made his way between the long counters to the sitting-room in the rear where the storekeeper and his wife and pretty daughter sat before the wood fire in the wide chimney, the storekeeper stared over his shoulder at him, and then, with an angry exclamation, rose and left the room. He was an enormously fat man, and the planks of the flooring creaked and groaned under his sturdy tread as he strode past dusty barrels and boxes to the front. For a moment he allowed his massive form to fill the doorway as he glared back at the group at the fire, and then, with another snort of fury, he stepped down on the sidewalk and walked on to the village post-office.

"George," was the older woman's greeting to the newcomer, "what have you done to Mr. Sedgewith? Anybody can see he's mad at you."

The young man flushed under the combined upward stare of mother and daughter, and twisted his hands awkwardly one in the other as he leaned over the back of the chair the storekeeper had just vacated.

"I'm afraid I got the old gentleman good and mad at me up at the Court-House Square a while ago," he made slow answer. "That's what I came in to see him about. I thought I'd make some sort of an effort to show him I meant no harm."

"Why, George, what did you do?" Helen Sedgewith asked, as she leaned forward anxiously, and studied his face with her deep, brown eyes.

"It was just this way," Mandel went on to them both. "You remember the little one-horse circus which got in debt and was forced to disband here a month ago. Well, the sheriff had a debt against the concern for license and one thing and another, and he levied on it, bag and baggage, and the whole thing is to be sold at public outcry this afternoon. The different items are on exhibition at the square. There are six horses, as poor as Job's turkey; three big wagons; the pony and cart the clown rode in; the lion's den (the lion had died

before they reached here); the big tent; and a pile of planks which were used for seats. It seemed like the entire town was looking on, and, as Mr. Sedgewith was examining everything carefully, and has the reputation of buying all sorts of odds and ends that no one else would have, the crowd began to poke fun at him. I'm going to make a clean breast of it, Mrs. Sedgewith. I was standing talking to Thad Pelham, and Thad asked me if I really thought the old gentleman would be big enough fool to invest any money in that rubbish; and I had just told him that if anybody bid on the stuff, it would be Mr. Sedgewith, for he was known to be the biggest crank in that way that the town afforded. Well, Mr. Sedgewith simply heard it. He was right at my elbow at the time."

"Good gracious!" Helen cried. "That was awful. What on earth did he say?"

"Say?"—the young man made a grimace and shrugged his broad shoulders—"If you' been in my shoes, you wouldn't ask that. He stood facing me as red as a beet in the face for a minute. 'Crank, am I?' he snorted. 'Well, let me tell you there is worse than that wearing trousers in this town. Some idiot has started the report that my daughter is going to marry, and, crank or not, I intend to make it my business to correct the impression.' "

Helen Sedgewith covered her pretty face with her firm, white hands.

"Oh, mother," she cried, "he'll never forgive that—never in the world!"

"Well, he might get over it in time, and he might not," said Mrs. Sedgewith, plaintively, "but angry as he is over being criticized, it would be just like him to bid in that whole show. There is nothing in the world he is as proud of as his ability to buy and sell to advantage." She waved her thin hand at rows of shelving in the store. "Just go in there and look around. The old second-hand stuff has almost taken the place of the new goods; and yet, to do him full justice, he is always turning them over at a profit. Helen and I scolded him awfully last week when he brought in a cash-register that he had bought at the bankrupt sale of Johnson's store. We told him he'd never get his money out of it; but two days hadn't passed before he went around town and got

up a raffle among the business men, and twenty of them paid two dollars apiece and gathered in here one night and threw dice for it. Mr. Sedgewith had already doubled his money; but had reserved two chances for himself, and came within an inch of winning the thing back."

George Mandel laughed impulsively as he looked down into Helen's eyes. "Well, I'm going to attend that sale," he said, "and if the old gentleman buys the show, we can help him run it. You'd make a good Queen of Beauty, Helen, and I could soon get on to bareback-riding."

That afternoon about five o'clock, George came to the store panting and flushed from rapid walking. "I hurried on ahead of him," he said grimly. "It's all up."

"What do you mean?" Helen and her mother asked in the same breath.

Why, Mr. Sedgewith has bought The Mammoth Western, lock, stock and barrel; he owns every hair, thread, and splinter of it. Hardly anybody else bid. The whole town was making big sport of it, and guying Mr. Sedgewith for all he was worth; but he didn't care. His blood was up, and he stood there with pencil and paper in hand, his face set, and his eyes gleaming. They teased me, too, while it was going on."

"You? About what?" Helen asked.

"Why, they had all heard about his calling me down this morning, and that was enough to set them going. When the first old bony horse was knocked down to Mr. Sedgewith for fifteen dollars, Ike Rembert yelled out, 'That will make a good present for a hard-working bridegroom to start life on,' and the crowd laughed. Mr. Sedgewith got red in the face, and he glared at me, but he only told the sheriff to go on with the sale. Then one by one the old codger bid in the other horses for little enough. Then came the wagons. They interested some of the farmers, but the wagons were rather too heavy for their use, and they let all three of them go to Mr. Sedgewith at a very low figure. I heard a blacksmith say the iron in them alone was worth what was paid for them."

"What did they sell next?" asked Mrs. Sedgewith, with a sigh.

"The next item was the lion's cage," said Mandel, "and that produced such a roar of laughter that I thought surely

Mr. Sedgewith would let it pass; but it had a good strong wagon under it, and Mr. Sedgewith got it for about fifteen dollars. The top part of it has a door, and is as big as a house. Ike Rembert said he reckoned Mr. Sedgewith intended to turn gypsy and move his family over the country, swapping horses."

"*Then* what did he buy?" Helen asked gravely.

"Why, he raked in the clown's pony and little cart for ten dollars even money. The crowd cheered, and Ike Rembert called out that if Mr. Sedgewith would get in the cart and drive around the square, he'd take up a collection. But Mr. Sedgewith wasn't listening. He had his eyes on the big tent, which was stretched out in the sun, with all its ropes and poles and a pile of planks that had been used as seats to be sold in a lump. I was watching the old gentleman, and I could see that he was really excited, as if he was afraid some one would outbid him. There was a photographer there from Springtown, and I heard him say he might be able to use the tent for his business during the warm weather, and he started it at ten dollars. Mr. Sedgewith got down and examined the canvas, and sniffed and said something about it being rotten. He stuck his hands in his pockets, and gave an order to a negro to take the horses out to his farm; but his eyes were still gleaming, and he went the photographer one dollar better. Then the two began to fight for it a dollar at a time till it finally fell to Mr. Sedgewith at sixteen dollars."

"Sixteen dollars!" Mrs. Sedgewith cried. "And for an old rotten tent!"

"It didn't look to me like it was rotten," said George. "It seemed to me to be as solid as leather; besides, the sale included a whopping big pile of planks that were as good as new—never had had a nail driven in them. As I came away, Mr. Sedgewith was having a couple of negroes stack them up evenly, and was measuring them with his walking-stick. There he comes now. I'd better lie low. You wouldn't think from his looks that he was proprietor, bill-poster, and ring-master of The Mammoth Western Circus and Hippodrome; but he is, and looks satisfied plumb down to the ground."

"Poor papa!" Helen sighed. "I wish he'd be like other folks. We'll never hear the end of this."

"Well, I don't intend to say a word," said Mrs. Sedgewith, in an undertone, as her husband came in at the door. "I intend to remember that cash-register from now on. He may not be as big a fool as he looks."

"Well, I don't like it one bit," Helen said hotly, and as her father was now in the room, she asked, "Are you going to keep your show in winter quarters, father?"

"Winter quarters?" he said indifferently. "Oh, yes; I 've sent the horses to the farm to have meat put on them."

"A circus!" Mrs. Sedgewith found herself obliged to put in—"a *circus,* and me a Baptist preacher's daughter! Did you know the whole town is laughing at you, Hiram?"

"Huh! maybe they 'll laugh on the other side of their jaws later," the fat man said, refusing to look in the direction of his would-be son-in-law. "They were the fools, not me—standing there with their eyes open, letting goods like them slide for a mere song. You folks keep quiet and let me handle this deal. There comes a chap right now that is itching for part of it."

A man entered the door and strolled carelessly back to the group. "I was up at the sale just now," he said: "I did have an idea of bidding on that pile of planks till I found they were included under one head with that tent, and so I was out of it."

"Yes, I had my eyes on the planks *chiefly,"* Sedgewith said, as he filled his pipe from a bowl on the mantelpiece. "They are good, smooth, heart pine boards, an inch and a quarter thick, twelve wide, and fourteen feet long They had to have the best that was going for folks to set on. I don't know when I've seen such solid timber. Looks to me like a long-leaf pine, cut right from the middle of the tree."

"Well, I only wanted to build me a cow-house," said the man, "and I think there's just about enough for roof and all. What are you holding the pile at, just as it stands?"

"I hadn't thought much about it," answered the storekeeper. "I never was much of a hand to jump at a trade. It really does my eyes good to look at timber as good as that is; but if you are in a hurry, how will eighteen dollars strike you?"

"Eighteen? Why, you only paid sixteen for it and the tent all together."

"I know," Sedgewith puffed at his pipe; "but I was only taking the tent in order to secure the boards."

"Oh, I see," emerged from the credulity of the customer. "Well, I guess I'd have to pay more than that at the mill."

"And get timber that wasn't half as sound," said Sedgewith, indifferently; "and this is already seasoned, and won't warp or shrink."

"Well, I'll take it," said the man, and he put his hand into his pocket. Sedgewith accompanied him to his cash-drawer near the front door.

"Do you think I'd better stay and apologize now?" Mandel asked anxiously.

"No," Helen replied wisely. "You'd better get out at the back door and let him alone now. If you brought it up, he'd make some angry reply. Let him alone for a while. He certainly is very mad at you."

When Mandel had gone, Sedgewith thumped firmly back to the fire, his fat hands in his capacious pockets, his round face aglow.

"Not such a very bad beginning," he grunted. He paused and looked toward the door, attracted by the sound of somebody entering. "It's that blamed photographer," he said to his wife and daughter. "He wants to banter me for a trade. I'm already two dollars to the good on that item, but he'll have to pay for my tent if he gets it."

"You'd better not miss a trade," his timorous wife put in cautiously; but her husband had eyes only for the approaching man.

"I was up at the sale just now," the photographer began, "and I noticed that you'd bid that old tent in. I reckon you won't be able to do anything with it. I don't want it all, but I thought you might let me have about half of it for a little something, being as the lumber included with it was the best part of the item."

"Lumber nothing!" Hiram Sedgewith grunted. "Why, man, I didn't want them old planks. It was that big canvas tent I was after. I wouldn't cut it for you nor nobody else."

"You say you wouldn't. Well, how would, say, fifteen dollars strike you for the tent, poles and ropes?"

"If it struck me at all, it would hit my funny-bone," said

Hiram, dryly. "It 'u'd make me laugh—fifteen dollars for a bale of cotton turned into the thickest canvas this town ever saw—stuff as thick, by hunky! as the sail-cloth used on the big ocean ships, the seams double handstitched over quarter-inch, hard-twisted rope."

"Well, how about twenty?"

"This ain't no auction," said Sedgewith. "I reckon you could go on climbing up till bed-time, dollar by dollar, and we'd never trade. The truth is, you never would pay what the tent is worth, and there is no use talking about it.

"Well, if you want more than twenty dollars, we couldn't deal," said the man, and he left the store.

When the photographer had gone, Mrs. Sedgewith leaned forward, her eyes large with excitement and reproof. "Good gracious!" she said. "If you had taken his offer, you'd have made a splendid profit, and be rid of that much of it, anyway."

"Huh! that 's always the way with folks that don't know how to trade," Hiram said proudly. "They never buy a thing without jumping clean out of their skin to sell at the first chance. Huh! I'd make you and Helen rip it up and sell it by the yard before I'd let it go for less than the bare cost to make it."

The purchase of The Mammoth Western was the joke of the village for many a day afterward. Hardly a man passed Sedgewith's store during the next month without looking in and making some jovial remark about the deal. Ike Rembert, the local wag, had a fresh thrust for every day. He was always inquiring when the old man intended to "take the road," and offering this and that suggestion about taking along this or that village "freak," to say nothing of making a side-show of Sedgewith himself, as the fattest man in the profession.

With George Mandel the matter had become very serious. Helen, whom he managed to see now and then, gloomily reported that her parent was more angry than ever, and had, indeed, expressed himself as being opposed to her associating with a young man who could be so disrespectful toward his elders. "There is really only one thing in the world that will ever soften him," Helen declared one evening, as Mandel was

taking her home from prayer meeting, "and that is his selling the whole circus at a handsome profit."

"Well, we'll hope for that," George answered. "In fact, we might help bring it about if we saw a chance."

But the storekeeper was wisely keeping his own counsel, although the broadest of all targets for every arrow of fun that the village hurled. His underlying wisdom began to show itself one day when there was a sale of horses in the village. It had been widely advertised, and farmers came for miles around to buy horses for use in the spring crop-making. The would-be purchasers saw nothing remarkable in the fact, but the villagers stood open-mouthed when Sedgewith's negro farm hands led six sleek, well-groomed horses into the square. The village brass band was out that day, and to the music Sedgewith's horses kept gay and sprightly step, as if glad to be once more in their accustomed element. The prices the fat man had put on them were by no means low, and yet, at the end of the day, the proprietor of The Mammoth Western waddled contentedly back to his store without a horse to his name and a prodigious roll of bank bills in his fat hands.

The tide of village opinion had turned. From open ridicule, it had swept to eager-eyed expectancy, touched with pride in Hiram as a native product. From that day on, the fat man seldom made a sale that was not closely scrutinized. There was much general discussion as to what was really the "hardest stock" in the circus outfit, and the consensus of opinion had decided that it was perhaps the three wagons, as they were too heavy and cumbersome for any ordinary use; but one day a man who was opening a new saw-mill dropped into Sedgewith's and made him an outright offer. They were almost too heavy, the man said diplomatically, but he might be able to make them answer his purpose. He had offered twice as much as they had cost Hiram but the fat man's laugh of open derision could have been heard across the street to the bank on the corner.

"I see you don't want my wagons," he laughed, as he patted the man on the shoulder. "I'll wait till they get to work on this end of the new railroad. They will have to have them."

The customer was under Hiram's spell, though he was not aware of it. "How much do you hold them at?" he asked.

Hiram named a price that was fully three times what they had brought by auction, and he did it in a tone of supreme contempt for the smallness of the figures. He added that he would not let them go, but he had no place to keep them.

"Well, I'll take them," said the saw-mill man. "I reckon neither of us will lose by it."

"Oh, I guess not," Hiram said. "I buy a heap of things that I don't make on; I'm a great hand to keep money turning. Quick sales and small profits has always been my motto."

As the man was leaving, he said: "I really needed another wagon. I guess I'll have to order it from market."

"Hold on; let me study a minute," said Hiram. "You see that lion's cage standing on Jim Carden's vacant lot across the street? Now, I'll tell you what I'll do. The wagon the cage is on is exactly the same as them you've bought. I can't leave the store now, but if you'll step in Jim's shoe-shop around the corner, and if he will consent to let the cage rest on his land for a while, I'll have a carpenter take the cage off and let you have the wagon part at the same price as the others."

The man's eyes twinkled as he consented. He returned afterward with the report that the shoemaker was perfectly willing for Hiram to use the lot in any way he liked, as he never expected to be able to build on it.

All right, then, the wagon part is yours," said Sedgewith in the same uneventful tone that always preceded the reception of money on his part. "I'll let the cage set there on the edge of the sidewalk. Maybe I can get the town council to use it as a calaboose. It's better than the one they got."

The report of this four-wheeled transfer went over the village before nightfall, and the next morning for the first time Ike Rembert looked in on Sedgewith without a smile or a joke. He eyed the storekeeper behind the showcase, in all his magnificent proportions, with a new and wondering respect. Ike was beginning to see largely manifested in the big man the very qualities which were woefully missing from his own shiftless make-up. He counted on his mental fingers the remaining items of The Mammoth Western—the tent, the pony and cart, and the lion's den standing open-doored across the street. And while Rembert stood there, telepathically apologetic for his past bantering, little Sammy Malthorn, the

twelve-year-old son of the village banker came in, as he had been doing every day for a week past, and looked eagerly across the showcase at the storekeeper.

"Well," he said, "papa says I can have them. He'll pay you the first time you stop in the bank. It was twenty dollars, you said."

"Yes, twenty to you, Sammy boy," Hiram answered. "You go to the stable and hitch him up. You'd better let me sell you a ten-cent box of axle-grease for them wheels. If you haven't got the dime, I can add it on to the main bill."

"All right," said the proud owner of the pony and cart; "I'll take it."

"Good Lord!" Ike Rembert said in his throat, and he went at once to Jim Carden's shoe-shop, where there was always a group of loafers, eager to tell the news. I begin to think," he mused, "that Sedgewith is going to make the only money The Mammoth Western ever made. Think of that—think of a big circus and hippodrome touring the whole United States without a cent of profit, and a fat duck behind a counter in this measly town reaping all the profits without turning his hand over! Now, what will he do with the tent and lion's cage? I'll bet he's got something in view."

And that very evening Hiram demonstrated the truth of this assertion, for about eight o'clock he put on his long broadcloth coat and fuzzy silk hat, and left the store. Trudging up the street, he came to the dark stairway of a little public hall over a feed store. He laboriously ascended the steps, and entered the hall. It was furnished with crude, unpainted benches, and lighted with tallow dips and kerosene lamps. At one end stood a table holding a pitcher of water, a goblet, and a Bible, and behind sat an earnest-eyed, middle-aged evangelistic preacher, who bowed and smiled in agreeable surprise to the newcomer. The room held fifty or sixty men and women, all silently awaiting the beginning of the services. Hiram seated himself on the front bench nearest the preacher, and put his hat on the floor, dropping his red handkerchief into it.

The meeting was opened with the singing by the congregation of familiar hymns, in which Hiram joined harmoniously with a fair bass. It was known of him that he never declined an invitation to lead in prayer, and, on being asked this even-

ing, he readily complied. His voice was deep and round and mellow, and the burden of his utterances was suitable to the occasion, being a sort of sing-song tribute to the glory of humility and submission to the divine will. This prayer was followed by a rousing sermon from the preacher, and in closing he called attention, as Hiram evidently had gathered from some source that he would do, to the future plans of the organization. The spring and summer were coming on, and the preacher was to "take the road" with one or two good singers and a cornet-player, and give people in isolated mountain places a chance to attend service.

He had just seated himself when Hiram rose, hemming and hawing, and clearing his throat. "I want to say," he began, "that I thoroughly approve of this new idea of taking the great and living Truth out into the highways and byways. In fact, I heard that you had already written to a tent factory in Atlanta to get the price of a tabernacle tent, and I must say that it's not a bad notion, because many a good open-air meeting has been broken up by bad weather and a lack of a suitable place to hold service. I want to contribute five dollars toward the fund myself; but I'm here to confess to you frankly that I wouldn't like to see the money thrown away. A great part of those meeting tents on the market are simply made to sell, and not for use. They look all right in the shop, but they are full of starch and glue and what not, and give way at the first shower or high wind."

"That's a fact, brother Sedgewith," said the preacher. "We've been looking around, and have found it pretty hard to run across a really durable article at a price which we could afford; but there was a drummer here from Nashville the other day, and he—"

"I'd advise you to let drummers alone," said Hiram. "They are the most ungodly class of men alive. Most of 'em play cards and drink, and never observe the Sabbath. The fact is, that I happened myself to buy a tent from a stranded show here awhile back. I didn't know but what it would come handy in some such way as this, so I bid it in. I had to pay for a lot of old planks, and one thing or other, to get the real bargain; but I could let a good, earnest organization like this have it for a sight less than a new tent would cost, and, more-

over, it would last a lifetime. It's big enough to hold a multitude. It was made for rough wear, and must have cost a pile of money. I don't know but what we might trade—that is, if I had any idea how much you all feel disposed to—to invest in a tent."

"We have fifty dollars in the treasury," spoke up the preacher, eagerly. "Of course, it may not be enough to—"

He paused, and Hiram stroked his face thoughtfully.

"Well," he said, "as I remarked just now, I had intended to contribute to the fund from my own pocket, and seeing that the tent is exactly what you need, why, I'll take the fifty and call it square."

There was a murmur and shuffle of enthusiastic and grateful approval over the room. The preacher leaned forward and shook Hiram warmly by the hand. "There is no use putting it to a vote," he said. "I'll take the responsibility, and accept your magnificent offer right now. Brothers and sisters, we are simply in luck. Some special Providence must have been at work through this whole thing. We have turned over the tables of the money-changers in putting this tent, which was once used for such a vile purpose, to work for our great cause."

As Sedgewith waddled homeward along the dark street, he said to himself: "I could have made that sixty just as well. They would have raked up the difference."

The next day Helen met her lover near the post-office, and they took a short walk together. "He's simply in a splendid humor," she said. "He's constantly laughing at the whole town. Mother caught him in a good mood this morning, and told him she thought he was too severe on you. He didn't snap her up as I expected. He only said: 'According to him I'm the biggest crank in the county; I reckon he sees it pays to be a crank now and then. The whole town said I'd bankrupt myself with that show, and I've put a big pile of bills to my credit in the bank, and haven't got a thing left of the lot except the lion's den, and you watch; some fool will come along and offer me something for it.' "

"They may," George replied reflectively. "Who knows? I myself had an idea, as I passed it this morning—"

"So have I," Helen laughed. "Oh, George, if you had

the money to spare, I really wish you'd buy it from him. It would do more to bring him around than anything."

Mandel reflected a moment, and then, with his fine face beaming, he said: "Wouldn't it be splendid if I could not only buy it, but actually dispose of it at a profit?"

"If it were only possible," Helen said, with a laugh.

"Well, you wait and watch me," George said mysteriously.

An hour later George Mandel entered the store and approached Sedgewith as he sat at his little desk, writing. "I think I can find a use for that lion's cage, Mr. Sedgewith. How much do you want for it?" he asked.

The old man flushed all over his big, fat face. "What's this now?" he asked. "You can't catch me napping, young man."

"Well, you've got a sale sign on it, and I'm only asking you a fair question, Mr. Sedgewith."

"So you want to know what I'll take for it?" the old man grunted suspiciously.

"That's what I came in to ask," George replied, in a tone of business. "How much do you want for it?"

"What do you intend to do with it?" Sedgewith asked.

"I can't say till I know whether I can meet your price or not," Mandel returned, and Hiram smiled impulsively.

"Oh, that's it! Well, if you get it from me, you'll plank up twenty hard dollars. It's got a lot of good wrought iron in it, and a door that shuts as tight as a cork in a bottle. It's a bargain at twenty."

"I call that pretty steep, Mr. Sedgewith," said Mandel; "but I'll take it off your hands. Here's your money."

The storekeeper let the bills lie untouched on his desk for a moment as he stared in surprise, his brow furrowed. Then he asked: "Look here, George, what do you intend to do with that old box?"

To his further astonishment, if not open admiration, Mandel avoided his eyes, glancing through the doorway into the street.

"Do you think that's quite a fair question between business men, Mr. Sedgewith? When you bought it, you were not asked what disposal you intended to make of it."

"That's so," the storekeeper admitted, suddenly dropping

his eyes. "I only asked because I—you see, I'm a sorter expert hand at such things, and I'd about made up my mind to chop it up into stove-wood. The truth is, I don't exactly want this money."

"Oh, you'll have to take the money, Mr. Sedgewith," Mandel said rather anxiously. "You see, I want full right and title to the cage."

That afternoon as Hiram stood in his front doorway smoking his pipe and looking at the lion's cage across the street, he saw a negro take Jim Carden's things over and put them into the cage. Then, to his further astonishment, the shoemaker himself crossed over with his arms full of boots and shoes and lasts, and put them on the floor of the cage. Hiram pondered a few minutes, and went across the street just as Carden and the negro were arriving with another load.

"Why, what's this?" he questioned, glancing in at the door.

Jim looked up from his bench, on which he had already seated himself, a cheerful smile breaking through the grime on his face.

"Why, the truth is, Mr. Sedgewith, that I'm my own boss now. I've been paying Trotter forty dollars a year rent for that little hole in the wall, away back from the main street, because I couldn't find another place for my shop. About an hour ago George Mandel came in and told me he'd bought this cage from you, and asked me if I had any objections to letting it set here on my lot awhile. As I always liked the boy, I told him it might set here till it rotted for all I cared, as I'd about give' up the idea of ever gitting enough money ahead to build a shop of my own. Well, sir, that's the way it started; for George all at once looked around my hole in the wall and wanted to know how much rent I paid for it. I told him forty a year, and he set down on a box and whistled keen-like. I asked him what he meant by that, and he whistled that way again. 'Forty dollars!' he said. 'Great goodness! and you've got a vacant lot of your own right in the center of trade.' I explained to him that I wasn't able to build, and did n't know when I 'd ever get enough ahead; and then what you reckon, he said, Mr. Sedge-

with? Why, George said, said he: 'Jim, do you know that lion's cage, just as it stands, the door facing the street, would make the dandiest shoe-shop in seven states? You'd get twice as much custom there as here, and they couldn't make you pay taxes like they would on a house.' Well, sir, Mr. Sedgewith, he hadn't no more 'n got the words out of his mouth than I saw he was right; but of course I didn't let on. For a new hand at trading, he takes the rag off the bush. He went on to say that in the summer time I could prop up both of the wooden shutters of the cage, making an awning on each side of the shop, or take them off, and let the wind blow clean through. He laughed, and said it would be putting me behind bars a little sooner than the law might, but the very novelty of the thing would attract trade. He said if I didn't like the iron bars running up and down before my eyes, I could take them out and sell them to somebody to make a fence around a grave. I stopped him. If I hadn't, he'd have run the value of the thing up to a thousand dollars. I asked him, as indifferent as I could, what he'd take for it, and he studied awhile. 'Well,' said he, 'I don't want to be hard on you, Jim, and as you say you pay forty a year rent, why, if you'll give me that amount in cash, I'll call it even. You see, Jim,' said he, 'you'd just be paying rent to yourself the first year, and then the shop would be yours.' I thought it was steep, Mr. Sedgewith, but George begun to talk about a man that wanted to open a barber shop, and another that was thinking about setting up a nigger restaurant, and I bought. I planked down the boodle, and I don't regret it. It 's exactly what I was looking for."

Sedgewith said nothing. His massive brows were drawn together as he turned and trudged back to his store. "Now, why didn't *I* think of that?" he thought. "I must be getting in my dotage. It 's the first time I've been beat in a trade since I can remember, but—well, it was done by the fellow that's going to marry my daughter. I reckon he 'll make his way in the world. He certainly has made a fair start."

GEORGE WASHINGTON HARRIS

[1814—1869]

J. THOMPSON BROWN, JR.

GEORGE WASHINGTON HARRIS was born on March 20, 1814, in a little town of Pennsylvania, now grown to be Allegheny City. When a child of four he removed with his parents to Knoxville, Tennessee, and became from that time thoroughly identified with his adopted State, though later he spent a portion of his life at Trenton, Georgia, and at Decatur, Alabama. He died at Knoxville, December 11, 1869.

In his boyhood the first river steamers were launched on the Tennessee River. He immediately became interested in the study of boats, and constructed a very complete model. At that time a large pond covered the space now occupied by the Southern Passenger Depot at Knoxville, and on this small body of water Harris would launch his little craft. Steamers were then new to the townspeople, so large crowds would assemble to see the little toy make its way from shore to shore. The report of these experiments gave no little fame to the young inventor, and won him the consideration of Messrs. Luttrell and Company, the leading jewelers in the city. They offered the boy a position, and he learned with them the silversmith's trade.

For some time he followed this profession, but later a capitalist named Swain set afloat a river steamer and engaged Harris as captain of the boat. This employment was more to his taste, and the reputation he has left for the efficient discharge of his dtuies proves that he was a man of considerable ability; for the successful solution of the problem of navigation in the small and sometimes shallow waterway of the Tennessee often demanded nerve and ready invention.

Colonel John B. Brownlow of Knoxville relates an amusing story of Harris's adventure with General Winfield Scott. In 1836 General Scott came as the representative of the United States to treat with John Ross, the chief of the Cherokee Nation. On the trip they took Captain Harris's boat—literally took it, for Scott countermanded some of the Captain's orders. General Scott was six feet four, martial and stern; Harris was five feet six, firmly set and determined. Without a word he sought Scott and quietly asked, "Did you counter-

mand my orders, sir?" "Yes," replied Scott. "General," said Harris, squaring himself and throwing back his head to look Scott fairly in the eye, "I am the captain of this boat, my orders are going to be obeyed, and if you in any way attempt to interfere, my next order will be to put you ashore." It is not recorded how the general received this rebuff, but there were no further orders countermanded on the trip.

A few years before the Civil War Harris was appointed, under a Democratic administration, postmaster of Knoxville. He gave the duties of the position his close attention, and as long as he held the office was a most efficient servant of the people. Other interests which demanded his talents while a resident of Knoxville, were a glass factory and a foundry. He was, in short, an active, popular, and public-spirited citizen. Ever ready to defend his cause, he had, however, a smile and a joke always at hand; so he kept alike the respect and affection of those who knew him, and numbered a host of friends among all classes of the town.

His writings fall into two main divisions—political articles and "Sut Lovingood's Yarns." During the Harrison campaign he contributed able political sketches to the journals of the South. In 1843 he began a series of humorous stories in the New York *Spirit of the Times* under the name of "S—l." In 1858-61 he wrote "Sut Lovingood's Yarns" for the Nashville journals, which were collected and published in 1867 in book form. These stories at the time had a large clientage of appreciative readers, but now, even to our none too fastidious critics, they seem a bit unsavory.

Humor takes its source in the ludicrous or the absurdly incongruous, and grows both from the subject-matter and from the method of handling. It must be guilt-free of sting, it must laugh *with* and not *at;* past bounds of friendly give-and-take it breaks into horse-play or takes on the acerbity of wit. True humor must bear the stamp of humanity; the flash of wit strikes quick and scorching; the genial glow of humor warms from the heart out. But who shall judge as to what composes the ludicrous? That, perhaps, shall have to remain unanswered. Each nation has its own school, each class its own tenets, each man his own sense, and each mood its own demands.

In estimating the value of Sut Lovingood's humor, we must employ American standards, and bear in mind that our American school has alike the virtues and the sins of unchastised youth. It is bubbling and irrepressible, and not infrequently lacking in dignity. Worse, perhaps, than aught else, three hundred years has not been a sufficient revolutionary cycle to induce an American to place courteous sympathy before his fun. In brief, American humor is

boyish, crude, and boisterous, striking heedlessly, regardless of feelings, propriety, and often even of decency. Our country is large and free, our humor broad and unrestrained; there are none so high as to be immune from its slings. Within bounds these characteristics might be tolerated, but how easy it is for the truant school-boy to transgress the limits of noisy though innocent fun-making and become an untiring nuisance.

Not a few of our authors have invoked dialect, perverted spelling, and *patois;* but if they have succeeded, often it has been the triumph of art over artifice. Sut Lovingood has his own dialect, and along with it his homespun attire and unquenchable thirst for "moonshine," likewise his pride in uncivility. Good John Knox two hundred years ago invented the term, "a sinful carcuse." Sut would have thanked him for that word and laid it by for himself had be once got it. And still Sut is not without glory, nor has his day yet fully gone. The original was Harris's assistant, a long, lank, drawling East Tennessee mountaineer, a type worthy of preservation. His picture, though distorted and exaggerated, is none the less the record of a class, so he holds his place in the make-up of our composite nationality. Miss Murfree is far and away the better artist among these folk, but Sut has touches that in realism exceed the ordinary, so let him stand; but pity it is he is not fraught with a single virtue. Miss Murfree has clothed her characters in something of the nobility inherent in a race close to the rock-ribbed mountains, but Sut is *unclothed,* in perfect *unloveliness.* Unique, unrivaled, without a peer he stands alone, though unabashed, in the field of letters.

No recipe for American humor can omit the ingredient of exaggeration, but Sut too often makes exaggeration the lump, leaven, and all. The dough rises, and rightly it should, but it over-pushes all bounds and becomes unfit for either humorous or intellectual diet. Sicily Burns gives him two love powders dissolved in separate glasses of water. That the love prescription was made up of the white and the blue of a seidlitz powder would have been delightful and even refined humor had Sut and the swallowed potions been left to the suggestion of the reader. In truth Sut's silence here would have placed him among the immortals. The details following the internal explosion are, however, over-much in the telling, and our hero loses the wreath within his easy grasp. But after all he may not have wanted it.

Again, to show where he just missed success. He "an' a few uther durn'd fools" were one day lounging around "ole man Rogers's" spring. Hen Bailey rushes madly on the scene. In haste to get a good stolen pull at the ever-abundant, free-flowing corn-whiskey he had snatched up the turpentine bottle and gulped down a large

dose. Though horrible agony should the next minute take off the victim, what American is there with sympathies so over civilized as not to appreciate the delicate and delightful fitness of things and record in rib-bursting hilarity the writhings of his exquisitely tickled senses? The long-handled gourd, the frantic dip into the spring, the feverish haste with which Hen throws back his head and opens wide his mouth, the awakening of the lizard who was resting in the handle, the scurry for safety to the nearest haven of retreat, and that retreat Hen Bailey's throat—these are details no true artist could possibly have survived and recorded; but Sut—yes, he lived to spoil the story with the most minute and disgusting details of the recovery of his friend and of the *lizard.*

But sometimes the author forgets himself and gives a really good bit of description. This same Sicily Burns who played Sut such a sorry trick is painted with vigorous and artistic touches, though with probably too much realism. Sut thus defines her impression upon him: "I'se hearn in the mountains a fust rate fourth proof smash ov thunder cum onexpected, an' shake the yeath, bringin' along a string of litenin es long es a quarter track, an' es bright es a weldin' heat, a-racin' down a big pine tree, taring hit intu broom splits, an' toof pickers, an' raisin' a cloud ov dus', an' brak, an' a army ov lim's wif a smell sorter like the devil wer about, an' the long darnin' needil leaves fallin' roun' wif a tiftif-quiet sorter soun', an' then a-quiverin' on the yeath es littil snakes die; an' I felt quar in my in'ards, sorter ha'f cumfurt, wif a littil glad an' rite smart ov sorry mix'd wif hit.

"I'se seed the rattil-snake squar hissef tu cum at me, a-saying z-e-e-e- wif that hisey tail of his'n, an' I felt quar agin—mons'rous quar. I've seed the Oconee River jumpin' mad frum rock to rock wif hit's clear, cool warter, white foam, an' music—the rushin' warter dus make music; so dus the wind, an' the fire in the mountin, an' hit gin me an oneasy queerness agin; but every time I looked at that gal, Sicily Burns, I hed all the feelin's mixed up, ov the litenin, the river, an' the snake, wif a totch ov the quicksilver sensashun a-huntin' thru all my veins."

The book now has little circulation. Three of its readers have expressed to me their opinion, and in justice to Sut the preponderating testimony must be given. From a master mechanic in Knoxville, and from a professor in the University of Chicago come, "It is the best thing ever done in American humor," and "Next to the Bible it's the best book ever written."

J. Thompson Brown, Jr.

BART DAVIS'S DANCE

"Du yu know that bow-laiged boy on the fence thar?" said Sut.

"No; who is he?"

"That's Bart Davis's yungest son, name Obed. Jis' obsarve how his snout's skin'd an' his year slit an' so forth."

"Yes, I see; how did it happen?"

"Happen? hit didn't happen et all, hit wer dun a-pupos, premeditated a-pupos. Ther wer a dance et his dad's, las Sat'day nite wer two weeks ago, what hed like tu bred a berryin ur two; the corpses wer mos' redy, an' nuffin but acksidint kep em frum bein finished. I wer thar mysef, an' kin say an' swar that the chances run mity even, a-tween mirth an' mournin. Fur a spell hit wer the exhitenest time I ever seed on sich a ocashun, not tu hev no more whisky nur we hed. Thar warn't but 'bout half a barril when we begun, an' when we quit, we burnt the hoops an' staves tu dance the las' reel by.

"Everybody knows Bart is a durn'd no-count, jug-kerryin, slow-thinkin, flea-hurtin, herrin-eatin, Noth Calinian, plays a three-string fiddil wif a grasshopper jirk, while his wife totes the wood. He hes but two gifs wuf a durn: wun is, he'll vide his whisky wif yu down tu the las' half pint; thar he stops, fur that's jis' a horn yu know; an' tuther is, he ain't feard ove anything a-livin, sept ole Peg. I don't wunder et that, fur hit mus' take a man wif a onnatrally big melt, not tu be fear'd ove his wife, onless she's blind ur hes a sweetheart. Peg (she's his ole quilt, yu know), is a regular steel-trap ove an' oman; she goes wif wun side ove her frock tucked up at the hips, her har down her back, an' a roasted hickory onder her arm tu scold the brats wif, an' tu skeer Bart. They's bof great on dancin ove Sat'day nites et home, an' sumwhar else on tuther nites. Ef thar's a frolic enywhar in five mile, Bart is sure to be thar, an' Peg too, ef she's in travilin fix, which ain't more nur five months in the year. She goes fur two reasons: wun is, tu eat an' dance, an' tuther tu watch Bart. He has two reasons also: wun is tu suck in all the whisky floatin roun' an' tu du a heap ove things what needs watchin. They giner'lly hes a

dermestic discussun arter they gets home, in which teeth, claws, an' beggin am the argymints, an' 'I won't du so no more,' the aind ove hit. They am a lively an' even yok'd par. Nobody else on the green yeath orter be tied tu either ove em.

"Well they mounted that par ove hames yu see on the fence thar, the boy name Obed ontu a muel, an' sent him tu the still-hous, tu narrate hit that thar wud be a dance et home the nex nite, an' fur every feller what warn't married tu fetch a gal, an' them what wer married tu fetch two. Now this rangement show'd Bart's good sence, fur he know'd that hit takes more gals tu du married fellers then single wuns. Caze people what hes but one kind ove wittils et home, hit allers takes more tu du em abroad.

"When the nite cum they wer all thar, a hous' plum full, an' amung em a lot ove counter-hoppers wif strip'd sugar candy in ther pockets, an' young lawyers wif cinamint ile ontu ther har; all on em frum town, an' jis' ole enuf tu begin tu strut an' gobble. Thunder an' litnin, an' sun-flower pattrin calliker, mixed wif check an' stripe, homespun swept all about thar, wif one, jis' one black silk. They laid off two reels, wun call'd the leather shoe reel, an' tuther, the barfoot reel. I danced in the wun I nam'd las."

"Why did they divide that way, Sut?"

"Why, durn hit, don't you know that the dancin wud turn intu fitin afore the fust set got ofen the flure, ef they mix'd em? The shoes wud scronch the bar toes in dancin, and rite then an' thar they'd mix fur a fite. A hard-shell preacher wif his mouf mortised intu his face in shape like a muel's shoe, heels down, fotch hissef thar soon arter dark, an' made moshuns like he ment tu stay all nite. He got intu a corner, an' commenced a-tuchin up his sighin an groanin aperatus, a-shakin ove his head, an' lookin like he hed the belly-ake. He cudn't hev look'd more solemcoly, ef his mam hed died that mornin a-owin him two dollars an' a 'alf. All these winin an' luvely souns an moshuns wer made on count ove the dancin, an' p'raps the cussin an' kissin. The whisky part ove that inturtainment he'd nuffin against. I *know'd* that, fur every time he roll'd his eyes to'ards the barril, he'd lick his lips sorter sloppy like, jis'

es ef he'd been dippin his bill intu a crock ove chicken gravy, an' wer tryin tu save the stray draps, what hung outside his face. Oh! he wer jis' a-honin arter that ball-face whisky; he'd a jis' kiss'd hit es sweet, an' es long, es ef hit hed been a willin gal. I sorter aidged up a-side him, an' sez I—

" ' Mister, will yu hev a few draps ove camfire, ur laudamy? Yu seems tu be pow'ful ailin in yer innards. Yu hesent swallered a live rat, ur a mole, hes yu?'

"He shook his head, an' fotch a sigh, what ainded in a groan. Sez I—

" 'Rats ur moles am onhelthy things tu swaller afore they'se departed this life.'

"He blow'd out a orful sigh, part outen his nose, but mos' ove hit whar the toe ove the muel-shoe wer, an' sez he—

" 'This am a wicked an' a parvarse generashun ove vipurs, yung man.'

" ' An' gin up tu hardness ove hart, an' deviltry, an' belevin thunderin lies,' said I; an' I puff'd out a big sigh, wif a little groan fur a tail. Sez he—

" 'Thar am no-o-o-o dancin in hell,' an sot intu shakin ove his head, till I thot he'd keep on fur everlastin, an' ever more. Sez I—

" 'Haint yu *slitely* mistaken'd in that las' re-mark ove yourn? Ef thar's es much hot truck, an' brimstone, an' cinders, an' hickory smoke, an' big hurtin, in hell es yu folks sez thar am, thar mus' be *sum* dancin, purtickerlery jigs an' quick-steps; they don't lack fur music, I reckon, fur I'se allers hearn hell wer full ove fiddlers, an' thar's Yankees enuf thar tu invent fire-proof fiddils fur em, so they don't want fur tchunes. All on yeath that bothers me is the rosim!'

" 'Ah, yung onregenerit man,' sez he, 'thar's more rosim in hell than thar's in all Noth Caliny.'

" 'But hit ain't quite hard enuf tu rub ontu fiddil bows, is hit?' sez I.

" 'He groan'd an' shook his head, an' sent wun ove his eyes to'ards the whisky corner. I went an' fotch 'im a big slug intu a gourd. That shovel-shaped onder lip ove his'n jis' fell out'ards like ontu the fallin door ove a stone coal stove, an' he upsot the gourd inside ove his teef. I seed

the mark ove the truck gwine down his froat jis' like a snake travelin thru a wet sassidge gut. He smelt intu the gourd a good long smell, turned up his eyes, an' sed 'Barlm ove life.'

"Thinks I, ole Sock, I know what fotch yu tu this frolic besides yu'er hoss an' our whisky. Bart now cum up, an' Hardshell tole him he'd cum to stay all nite, ef he suited all roun.

" 'Sartinly, oh yas, an' welcum,' sed Bart.

"The ole Sock, never alterin the shape ove the hole tore in his face, sed, mity sneerin like, 'Yu is hosspitabil.' I seed Bart sorter start, an' look at him, an' go off a-winkin at me tu foller him. We went outside the hous, intu a chimbly corner, an' thar wer two fellers, wun ove em a she, a-whisperin. We went tu tuther corner, an' thar wer two more; then we went tu the stabil, an' hearn whisperin thar; hit mout been rats a-runnin in straw. So Bart cud hold in no longer. Sez he—

" 'Never mine, I don't keer a durn who hears me. I b'leve I'se been 'sulted in my own hous'; didn't that durn'd preachin mersheen call me a hoss?'

" 'That's jis' what he sed. He call'd you a hoss-pitabil,' sez I.

" 'Pitabil, pitabil,' sez Bart, 'dam ef I don't b'leve that's wus nur the hoss.'

" 'Sartinly,' sez I, 'pitabil is a sorter Latin tail stuck tu hit so yu moutn't onderstand; hit means pitiful hoss in Inglish, an' ef I wer yu, I'd see that his stumack wer spiled fur Peg's fried chicken an' biskit. I'd go rite in an' show him how a hoss ken kick an' sich like.' He jis' gritted his teef, like he wer a-chompin aigshells, ur paragorick phials, an' put fur the hous, a-rollin up his shut-sleeves es he went, plum up to his arm-pit.

"The durn'd hiperkritikil, groanin ole Hardshell raskil hed dun got the dancin stop't; he'd tuck the fiddil away frum the nigger, an' wer a-holdin hit be the naik in wun han, an' a-makin gesters wif the bow in tuther. He wer mounted ontu a cheer, clost by the meal barril an' wer exortin em orfully 'bout thar sins ove omishun an' cummishun, purtickerly the cummishun wuns, wif the dancin sins at the

head, warin sun-flower caliker wuns nex'; an' then cum thar smaller sins, sich es ridin a-hine fellers on the same hoss, whisperin outen doors, an' a-winkin a-hine fans, tuckey-tails an' hankechers, an' sed that black silk wer plenty in hell, that hit wer used for mournin thar, an' not tu dance in. The *he* sins, ove the small sort, wer cumin frum town ove nites, a-warin store clothes, smellin ove cinamint ile, an' a-totin striped sugar candy in thar pockets, tu turn the minds ove the weak gals, instead ove a flask ove that good holesum ole truck, what they'se got in towns, name 'coniack.'

"The wimmin folks wer backed up in bunches, in the corners, an' agin the beds, wif thar fingers in thar moufs, an' wun ur two ove the saftest ove em wer gettin up a quiet sort ove dry cryin.

"The he fellers all looked like they'd mos' es leave fite es not, ef they know how tu start the thing, when in bounced Bart; he looked like a catamount; wun jump an' he stood a-top ove the meal barril, squar in frunt ove Hardshell, his har a-swayin about wif pure mad, like a patch ove ripe rye in a wind, an' his eyes wer es roun an' es red as a bull's when he's a-jinin in battil wif anuther bull frum Bashan. He struck wun fistes away out a-hine, an' wif tuther reachin at arm's length, he cummenc'd borin, like he hed a gimblit in his shot fis,' rite onder the snout ove the thunderin Hardshell, like he wer tryin tu bore his mouf inter better shape, an' a-narratin thru his teef these facs, in words what sounded like grittin hard co'n.

"'*Yu* durn'd infunel, incumpassabil warter-dorg! *yu* cuss'd hiperkritikal, ongrateful ole mus-rat! *yu* h--ll fir'd, divin, splatterin, pond-makin, iron-jacket'd ole son ove a mud-turtil, yu hes 'sulted me in my own hous' *an' in Latin et that,* an' then yu've tuck the imperdent liberty tu skare these yere children outen thar innersent mucement (still borin away frum left tu right, wif that horny fis' ove his'n, an' the Hardshell's head gwine furder back every twist). Call'd me a hoss—Git ofen that cheer!'

"Es he sed 'git,' he loaned the passun a mos' tremenjus contushun, rite in the bull curl. I seed his shoe-soles a-gwine up each side ove Bart's fis' afore he hed time tu muve hit, arter he struck. Hit wer a lick, George, that hed hit been

a kick, a four year old muel wud hev been pow'ful proud ove. I seed ni ontu a gallon ove sparks ove fire fly outen the passun's eyes mysef (he mus hev seed a bushel) when hit reached his curl. He let the fiddil go when he wer in the highes part ove his backward summerset, an' the nigger what hed been watchin up at hit all this time, wis-ful like, es a dorg watches a meat-skin when you holds hit too high fur him tu grab, cotch his fiddil in bof hans afore hit toch the yeath.

" 'Dar by golly, you no git tu smash dis fiddil, wid yu durn fool fitin an' preachin.'

" 'An' holdin it wavinly abuv his head, he dodged outen the surkil ove imejut danger. The old Shell lit ontu his all fours, hit bein that much more nur a full summerset, an' *the* black silk lit a-stradil ove him. I know'd hit wer the black silk, bekase I seed the white stockin an' grey garters. Hev I mention'd that thar wer one hundred an' twenty-five pouns ove live, black-eyed gal in under that black silk?"

"No, Sut."

"Well, thar wer, an' that she wer bof live an' willin, ole Dipper wer soon redy tu swar. 'Black silk in hell, is thar,' scream'd she, a-hissin like ontu a cat, an' cummenced a-pullin up by the roots his long har, like hit wer flax, wif bof hans, an' a-shakin the bunches ofen her fingers, an' then gwine fur more, the hissin gittin a littil louder every pull. George, that wer the fust spessamin ove a smokin mad gal I've seed in a hen's age; she kerried out my idear ove a fust-rate flax-puller, pullin agin two, fur a bet. I think she gin the ole Shell the idear that sum strong man body wer a-holdin his head ni ontu the saws ove a activ cotton gin.

"Now the boy name Obed, with the hame laigs, hevin a sorter jestis' ove the peace turn ove mine, run in tu pull her off, an' cudn't du hit afore she made a rake fur his har, an' got hit. She jis' mixed the hanful wif the pile on the flure, an' gin hersef back tu the job ove preparin the passun fur a wig. A hawk-billed, weazel-eyed, rat-mouthed feller, what hed been a-struttin roun Black Silk all nite, a-trailin wun wing, an' a-lickin his lips, seed the fool boy name Obed, a-tryin tu git her tu lite ofen the ole Sock, so he jis' growl'd low, an' barked once, an' kiver'd him,

an' afore his mam Peg, an' me, an' five uther gals, cud git him loose, he hed made her cub the speckterkil yu sees roostin on that ar fence, an' he's hed ni ontu three weeks tu mend his looks in, by Jew David's plarster, sweet ile, an' the keer ove his mam.

"The fitin now got tu be gineral on mos' parts ove the field, an' es the cuppils cum in frum outen doors, lookin sorter sneakin, an' pale (frum the nise ove the rumpus, I spec,) wun at leas,' outen every par, got jump't on by sumbody. P'raps a gal wud kiver a cumin in gal, anuther gal wud go fur the har an' skin ove a cumin in he feller; then, again, the fis' ove a he wud meet anuther cumin in he, right atween the eyes, an' so on till the thing got tu be durn'dably mix'd up an' lively. Peg boun up the boy name Obed's wouns, bruises, an' petrifyin sores, an' then went on wif supper cookin, like all wer quiet on the Pertomack.

"Es soon es ole Shell begun tu cum to, frum Bart's dubbil distill'd thunder-bolt, the hurtin all over his head begun to attrack his tenshun, an' soaked thru his skull, an' in thar tuck the shape ove an idear; the idear shaped hitself intu spoken wurds, an' they wer, 'Gird up yer loins an' *git*.' I seed the wurkin ove his mind, so I jis' shouted es loud es I cud beller, 'The Pherlistshuns be upon yu Sampsin.' He hearn hit, an' wer struck wif the force ove the remark, an' started fur the back door, still on his all fours, in a single foot rack. Es soon es Black Silk felt him movin, she cummenced spurrin him wif her heels; while she hilt tu his har wif wun han, she tuck a pin outen her collar wif tuther, an' made a cushin fur hit in the hill, ontu the north side ove the pint ove his backbone; he kicked up an' snorted, an' changed the single foot rack intu a tarin pace, loped outen the door intu outer darkness, an' his heel-tops wer the last I seed ove him. He stumbled an' fell down the log-steps, an' flung Black Silk ontu a full balloon over his head (I seed a heap ove white shinin es she went). He felt his way in the dark, thru the woods, fur more pleasant places, an' she cum in larfin, 'Black silk in hell, hey?' wer every word she sed."

"Go on, Sut."

"That's all. I ain't like ole Glabbergab; when I'se spoke off what I knows, I stops talkin."

"Well, what became of Hardshell?"

"Oh, es tu that, he made his 'pearance las' Sunday, in the pulpit, es bald es a jug, wif a black spot aidged wif green an' yaller, 'bout the size ove a prickly par, on his forehead, an' preach't 'bout the orful konsekenses ove Absalom's hevin long har, human depravity, an' the Salt Lake; sed he wer gwine thar right off, an' *he'll du hit.*"

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS

[1848—1908]

HENRY STILES BRADLEY

IF we count the children, there is not a more widely known or a better loved man in our country to-day than the subject of this sketch.* As "Uncle Remus" he is as familiar in any part of the United States as Emerson, Whittier, Longfellow or Holmes.

He is living to-day in West End, a suburb of Atlanta, Georgia, in a quaint cottage, known to all passers-by by the "Sign of the Wren's Nest." Well-informed visitors to Atlanta, especially those who love literature, always ask to be shown the home of this children's friend. Few ever see more than the little house and large old-fashioned garden, for "Uncle Remus" is as shy as any of the four-footed friends to whom he introduces us in his stories.

He was born in Putnam County, Georgia, when the last century was swinging into sight of the half-way post. Of course, he was born on a farm; who of any consequence was not? Indeed, I need not mention his rural genesis, because one can smell the clover and the cows, see the birds and wild blossoms and hear the sough of the pines and the shiver of the screech owl, as he reads 'Uncle Remus.' When the glorious sun of "Old Putnam" was freckling the face and bleaching the red hair of the coming Uncle Remus, it was also imaging upon the brain the charm of the meadows and wildwoods. The grateful breezes that tempered the heat of the long summers bore upon their wings the songs of the bird, and the lazy stridulations of the grasshopper, and these pictures and memories have never faded, but for thirty years have been generously shared with his appreciative readers.

One of the most remarkable facts connected with the history of Uncle Remus is that there is nothing remarkable about it. He was an ordinary boy, born in ordinary times, in an ordinary county, of an ordinary state. His praise to-day is that he has glorified the commonplace, and made the ordinary resplendent. There seems to be nothing worth telling about his childhood and youth, till he had reached twelve years of age, except that he had had the advantage of a few terms in the Academy at Eatonton, and had improved his opportunities. But at the age of twelve he saw an advertisement in

*Died July, 1908, after this sketch was prepared.

a newspaper, called *The Countryman,* for a bright boy who wished to learn the printer's trade. He answered the advertisement in person.

The Countryman was published on a farm a few miles from Eatonton, by a cultured but eccentric man, by the name of Turner, who prided himself that his was the only newspaper in the world published on a plantation. Harris was accepted, and being found bright, capable and appreciative, he was allowed the liberties of Colonel Turner's library, a remarkably fine collection of books. Within a few years he had made himself acquainted with the world's best authors, and, having sprung his own imagination, began to write under a *nom de plume* for *The Countryman.* Here we find the first thing that differentiates Harris from the ordinary boy, who does not succeed. He found an opportunity in the printing office and library of Mr. Turner to make something more than a tolerable living. He was unwilling merely to get along. Instead of being content to set the required ems of type and take the balance of the time for idling, he aspired to contribute to the literary make-up of the paper. His daily question was not "how shall I escape this disagreeable task," but "how shall I perfume this place till it shall smell of the myrrh, and frankincense of hearty service and cheerful sacrifice?" This stamped him at once as a failure as a loafer. No man can loaf successfully with a spirit like that.

The taste for newspaper work acquired while in the office of *The Countryman* has lasted Mr. Harris till to-day, his work in Macon, New Orleans, Forsyth, Savannah, and Atlanta, especially that on the Savannah *Morning News,* and the Atlanta *Constitution,* being widely known. While in Savannah, Harris was married to Miss La Rose of Canada, but soon after their marriage they moved to Atlanta to escape the scourge of yellow fever which threatened to decimate the former city. In Atlanta he obtained work on the editorial staff of *The Constitution,* where his literary career may properly be said to have begun. His opportunity came in the retirement of Sam W. Small, who had been writing the "Old Si" negro dialect articles, and in the demand for something to take their place. Harris decided to try a few dialect sketches, writing over the name of Uncle Remus, and the articles attracted immediate attention. Within a few months he was being quoted over all the English-speaking world. His *nom de plume* has stuck to him, and to-day he is better known by it than by what he would call "his own fergiven name."

It was with a sigh of genuine regret that the newspaper reading public learned, a few years ago, that he would retire from office work permanently, and that they would never again have the pleasure

of reading those appetizing editorials on water-ground meal, pone bread, blue-stemmed collards, and turnip greens; but it was with an equal degree of pleasure that the book reading world learned that the step was taken in order to command greater time for work upon books and short stories.

However, there seems to be a fascination about newspaper work. One whose nostrils have grown accustomed to the smell of printer's ink is never wholly weaned. Mr. Harris has found the attraction of the old life too strong, and, after several years of quiet work in his library at home, has yielded again to the old habit and is now editing the *Uncle Remus's Magazine* in Atlanta, Georgia.

He has written right voluminously already; 'On the Plantation,' 'Uncle Remus, His Song and Sayings,' 'Nights with Uncle Remus,' 'Mingo and Other Stories,' 'Free Joe and the Rest of the World,' 'Balaam and His Master,' 'Little Mr. Thimble Finger,' 'Mr. Rabbit at Home,' 'Story of Aaron,' 'Plantation Pageants,' 'Aaron in the Wildwood,' 'Sister Jane, Her Friends and Acquaintances,' 'Chronicles of Aunt Minervy Ann,' 'Tales of the Home Folks in Peace and War,' 'On the Wing of Occasions,' 'Stories of Georgia,' 'The Making of a Statesman,' and 'Gabriel Tolliver,' all bear the unmistakable mark of genius, that other name for hard work, and it would be a pleasure to review them all critically, but in the brief space allotted to this article I shall confine myself chiefly to his negro dialect stories, the work by which he is best known, and upon which, in the future, his fame will rest most securely. Indeed, if he had done nothing more than to create Uncle Remus and The Little Boy, his place in classic literature would be as secure as if he had written the 'Paradise Lost' or the 'Essay on Man.' With the possible exception of Thomas Nelson Page, Harris must be ranked as the best dialect writer in America. I prefer to rank them together; the one having given to posterity the perfect linguistic flavor of the *ante-bellum* Virginia negro and the other that of his brother in Georgia.

Harris had, and still has, one paramount quality of success and of greatness, namely, that he has undertaken the task for which he was best qualified, to tell that about which he knew most. He might have made a living if he had written about the Greek Drama or had edited Chaucer's Early Poems; he would have eked out a living as a lawyer or a school teacher, but the living would have been all, if he had made that. As it is he has made fortune, fame, and a countless multitude of friends.

There were several thousand boys born in Georgia in the fifth decade of the last century, when he was born. They had the same associations with the negroes and with Nature. They all looked for-

ward in life to an honorable name, a goodly portion of this world's dross, and something of a reputation, as he did, but most of those thousands turned their attention to matters for which they were poorly fitted, wasted their energies in misdirected channels, made small impress upon the world for good, and to-day are unknown.

Harris found at his hand a commonplace, unconventional task to perform, that of writing honestly, fairly, and delicately of the negro, and he has glorified the commonplace and made a new tradition. The advantage of performing the task that lies next to us and for which our talent fits us is that we do not have to strain; there is no need of tiptoeing. We do not have to feel artificial. Saul's armor not fitting us, we do not have to wear it. We do not have to force a smile, for life's work becomes an easy and joyous thing.

It would be difficult to estimate the general good done by a man like Harris, who brings a sense of relaxation and a thrill of pleasure to countless readers round the world. Such a man becomes a public benefactor. To-day men are better citizens, life's tasks are easier, the loads are lighter, and heaven is nearer to earth because of the cheerful, hopeful, mirthful stories of Uncle Remus.

Specifically, Joel Chandler Harris is a benefactor to humanity, in that he has given to multitudes of children their first taste of Nature study. His charmed pen has prized open the door through which boys and girls have looked for the first time upon God's under-children, and having once looked they have come to love. Ernest Thompson Seton and Joel Chandler Harris have invested animals with such a human interest that we can never look with indifference again upon Brer Rabbit with his cotton tail, Brer Fox with his black feet, or Brer Possum with his professional smile. Instantly we remember how Brer Rabbit was deceived by Brer Fox and sat all night with his tail in the cold water of the "Baptizin Creek," expecting in the morning to draw up a load of fishes upon his long bushy tail, as Brer Fox had assured him, but instead had his tail frozen off; and how Brer Fox, who went to sleep upon the hole in which the sun spent the night, had his legs scorched the next morning as the sun rose out of the hole; and how Brer Possum would have bitten the dog that attacked him and Brer Coon if the dog had not touched him in the ribs, where he was "so monstrous ticklish."

Careful readers of Uncle Remus cannot fail to appreciate the homely philosophy, the science and the theology with which his dialect stories abound. More than once I have known a prominent preacher in Georgia to be helped out of a dull place in a discourse by snatches of a story improperly attributed to Uncle Remus. His

hearers were urged to do the difficult or the seemingly impossible, and were encouraged by the assurance that the rabbit "clomb de tree cause he wuz bleedg to clime it."

Of all the branches of science, Uncle Remus is fondest of astronomy, but he does pay sufficient attention to biology to settle some very vexed questions. He is a Ptolemaic astronomer, holding firmly to the geocentric theory of the heavens. To him, as to the ancient Hebrews and to all the Popes down to the Nineteenth Century, the earth is a flat disc washed round by the ocean, over which the firmament stretches like an enlarged cupola or old-fashioned buggy umbrella, while the sun and stars are on the inside of this vault and only a few miles away. The sun is about the size of a dish-pan of a healthy family, and hides in a hole at night, while he snoozes and rests from his hard day's run. Amongst biologists the "inheritance of acquired character" has long been a matter of dispute. Men like Lemark, Darwin, and Spencer have delivered themselves upon it, but is was reserved for Uncle Remus to settle the matter. He decides that acquired characters are transmitted to offspring. Brer Rabbit having lost his tail, all his progeny become tailless. Uncle Remus is quite in line with the most advanced psychologists in his theory of dreams. He says that they are such stuff as our waking thoughts are made of. In describing the quiet slumbers of the hen-roost he says that the fowls "sot dar on de roos, dey did, des like two bluebirds on a fence post, en if dey wuz any fuss made, hit waz when de Ole Domminecker Hen drempt about Little Billy Black Mink en hollered out."

How shrewdly he has observed the relations between injuries and apologies. Sometimes apology is the best thing possible, but in spite of all, the smart remains. One day the little boy, in the story of "Why Bruther Bull Growls," was chastized by the woman who afterwards discovered that she had done him wrong. "Well," says Uncle Remus, "de 'oman make 'umble 'pology ter de boy, but howsomever he can't keep from rubbin' hisse'f in de naberhood er de coat tails, whar she spank 'im. I bin livin 'round here a mighty long time, but I ain't never see no polergy what wuz poultice er plaster nuff to swage er swellin' or kore a bruise. Now you jes keep dat in min' en git sorry fo' you hurt anybody."

In the story of "The Bear and the Honey Orchard," Uncle Remus has an anticipative series of causes and effects equal to Mr. Huxley's "Cats and Clover Seed." He was arguing the question that it was better for him to have cake than for Miss Sally's baby to have it. "Maybe de cake mought er flung de baby in a spasm, en den I'd a had ter got a hoss en gallop after de doctor, en de hoss mought er stumbled en broke my neck, en den deeze yer

triflin good-fer-nuthin' niggers roun de house would 'a' had a big jollification." So, he ate the cake.

The secret of success is revealed in the same story. Times were very hard, and it was with great difficulty that the animals were able to make a living. "Rake an' scrape as dey would, some uv um ud hafter go to bed hongry. Yit dey took notice er one thing, dat whiles all un um wuz gittin po' and po'er ole Brer Ba'r wuz gittin' fatter and fatter. While de t'er creeter's ribs wuz standin' out like bar'l hoops, Brer Ba'r wuz slick en roun' ez a butter ball. He des wallered in fat; he wuz too fat ter keep de flies off'n hisse'f. Dey all study en study how Brer Ba'r kin keep so fat when times is so hard. Brer Rabbit made up his min' dat he gwine ter git de bottom er de matter, en so he keep his eye on Brer Ba'r. He watch him, he did, en twa'nt long 'fo he seed dat Brer Ba'r was doin' mighty quare. Stidder setting up late en talking politics, he'd go ter bed wid de chickens, en by good daylight he'd be up en gone." Here he agrees fully with the adage, "Early to bed and early to rise makes a man healthy, wealthy and wise."

His estimate of political conventions is found in the story of the Deluge. Matters were not going to suit the "animals and beastes." "So dey 'lected dat dey had to hole er 'sembly fer ter sorter straighten out matters en yer complaints, en wen de day come dey wuz on han'. De Lion he wuz dere. De Rhynossyhoss, he wuz dere, en de Elephant, he wuz dere, en de Cammils en de cows en plum down to de Crawfishes, dey wuz dere. Dey wuz all dere."

"What did they do, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"I kin scarcely call ter mine zackly w'at dey did do, but dey spoke speeches, en hollered, en cussed, en flung der langwidge roun' des like w'en yo daddy wuz gwineter run fer de legislater, en got lef'."

Every small boy who presumes upon his tender years or under size to annoy his elders, a fault not unknown to Smart Alecks, should get the story of Brer Rabbit and Brer Tiger by heart, and learn that the immunity secured by insignificance is at best a contemptible thing.

"How come dat you ain't skeer'd er me?" said Brer Tiger to Brer Rabbit, "I's bigger en what you is, all de yuther creeters run when dey hear me comin'."

Brer Rabbit say, "How come de fleas on you ain't skeer'd er you? Dey er lots littler en what I is."

Uncle Remus's contempt for the Smart Alecks is betrayed again in the story, "Mr. Fox gets into Serious Business." The little boy was asking some questions that the old man could not answer, when

Uncle Remus turned upon him saying, "Ef you bleedged to know mo' dan what I duz, den you'll hatter hunt up some er deze niggers wat's sprung up since I commence fer to shed my ha'r. Dey knows." Callowness and conceit go hand in hand.

The same idea of supercilious disdain of the information of the young is found in another story told by Harris. A patriarchal negro was teaching a Sunday-school class of negro boys, most of whom attended the day schools regularly. The lesson was the story of the crossing of the Red Sea by the Israelites, and the destruction of the Egyptians. The old negro had thought over the matter carefully and had arrived at, to him, a satisfactory explanation of the difficulties. He said, "Now you axes me how it can be dat de Iserlites cross't over dry shod, and the Gypshuns wuz drownded. Well, hit wuz disser way. De Iserlites cross't over early in de mornin' and dey wuz ice on de sea en by walkin on de ice dey went over dry shod. But de Gypshuns cummed erlong en persuance er de Iserlites, about dinner time, wen de sun wuz riz and wuz hot, and de ice wuz melted, en dey got in de deep water en wuz drownded." One of the youngsters spoke up however, saying that he had been studying geography at school and that this geography taught that the Red Sea was close to the Equator and that ice never formed so near the equator as that.

"Uh-huh, now des lissen at dat," said the old teacher. "I wuz expectin' dat from some er you young free issher spellin' book niggers, but de time I'm er talkin erbout wuzzent any Joggerfies, ner equators neither."

Uncle Remus was quite a fogy in his idea of negro education. One day a number of negro children on their way home from school were impudent to the old man, and he was giving them an untempered piece of his mind, when a gentleman apologized for them by saying, "Oh, well, they are school children. You know how they are." "Dat's what make I say what I duz," said Uncle Remus. "Dey better be at home pickin' up chips. What a nigger gwineter learn outen books? I kin take a bar'l stave and fling mo' sense inter er nigger in one minnit dan all de school houses betwixt dis en de New Nited States en Midgigin. Don't talk, honey! wid one bar'l stave I kin fairly lif de vail er ignunce."

Uncle Remus was a shrewd observer of the domestic felicities. More than once he remarked that "'oman's tongue ain't got no Sunday." His observation of the typical outcome of family disputes is found in the story "Brother Fox Smells Smoke."

Uncle Remus's description of fright is accurate enough to go into a text book as an illustrative definition of the sensation. Everyone must have felt like Brer Rabbit who decided to take a nap in

the well bucket but found to his surprise that his weight made the bucket descend into the well.

"Was he scared, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Honey, dey aint bin no wusser skeer'd beas' sence the worrill begin dan dis here same Rabbit. He fairly had a ager. He know whar he come frum, but he dunno whar he gwine. Dreckly he feel de bucket hit de water, en dar she sot, but Brer Rabbit he keep mighty still, kaze he dunno what minnit gwineter be de next. He des sot dar en shuck en shiver."

My space is too brief to permit a review or a critical estimate of Harris's longer stories, but I must say that 'Mingo,' 'At Teague Poteet's,' 'Trouble on Lost Mountain,' 'Azalea' and 'Free Joe,' have as tender touches of pathos as any stories that grace the English language. 'Free Joe' takes rank with McLaren's 'Doctor of the Old School,' and Thomas Nelson Page's 'Mars Chan.' The man that can read either of these stories aloud without a clutch upon his throat and a tear upon his cheek needs emotional regeneration.

H. S. Bradley.

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MR. TARRYPIN SHOWS HIS STRENGTH

From 'Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings.' Copyright by D. Appleton and Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

"BRER TARRYPIN wuz de out'nes' man," said Uncle Remus, rubbing his hands together contemplatively, and chuckling to himself in a very significant manner: "he wuz de out'nes' man er de whole gang. He wuz dat."

The little boy sat perfectly quiet, betraying no impatience when Uncle Remus paused to hunt, first in one pocket and then in another, for enough crumbs of tobacco to replenish his pipe. Presently the old man proceeded:

"One night Miss Meadows en de gals dey gun a candy-pullin', en so many er de nabers come in 'sponse ter de invite dat dey hatter put de 'lasses in de wash pot en b'il' de fier in de yard. Brer B'ar, he hope Miss Meadows bring de wood, Brer Fox, he men' de fier, Brer Wolf, he kep' de dogs off, Brer Rabbit, he grease de botton er de plates fer ter keep de candy fum stickin', en Brer Tarrypin, he klum up in a cheer, en say he'd watch en see dat de 'lasses didn't bile over. Dey wuz all dere, en dey wern't cuttin' up no didos, nudder, kaze Miss Meadows, she done put her foot down, she did, en say dat w'en dey come ter her place dey hatter hang up a flag er truce at de front gate en 'bide by it.

"Well, den, w'iles dey wuz all a settin' dar en de 'lasses wuz a bilin' en a blubberin', dey got ter runnin' on talkin' mighty biggity. Brer Rabbit, he say he de swiffes'; but Brer Tarrypin, he rock 'long in de cheer en watch de 'lasses. Brer Fox, he say he de sharpes', but Brer Tarrypin he rock 'long. Brer Wolf, he say he de mos' suvvigus, but Brer Tarrypin, he rock en he rock 'long. Brer B'ar, he says he de mos' stronges', but Brer Tarrypin he rock, en he keep on rockin'. Bimeby he sorter shet one eye, en say, sezee:

" 'Hit look 'periently dat de ole hardshell ain't nowhars 'longside er dis crowd, yit yer I is, en I'm de same man w'at show Brer Rabbit dat he ain't de swiffes'; en I'm de same man what kin show Brer B'ar dat he ain't de stronges',' sezee.

"Den day all laff an holler, kaze it look like Brer B'ar mo' stronger dan a steer. Bimeby, Miss Meadows, she up'n ax, she did, how he gwine do it.

" 'Gimme a good strong rope,' sez Brer Tarrypin, sezee, 'en lemme git in er puddle er water, en den let Brer B'ar see if he kin pull me out,' sezee.

"Den dey all laff g'in, en Brer B'ar, he ups en sez, sezee: 'We ain't got no rope.' sezee.

" 'No,' sez Brer Tarrypin, sezee, 'en needer is you got de strenk,' sezee, en den Brer Tarrypin, he rock en rock 'long en watch de 'lasses a bilin' en a blubberin'.

"Atter w'ile Miss Meadows, she up en say, she did, dat she'd take'n loan de young men her bed-cord, en w'iles de candy wuz a coolin' in de plates, dey could all go ter de branch en see Brer Tarrypin kyar out his projick. Brer Tarrypin," continued Uncle Remus, in a tone at once confidential and argumentative, "wern't much bigger'n de pa'm er my han', en it look mighty funny ter yer 'im braggin' 'bout how he kin outpull Brer B'ar. But dey got de bed-cord atter w'ile en den dey all put out ter de branch. W'en Brer Tarrypin fine de place he wanter, he tuck one een' de bed-cord, en gun de yuther een' to Brer B'ar.

" 'Now den, ladies en gents,' sez Brer Tarrypin, sezee, 'you all go wid Brer B'ar up dar in de woods en I'll stay yer, en w'en you year me holler, den's de time fer Brer B'ar fer ter see ef he kin haul in de slack er de rope. You all take keer er dat ar een', sezee, 'en I 'll take keer er dish yer een', sezee.

"Den dey all put out en lef' Brer Tarrypin at de branch, en w'en dey got good en gone, he dove down inter de water, he did, en tie de bed-cord hard en fas' ter wunner deze yer big clay-roots, en den he riz up en gin a whoop.

"Brer B'ar he wrop de bed-cord roun' his han,' en wink at de gals, en wid dat he gin a big juk, but Brer Tarrypin ain't budge. Den he take bofe han's en gin a big pull, but all de same, Brer Tarrypin ain't budge. Den he tu'n 'roun', he did, en put de rope cross his shoulders en try ter walk off wid Brer Tarrypin, but Brer Tarrypin look like he don't feel like walkin'. Den Brer Wolf he put in en hope Brer B'ar pull, but des like he did n't, en den dey all hope 'im, en, bless grashus! w'iles dey wuz all a pullin', Brer Tarrypin, he holler, en ax um w'y dey don't take up de slack. Den w'en Brer Tarrypin feel um quit pullin', he dove down, he did,

en ontie de rope, en by de time dey got ter de branch, Brer Tarrypin, he wuz settin' in de aidge er de water des ez natchul ez de nex' un, en he up'n say, sezee:

" 'Dat las' pull er yone wuz a mighty stiff un, en a leetle mo'n er had me,' sezee. 'Youer monstus stout, Brer B'ar, sezee, 'en you pulls like a yoke er steers, but I sorter had de purchis on you,' sezee.

"Den Brer B'ar, bein's his mouf 'gun ter water atter de sweetnin', he up'n say he speck de candy's ripe, en off dey put atter it!"

"It 's a wonder," said the little boy, after a while, "that the rope did n't break."

"Break who?" exclaimed Uncle Remus, with a touch of indignation in his tone—"break who? In dem days, Miss Meadows's bed-cord would a hilt a mule."

This put an end to whatever doubts the child might have entertained.

HOW MR. RABBIT WAS TOO SHARP FOR MR. FOX

From 'Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings.' Copyright by D. Appleton and Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

"UNCLE REMUS," said the little boy one evening, when he had found the old man with little or nothing to do, "did the fox kill and eat the rabbit when he caught him with the Tar-Baby"?

"Law, honey, ain't I tell you 'bout dat?" replied the old darkey, chuckling slyly. "I 'clar ter grashus I ought er tole you dat, but old man Nod wuz ridin' on my eyelids 'twel a leetle mo'n I'd a dis'member'd my own name, en den on to dat here come yo' mammy hollerin' atter you.

"W'at I tell you w'en I fus' begin? I tole you Brer Rabbit was a monstus soon creetur; leas' ways dat's w'at I laid out fer ter tell you. Well, den, honey, don't you go en make no udder calkalashuns, kaze in dem days Brer Rabbit en his fambly wuz at de head er de gang w'en enny racket wuz on han', en dar dey stayed. 'Fo' you begins fer ter wipe yo' eyes 'bout Brer Rabbit, you wait en see whar 'bouts Brer Rabbit gwine ter fetch up at. But dat's needer yer ner dar.'

"W'en Brer Fox fine Brer Rabbit mixt up wid de Tar-Baby, he feel mighty good, en he roll on de groun' en laff. Bimeby he up'n say, sezee:

" 'Well, I speck I got you dis time, Brer Rabbit,' sezee; 'maybe I ain't, but I speck I is. You been runnin roun' here sassin' atter me a mighty long time, but I speck you done come ter de en' er de row. You bin cuttin' up yo' capers en bouncin' roun' in dis neighborhood ontwel you come ter b'leeve yo'se'f de boss er de whole gang. En den youer allers some'rs whar you got no bizness,' sez Brer Fox, sezee. 'Who ax you fer ter come en strike up a 'quaintance wid dish yer Tar-Baby? En who stuck you up dar whar you iz? Nobody in de roun' worril. You des tuck en jam yo'se'f on dat Tar-Baby widout waitin' fer enny invite,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en dar you is, en dar you 'll stay twel I fixes up a bresh-pile and fires her up, kaze I 'm gwin ter bobbycue you dis day, sho',' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

"Den Brer Rabbit talk mighty 'umble.

" 'I don't keer w'at you do wid me, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'so you don't fling me in dat brier-patch. Roas' me, Brer Fox,' sezee, 'but don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

" 'Hit's so much trouble fer ter kindle a fier,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'dat I speck I'll hatter hang you,' sezee.

" 'Hang me des es high as you please, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'but do fer de Lord's sake don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

" 'I ain't got no string,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en now I speck I'll hatter drown you,' sezee.

" 'Drown me des ez deep ez you please, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'but don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

" 'Dey ain't no water nigh,' sez Brer Fox, sezee, 'en now I speck I 'll hatter skin you,' sezee.

" 'Skin me, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'snatch out my eyeballs, t'ar out my years by de roots, en cut off my legs,' sezee, 'but do please, Brer Fox, don't fling me in dat brier-patch,' sezee.

"Co'se Brer Fox wanter hurt Brer Rabbit bad ez he kin, so he cotch 'im by de behime legs en slung 'im right in de middle er de brier-patch. Dar wuz a considerbul flutter whar

Brer Rabbit struck de bushes, en Brer Fox sorter hang 'roun' fer ter see w'at wuz gwin ter happen. Bimeby he hear somebody call 'im, en way up de hill he see Brer Rabbit settin' cross-legged on a chinkapin log koamin' de pitch outen his har wid a chip. Den Brer Fox know dat he bin swop off mighty bad. Brer Rabbit wuz bleedzed fer ter fling back some er his sass, en he holler out:

" 'Bred en bawn in a brier-patch, Brer Fox—bred en bawn in a brier-patch!' en wid dat he skip out des ez lively ez a cricket in de embers."

HOW MR. RABBIT LOST HIS FINE BUSHY TAIL

From 'Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings.' Copyright by D. Appleton and Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

"ONE time," said Uncle Remus, sighing heavily and settling himself back in his seat with an air of melancholy resignation—"one time Brer Rabbit wuz gwine 'long down de road shakin' his big, bushy tail, en feelin' des ez scrumpshus ez a bee-martin wid a fresh bug." Here the old man paused and glanced at the little boy, but it was evident that the youngster had become so accustomed to the marvelous developments of Uncle Remus' stories, that the extraordinary statement made no unusual impression upon him. Therefore the old man began again, and this time in a louder and more insinuating tone:

"One time old man Rabbit, he wuz gwine 'long down de road shakin' his long, bushy tail, en feelin' mighty biggity."

This was effective.

"Great goodness, Uncle Remus!" exclaimed the little boy in opened-eyed wonder. "Everybody knows that rabbits haven't got long, bushy tails."

The old man shifted his position in his chair and allowed his venerable head to drop forward until his whole appearance was suggestive of the deepest dejection; and this was intensified by a groan that seemed to be the result of great mental agony. Finally he spoke, but not as addressing himself to the little boy.

"I notices dat dem fokes wa't makes a great 'miration

'bout w'at dey knows is des de fokes w'ich you can't put no 'pennunce in w'en de 'cashun come up. Yer one un um now, en he done come en excuse me er 'lowin' dat rabbits is got long, bushy tails, w'ch goodness knows ef I 'd a dremp' it, I 'd a whirl in en ondremp it."

"Well, but Uncle Remus, you said rabbits had long, bushy tails," replied the little boy. "Now you know you did."

"Ef I ain't fergit it off'n my mine, I say dat ole Brer Rabbit wuz gwine down de big road shakin' his long, bushy tail. Dat w'at I say, en dat I stan's by."

The little boy looked puzzled, but he didn't say anything. After a while the old man continued:

"Now, den, ef dat's 'greed ter, I 'm gwine on, en ef tain't 'greed ter, den I 'm gwine ter pick up my cane en look atter my own intrust. I got wuk lyin' roun' yer dat's des natally gittin' moldy."

The little boy still remained quiet, and Uncle Remus proceeded:

"One day Brer Rabbit wuz gwine down de road shakin' his long, bushy tail, w'en who should he strike up wid but ole Brer Fox gwine amblin' long wid a big string er fish! W'en dey pass de time er day wid wunner nudder, Brer Rabbit, he open up de confab, he did, en he ax Brer Fox whar he git dat nice string er fish, en Brer Fox, he up'n 'spon' dat he kotch um, en Brer Rabbit, he say whar'bouts, en Brer Fox, he say down at the babtizin' creek, en Brer Rabbit he ax how, kaze in dem days dey wuz monstus fon' er minners, en Brer Fox, he sot down on a log he did, en he up'n tell Brer Rabbit dat all he gotter do fer ter git er big mess er minners is ter go ter de creek atter sundown, en drap his tail in de water en set dar twel day-light, en den draw up a whole armful er fishes, en dem w'at he don't want, he kin fling back. Right dar's whar Brer Rabbit drap his watermillion, kaze he tuck'n sot out dat night en went a fishin.'

"De wedder wuz sorter cole, en Brer Rabbit, he got 'im a bottle er dram en put out fer de creek, en w'en he git dar he pick out a good place, en he sorter squot down, he did, en let his tail hang in de water. He sot dar, en he sot dar, en he drunk his dram, en he think he gwineter freeze, but bimeby day come, en dar he wuz. He make a pull, en he

feel like he comin' in two, en he fetch nudder jerk, en lo en beholes, whar wuz his tail?"

There was a long pause.

"Did it come off, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy, presently.

"She did dat!" replied the old man with unction.

"She did dat, and dat w'at make all deze yer bob-tail rabbits w'at you see hoppin' en skedaddlin' thoo de woods."

"Are they all that way just because the old Rabbit lost his tail in the creek?" asked the little boy.

"Dat's it, honey," replied the old man. "Dat's w'at dey tells me. Look like dey er bleedzd ter take atter der pa."

REVIVAL HYMN

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Oh, whar shill we go w'en de great day comes,
Wid de blowin' er de trumpits en de bangin' er de drums?
How many po' sinners'll be kotched out late
En fine no latch ter de golden gate?
    No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer!
    De sun musn't set on yo' sorrer,
    Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo-brier—
    Oh, Lord! fetch de mo'ners up higher!

W'en de nashuns er de earf is a-stan'in all aroun',
Who's a-gwineter be choosen fer ter w'ar de glory-crown?
Who's a-gwine fer ter stan' stiff-kneed en bol'.
En answer to der name at de callin er de roll?
    You better come now ef you comin'—
    Ole Satan is loose en a-bummin'—
    De wheels er distruckshun is a-hummin'—
    Oh, come 'long, sinner, ef you comin'!

De song er salvashun is a mighty sweet song,
En de Paradise win' blow fur en blow strong,
En Aberham's bosom, hit's soft en hit's wide,
En right dar's de place whar de sinners oughter hide!

Oh, you nee'nter be a-stoppin en a-lookin';
Ef you fool wid ole Satan you'll git took in;
You'll hang on de aidge en get shook in,
Ef you keep on a-stoppin' en a-lookin'.

De time is right now, en dish yer's de place—
Let de sun er salvashun shine squar' in yo' face;
Fight de battles er de Lord, fight soon en fight late,
En you'll allers fine a latch ter de golden gate.
No use fer ter wait twel ter-morrer,
De sun musn't set on yo' sorrer—
Sin's ez sharp ez a bamboo-brier,
Ax de Lord fer ter fetch you up higher!

OLD MR. RABBIT, HE'S A GOOD FISHERMAN

From 'Uncle Remus, His Songs and His Sayings.' Copyright by D. Appleton and Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

"BRER RABBIT en Brer Fox wuz like some chilluns w'at I knows un," said Uncle Remus, regarding the little boy, who had come to hear another story, with an affectation of great solemnity. "Bofe un um wuz allers atter wunner nudder, a-prankin' en a-pester'n 'roun', but Brer Rabbit did had some peace, kaze Brer Fox done got skittish 'bout puttin' de clamps on Brer Rabbit. One day, w'en Brer Rabbit, en Brer Fox, en Brer Coon, en Brer B'ar, en a whole lot un um wuz clearin' up a new groun' fer ter plant a roas'n' year patch, de sun 'gun ter git sorter hot, en Brer Rabbit he got tired; but he did n't let on, kaze he 'fear'd de balance un um'd call 'im lazy, en he keep on totin' off trash en pilin' up bresh, twel bimeby he holler out dat he gotter brier in his han', en den he tak'n slip off, en hunt fer cool place fer ter res'. Atter wi'le he come 'crosst a well wid a bucket hangin' in it.

" 'Dat look cool,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee, 'en cool I speck she is. I 'll des 'bout git in dar en take a nap,' en wid dat in he jump, he did, en he ain't no sooner fix hisse'f dan de bucket 'gun ter go down."

"Was n't the rabbit scared, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy.

"Honey, dey ain't been no wusser skeer'd beas' sence de worril begin dan dish yer same Brer Rabbit. He fa'rly had a ager. He know whar he come fum, but he dunner whar he gwine. Dreckly he feel de bucket hit de water, en dar she sot, but Brer Rabbit he keep mighty still, kaze he dunner wa't minnit gwineter be de nex'. He des lay dar en shuck en shiver.

"Brer Fox allers got one eye on Brer Rabbit, en w'en he slip off fum de new groun', Brer Fox he sneak atter 'im. He know Brer Rabbit wuz atter some projick er nudder, en he tuck'n crope off, he did, en watch 'im. Brer Fox see Brer Rabbit come to de well en stop, en den he see 'im jump in de bucket, en den, lo en beholes, he see 'im go down outer sight. Brer Fox wuz de mos' 'stonished fox dat you ever laid eyes on. He sot off dar in de bushes en study en study, but he don't make no heads ner tails ter dis kinder bizness. Den he say ter hisse'f, sezee:

" 'Well, ef dis don't bang my times,' sezee, 'den Joe's dead en Sal's a widder. Right down dar in dat well Brer Rabbit keep his money hid, en ef 'tain't dat den he done gone en 'skiver'd a gole-mine, en ef 'tain't dat, den I'm a gwineter see w'at's in dar,' sezee.

Brer Fox crope up little nigher, he did, en lissen, but he don't year no fuss, en he keep on gittin' nigher, en yit he don't year nuthin'. Bimeby he git up close en peep down, but he don't see nuthin' en he don't year nuthin'. All dis time Brer Rabbit mighty nigh skeer'd outen his skin, en he fear'd fer ter move kase de bucket might keel over en spill him out in de water. W'ile he sayin' his pra'rs over like a train er kyars runnin', ole Brer Fox holler out:

" 'Heyo, Brer Rabbit! Who you wizzitin' down dar?' sezee.

" 'Who? Me? Oh, I'm des a-fishin', Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee. 'I des say ter myse'f dat I'd sorter sprize you all wid a mess er fishes fer dinner, en so here I is, en dar's de fishes. I'm a-fishin' fer suckers, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

" 'Is dey many un um down dar, Brer Rabbit?' sez Brer Fox, sezee.

" 'Lots un um, Brer Fox; scoze en scoze un um. De

water is natally live wid um. Come down en he'p me haul um in, Brer Fox,' sez Brer Rabbit, sezee.

" 'How I gwineter git down, Brer Rabbit?'

" 'Jump inter de bucket, Brer Fox. Hit'll fetch you down all safe en soun'.'

"Brer Rabbit talk so happy en talk so sweet dat Brer Fox he jump in de bucket, he did, en, ez he went down, co'se his weight pull Brer Rabbit up. We'n dey pass one nudder on de half-way groun', Brer Rabbit he sing out:

> Good-bye, Brer Fox, take keer yo' cloze,
> Fer dis is de way de worril goes;
> Some goes up en some goes down,
> You'll git ter de bottom all safe en soun'.

"W'en Brer Rabbit got out, he gallop off en tole de fokes w'at de well b'long ter dat Brer Fox wuz down in dar muddy-in' up de drinkin' water, en den he gallop back ter de well, en holler down ter Brer Fox:

> Yer come a man wid a great big gun—
> W'en he haul you up, you jump en run."

"What then, Uncle Remus?" asked the little boy, as the old man paused.

"In des 'bout half n'our, honey, bofe un um wuz back in de new groun' wukkin' des like dey never heer'd er no well, ceppin' dat eve'y now'n den Brer Rabbit'd bust out in er laff, en ole Brer Fox, he'd git a spell er de dry grins."

UNCLE REMUS ADDRESSES BROTHER WIND

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Brer Wind, please stop yo' prankin',
    Ez you go ridin' by!
You keer no mo' fer Chris'mus
    Dan a mule in a patch er rye!
You make folks drop der bundles
    Dat deyer totin' by;
Ef I could change my howdye,
    I'd make it a short good-bye!
But 'fo' you go, please tell us
    Whar you hid at last July?
        De 9 er last July?

De country roun' we panted—
    You could hear de babies cry—
De Breeze you sont wuz feeble,
    He couldn't do mo' dan sigh,
An' when we wanter cool off,
    You never did come nigh!
Now, whiles youer here, please tell me
    Whar you stayed at last July—
        De 9 er last July.

You stayed 'way all de summer,
    A-lettin' us sweat an' fry;
So please des stop yo' capers,
    An' tell me de reason why;
Now, here you come at Chris'mus,
    A-ridin' yo' hosses high!
I never did like sech doin's,
    An' dis is de reason why:
I'd heap ruther tol' you howdye
    Some time in last July—
        De 9 er last July!

It's gittin' close to Chris'mus,
Wid de chillun feelin' spry,
An' here you come wid yo' rippit,
A-blowin' san' in der eye,
An' tryin' ter drive ol' Santy
'Way off ter de Bye-an'-Bye,
An' leave de empty stockin's
A-hangin' high an' dry!
Des stop an' tell me, please, suh—
Whar wuz you last July?
De 9 er last July?

Youer roarin' up de chimbleys,
An' a-rampin' throo de sky;
Youer whistlin' roun' de cornder,
An' folks kin hear you cry!
De chillun got de shivers,
Dey dunner how er why;
You make um think of ghostes
Dat come a-ramblin' nigh!
Now, stop an' le' me ax you,
Whar wuz you last July?
De 9 er last July?

Ez fur ez de birds an' furder,
You spread yo' wings an' fly;
An' you take along de snow-storm
Dat you've picked up on de sly!
Col' breff, col' feet an' fingers!
No wonder you cough an' cry;
It makes me sick fer ter hear you,
Whiles youer sailin' by!
But I wish you'd stop an' tell me
Whar you slep' at last July—
De 9 er last July!

Ef you'd 'a' been lyin' off some'rs
When de heat wuz a-risin' high,
I bet you'd 'a' heern us pantin'—
I bet you'd a' heern us fry!

Kaze all de green wuz a-wiltin',
An' de gyarden groun' wuz dry;
King Sun, he say, "I'll sizzle um,
Er I'll know de reason why!"
I wish you'd 'a' cum an' fanned us
Some time in last July—
De 9 er last July!

Brer Wind, please stop an' lissen,
An' heed my Chris'mus cry—
Quit cuttin' up yo' capers
Under de wide blue sky!
You hear dem chillun singin'?
Well, you better min' yo eye!
Des save yo' strenk fer summer,
An' don't fergit fer ter try
An' wake us up an' cool us
Sometime in hot July—
De 9 er next July!

MR. BILLY SANDERS, OF SHADY DALE

HE VISITS THE WHITE HOUSE

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"I LAID off to git here while the great North American Squeeze was screwed up to the tightest notch," remarked Mr. Billy Sanders, as he dusted the bottom of a chair with his coat-tails, "but as luck would have it, I had to go to Washin'ton for to see ef I couldn't git a foreign office for one of Jeff Doolittle's mother-in-law's cousins. This cousin aint in a happy frame of mind when he has a couple of drams too much, an' he's wuss off when he lacks a couple, an' Jeff an' his folks is keen for to git him out'n the country. They don't want to have him in the house when prohibition begins to lay its cold an' clammy hands on private bottles. So Jeff paid my way as best he could, though I'll not deny that we had all sorts of a time in pullin' the money loose from the great North American Squeeze. We changed cle'rin'-house

checks for cle'rin'-house silver, an' it was as much as two niggers could do to take my carpet-bag to the station, an' arter I got there, it was as much as I could do to git the dad-blamed train for to take up its line of march to the capital of our common country—an' you never will know how common it is until you go over it a time or two.

" 'What you wanter do,' says Jeff, in a fog-horn whisper, 'is to find out ef some of them foreign offices aint next-door to a brewery; ef so, that's the place I want my mother-in-law's cousin to have, bekaze I don't want the jimmies to git holt of him all of a sudden.'

"All I could do was to hold my breath an' promise as hard as I could, an' so I mounted the pantin' train, an' keyed myself up for to be whirled through space at the rate of fifty mile an hour. I went to bed in a hot berth, an' atter sleepin' as I thought, forty-eight hours, I waked up on time, wiped the dust from my rosy face, an' looked out. You mayn't believe it, but, standin' by the window, wi' the same grin on his face, was the nigger I thought I had left in Atlanta the night before. He ketched a glimpse of me, an' opened his mouth so wide that you could 'a' rolled a wheel-barrer into his interior department. He was a Shady Dale nigger, an' he know'd me. He holler'd out, 'Howdy, Mr. Sanders! Fum de way you got on dat train yistiddy, I 'lowed you was gwine some'rs!' I called the porter an' found out that the train hadn't moved a inch from whar I took it in sech a hurry. Now, up here in Atlanta, you may call this travelin', but down our way, we call it somethin' else, an' tack on a few words that never do look well in print; they sound like they've been drove in wi' a wedge.

"Things bein' what they was I laid back an' begun for to ruminate on the great North American Squeeze. Ef you aint a mighty good guesser, you never will know the ginny-wine occasion of it. Fust an' fo'most, Teddy Roosevelt had to be biffed; he had been botherin' the trusts an' corporations, owned by the Wall Street magnets an' mugnets, an' it was about time for 'em to hit back. Then, ag'in, the South's been a-gittin' so dad-blamed prosperous that the fellers that control the country through the banks was kinder gittin' skeer'd; they jest couldn't stand it. When our editors an' big men

begin for to git the swell-head, the magnets an' mugnets tip the wink to the banks an' all the concerns that roost in the same barn, an' then all on 'em begin for to call in the'r loans, an' draw the thick fog of usury around ever'thing an' ever'body. The fog spreads an' gits thicker, an' when it's at its thickest, the banks are takin' what they call the'r legitimate profits. Currency goes to a premium, an' the buzzards sun the'r wings in the top of the tallest trees. In this whirl they got a good many things they wanted, including the Tennessee Coal, Iron an' Railway Company. But this is one of the times when the magnets an' mugnets went a leetle wide of the mark; they flung at Teddy, an' hit the whole country in the neighborhood of the gizzard; they flung too fur an' free. The'r whole scheme slipped between the'r legs an' took to the woods, an' they've had a mighty time tryin' for to gether up the loose eends. They skeered ever'body an' hurt nobody, an' Teddy is more populous wi' sensible folks than he has ever been. I take notice that some of the big newspapers that depend on Wall Street for their payroll are tryin' for to lay the blame of the whole thing on the President, an' as I lay in my palatial but stuffy berth, I was reminded of the trouble that Jim Blaisdell got into wi' the weather man. Didn't you never hear about it? Why, down our way, it's what you liter'y fellers call a classic. One time, six or seven years ago, the weather man got word that a cyclone was headin' for Jim's neighborhood, an' he sent out all sorts of warnin's to the infected deestrick, tellin' them to take to the'r cyclone pits an' keep the'r heads kivver'd ontell the wust had come to the wust.

"Now, Jim Blaisdell is a smart Aleck; he's got the idee that he kin manage anything that's got motion; an' so he sot down an' writ the weather man a note, tellin' him for to fetch on his cyclone. The man never got the note, bekaze, by the time Jim had finished it, his wife holler'd an' tol' him to run out in the yard an' look at the funny shaped cloud that was b'ilin' up in the southwest. Jim run an' looked, an' said it wa'n't nothin' but the weather man's cyclone. Then he tuck out his hankcher for to wipe his manly brow, an' that's all he remembered for a consider'ble spell. The cyclone ketched him up by his galluses an' flung him

clean through his barn, an' then blow'd the barn an' a couple of steers into kindlin' wood. It picked up the house, turned it right around, an' sot it down ag'in. The funny thing about it all was that Jim's wife thought at first that Jim was playin' some kind of a prank on her. She was standin' not more than twenty steps away, an' she vows an' declar's to this day that she never felt a breath of wind.

"She know'd, in reason, that they had been a right smart of a blow, bekaze the barn was gone an' Jim wi' it, an' thar was the house turned around, an' her coach-an'-china chickens struttin' about wi' all the feathers stripped off'n 'em; but she hadn't felt it an' she couldn't git it through her head that big trouble could come an' go so quick. She went to hunt for Jim, an' met him comin' back to the house. He was limpin' a little, an' cussin' a heap more; he had been hurt jest enough to make him mad, bein' one of them kinder people that have to be killed before they begin fer to git thankful. He rubbed his bruises an' poulticed 'em a day or two, an' then he got his gun an' went to town to hunt the weather man. The next thing I know'd about Jim, he was in jail, an' beggin' me for to bail him out.

"Now, you'd think Jim Blaisdell was the biggest fool on top of the green globe, but he aint a marker to some of the folks in our beloved country, not only in Wall Street, but out'n it. Take Wall Street—some of the men thar know'd that trouble was on hand; they know'd the very day an' hour it was a-gwine for to break out. Thornley Oak had his tip, an' mighty nigh all the balance on 'em. An' what did the magnets an' mugnets do? They vowed that thar was a half-dozen dead dogs in the well—that some of the bankers in that delectable crowd had got ripe enough to pull; they named the'r names an' made 'em git out. An' now they say the President is responsible for the whole thing! Wouldn't it make your store teeth rattle? The whole country is full of Jim Blaisdells, an' they want to shoot the man that warned them of the cyclone. Wall Street begun it by tryin' for to skeer Teddy, an' they sorter lost the'r grip on it when they found that he couldn't be skeered; in fact, some of the mugnets had to go to the capital of our mighty common country an' set up wi' Teddy, an' you kin put up all your bettin' money on

the fact that Teddy was ready for to set up wi' 'em. He's the fust President that ever shuck his fist in the face of the greed an' corruption of Wall Street, an' made the mugnets and magnets tumble some of the crew overboard.

"Now, b'ar in mind that all these thinks was a-chasin' one another through my helpless mind whilst I was snug in my palatial berth, headin', as I thought, to'rds the Capital. When I woke up it was a-rainin' in Seneca, South Carolina, an' the same nigger that I seed thar twenty year ago was standin' on the platform grinnin' an' tryin' for to sell ever'body twenty cents' wuth of fried chit'lin's. I dunno ef the chitlin's was the same or no, but the nigger was the same, an' his grin put me in mind of home an' the kind friends that had seed me on the train, tryin' to the last to borry all the money I had. Atter much backin' an' switchin' an' coughin', we got whar we was a gwine, an' it made me feel better for to be in the same town wi' Teddy. I felt like me an' Jeff Doolittle's mother-in-law's cousin had one firm friend at the head of civilization an' common honesty. It's a great feelin', too, an' ef you've never had it you want to ketch a bad case of it jest as soon ever you kin.

"Thar's one thing about the White House that'll astonish you ef you ever git thar while Teddy is on hand. It's a home; it'll come over you like a sweet dream the minnit you git in the door, an' you'll wonder how they sweep out all the politics an' keep the place clean an' wholesome. It put me in mind of the time when I went to kidnap Mr. Lincoln, an' I reckon that was the reason I didn't take him off when I had him whar I wanted him. The way I've got it made out in my mind, is that home is the biggest an' purtiest place the Almighty ever made, more especially when thar's childern in it; an' ef any of you veterans of the war ever want to know why William H. Sanders didn't fetch Aberham Lincoln back when he went atter him an' got him, why jest look at a little boy wi' eyes that kin see, tetch him wi' han's that kin feel, an' then you'll know ever' bit an' grain as much about it as I do.

"Well, as I told you, thar was the quintessence of home that reached from the front gate to—I dunner whar in that big house—an' to make it all more natchal, a little boy was in the peazzer waitin' to see me, an' what more could you ax

than that a little boy should be waitin' for to see you before he was tucked in bed. It filled me full of the feelin' that a man likes to have when he's gittin kinder lonesome. No sooner had I shuck the President's hand than the dinner bell rung—we call it the supper bell at my house—an' then a lovely lady come to'rds me, wi' the sweetest-lookin' young gal that you ever laid eyes on; an' right then an' thar I know'd whar the home-feelin' come from, the feelin' that makes you think that you've been thar before, an' seen it all jest as it is, an' liked it all mighty well, so much so that you fergit how old you are, an' whar you live at.

"It's a kind of a feelin' that you kin have in your own house, ef you've lived right, but it's the rarest thing in the world that you kin find it in anybody else's house; an' ef anybody had 'a' told me that I'd find it in full flower in the White House, a house that ten million politicians an' a good part of the public have tromped through, I never would have believed 'em. But thar it is, an' the beauty about it is that you can't miss it; it'll hit you smack in the face, an' stay wi' you. It holp me up might'ly; it made me have a mighty good time jest when I thought a chill was due. I come nigh forgittin' all about Jeff Doolittle's mother-in-law's cousin, mostly bekaze the talk was fur away from politics. It was more like a family reunion than anything I've seed sence the war, an' we had mighty little to say about the disaffected popylation an' the frazzled financiers.

"Ef the President had 'a' said anything about the financial sitywation, I could 'a' told him the state of mine wi'out countin' what I had in my pocketbook. We mostly talked of little childern an' all the pranks they're up to from mornin' tell night, an' how they draw old folks into all sorts of traps, an' make 'em play tricks on themselves.

"That's the kinder talk I like, an' I could set up long past my bedtime an' listen at it. I tried hard for to git in a good word for Jeff Doolittle's mother-in-law's cousin, but, allers, an' just at the right time, the President would chip in wi' some of his adventures wi' the childern. One time it was a red express wagon owned by one of the youngsters, an' then a red cheer, an' then a tunnel in the hay in the barn, an' a hole in the top whar the childern fell in on him, much to

his surprise; an' to cap it all off, one on 'em brung a kangaroo rat to the table for to show it to a visitor. So you see thar wa'n't much chance for to fetch in a speech in favor of Jeff Doolittle's dissipated cousin. I've found out sense that no house occupied by a member of the foreign service is next door to a brewery or a distillery; not even an American embassadry can back up his domicile ag'in' 'em; an' now I'm convinced that the Georgia brand of prohibition—a barrel in the cellar, a bottle in the pocket an' music by Gideon's band—is making great headway among the foreign barbarians.

"Well, I come away from the White House might'ly holp up, feelin' that Teddy is the President of the whole country, an' not of a party, an' that he oughter make up his mind for to run ag'in. He aint been elected but once, an' ever' President is entitled for to go before the people twice. That's my idee, an' wi' it in my head, I went back to the hotel an' snored as loud as ef I'd 'a' been on my own shuck mattress. I felt jest like I had been on a visit to some friend that I hadn't seed in years, an' I went to bed an' dreamed that the men in Wall Street had promised to be reasonably honest atter the fust of Jinawary.

"You wanter shake hanks wi' the President ef you ever git half a chance. It'll do your whole system good: you won't need any medicine for a considerbul spell. He's clean from head to foot an' right through his gizzard; he's healthy an' sane, an' sound an' honest, an what more could you ax a human bein' to be? Talk wi' him, an' then talk wi' other people, an' you'll find that the other people will leave a taste in your mouth like green persimmons. It's jest like I tell you.

"I hear that Teddy has axed Tom Watson up to see him, an' I'm mighty sorry we wa'n't all thar together; ef we had 'a' been you could 'a' retched out your hands an' tetched the only three ginnywine Democrats in North America, all warranted to be free from saddle-sores an' things like that. I hope I aint took up too much of your vallyble time, but I reckon your So-long will be as hearty as mine."

UNCLE REMUS AT THE TELEPHONE

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ONE night recently, as Uncle Remus's Miss Sally was sitting by the fire sewing and singing softly to herself, she heard the old man come into the back yard and enter the dining-room, where a bright fire was still burning in the grate. Everything had been cleared away. The cook had gone and the house girl had disappeared, and the little boy was asleep. Uncle Remus had many privileges in the house of the daughter of his old mistress and master, and one of these was to warm himself by the dining-room fire whenever he felt lonely, especially at night. To the lady there was a whimsical suggestion of pathos in everything the old negro said and did; and yet her attitude toward Uncle Remus was one of bustling criticism and depreciation. By leaning back in her chair a little, she could see him as he sat before the fire, enjoying the warmth.

"I should think it was time for you to be in bed," she exclaimed.

"No'm, 'taint," responded Uncle Remus. "I year tell dat w'en old folks git ter bed soon, dey feelin's been hurted; en goodness knows dey ain't nobody hurted my feelin's dis day."

"Well, there isn't anything in there that you can pick up. I've had everything put under lock and key."

"Yessum, dey is sump'n n'er in yer, too, kaze yer Mars John supper settin' right down yer 'fo' de fier, en little mo' hit 'ud a bin dry spang up, if I hadn't a' drapt in des w'en I did. I year Mars John tell dat ar nigger 'oman w'at you call yo' cook fer ter have 'im some fried aigs fur supper, en ef deze ain't fried an dried I ain't never see none w'at is. W'en Mars John come, you kin set plum' in dar en year 'im crack up his mouf, same lak cow chawin' fodder. Las' Sat'd'y night Mars John fotch some fried isters home, en ef dish yer nigger 'oman stay on dish hill many mo' days, he ull git all his vittles cooked down town en fetch it home in a baskit. Whar Mars John now?"

Just then there was a call at the telephone. The little gong rattled away like a house on fire. As the lady went to

answer it, Uncle Remus rose from his chair and crept on his tiptoes to the door that opened into the sitting-room. He heard his Miss Sally talking.

"Well, what's wanted? . . . . Oh—is that you? Well, I couldn't imagine..... No... Fast asleep too long ago to talk about. . . . Why of course! No! Why should I be frightened! . . . . I declare! you ought to be ashamed. . . . Remus is here. . . Two hours! I think you are horrid mean! . . . . By-by!"

Uncle Remus stood looking suspiciously at the telephone after his Miss Sally had turned away.

"Miss Sally," he said presently, "wuz you talkin' ter Mars John?"

"Certainly. Who did you suppose it was?"

"Wharbouts wuz Mars John?"

"At his office."

"Way down yan on Yallerbamer Street?"

"Yes."

At this piece of information Uncle Remus emitted a groan that was full of doubt and pity, and went into the dining-room. His Miss Sally laughed, and then an idea seemed to strike her. She called him back, and went again to the telephone.

"Is that you, Central! . . . Please connect eleven-forty with fourteen-sixty." There was a fluttering, and then the lady said: "Yes, it's me! . . . . Here's Remus. . . Yes, but he wants to talk to you."

"Here, Remus, take this and put it to your ear. Here, simpleton! It won't hurt you."

Uncle Remus took the ear-piece and handled it as though it had been a loaded pistol. He tried to look in at both ends, and then he placed it to his ear, and grinned sheepishly. He heard a thin, sepulchral, but familiar voice calling out, "Hello, Remus!" and his sheepish grin gave place to an expression of uneasy astonishment.

"Hello, Remus! Hello-ello-ello-ello-oo!"

"Is dat you, Mars John?"

"Of course it is, you bandy-legged old villain. I have no time to be standing here. What do you want?"

"How in de name er God you git in dar, Mars John?"

"In where?"

"In dish yer—in dish yer appleratus."

"Oh, you be fiddle-sticks! What do you want?"

"Mars John, kin you see me—er is she all dark in dar?"

"Are you crazy? Where is your Miss Sally?"

"She in yer, hollun en laughin'. Mars John, how you gwine git out'n dar?"

"Dry up! Good night!"

"Yer 'tis, Miss Sally," said Uncle Remus, after listening a moment. "Dey's a mighty zooin' gwine on in dar, en I dunner whe'er Mars John tryin' ter scramble out, er whe'er he des tryin' fer ter make hisself comfertuble in dar."

"What did he say, Remus?"

"He up en low'd dat one un us wuz a vilyun, but dey was such a buzzin' gwine on in dar dat I couldn't 'zactly ketch rights un it."

Uncle Remus went back to his place by the dining-room fire, and after a while began to mutter and talk to himself.

"What's the matter now?" his Miss Sally asked.

"I 'uz des a-sayin' dat I know Mars John mus' be suffun some'rs."

"Why?"

"Oh, I des knows it; kaze' ef he ain't, w'at make he talk so weak? He bleedz ter be in trouble. I'm a-tellin' you de Lord's trufe—dat w'ite man talk like he ain't bigger den one er deze yer little teenchy chany dolls. I boun' you," he continued, "ef I 'uz a w'ite 'oman en Mars John wuz my ole man, I'd snatch up my bonnet en I'd natally sail 'roun dish yer town twel I fine out w'at de matter wid 'im. I would dat."

The old man's Miss Sally laughed until the tears came in her eyes, and then she said:

"There's a piece of pie on the sideboard. Do get it, and hush so much talking."

"Thanky, mistiss, thanky!" exclaimed Uncle Remus, shuffling across the room. He got the pie and returned to his chair. "Dish yer pie," he continued, holding it up between his eyes and the fire—"dish yer pie come in good time, kaze Mars John talk so weak en furr off it make me feel right empty. I speck he be well time he git home, en ef he 'uz ter

git holt er dish yer pie, hit mought make 'im have bad dreams."

In a few moments the pie had disappeared, and when Miss Sally looked at him a little later, he was fast asleep.

THE GEORGIA WATERMELON

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THE weather was very warm—hot, in fact. The sun shone down with blistering effect on the tops of the houses, and on the pavements that were not protected by the friendly awnings. Yet, hot as it was, Uncle Remus sat contentedly on a platform used by the railroad as a temporary depository for bulky freight. He was sitting in the full glare of the sun, and there was not a breath of air stirring. The old man seemed to be comfortable, for, although he had his hat off, he was not fanning with it. He was gazing intently on a freight car standing on the track not far off. It was what is called a ventilated car, and was full of watermelons. While Uncle Remus was examining the car with wistful eyes, a negro, evidently employed about the railroad yard, came shuffling along, after the manner of negroes who desire to make a show of being very busy. He knew Uncle Remus, and so he cried out:

"Howdy, Brer Remus! How yer come on?"

"Middlin' peart," said Uncle Remus, turning to look at the negro. "I ain't ez sick ez I mought be, an' yet I ain't ez well ez I wish I wuz. How you do?"

"Des kinder tollable," replied the other, with a sigh. "Dey keeps me so busy 'round here dat I ain't got time to do much but complain."

"How come you so busy?" asked Uncle Remus. "I bin had one eye on you since I bin settin' here, an' I ain't seed you do nuffin' yit. How come dat?"

"I bin up dar waitin' fer der boss ter come," said the other, "an' now he done come, I'm a-gwine down here whar he'll hatter sen' atter me when he want me. I'm gwine ter rustle roun' an' see ef I can't git me a watermillion."

"Dey's a whole kyar full un um," remarked Uncle Remus, sententiously.

"Dat kyar locked," said the other.

"What kinder millions is dey?" Uncle Remus asked.

"Dey come from some'rs way off yander," said the other negro.

"Dat what I 'lowed," said Uncle Remus.

"Dish yere's de fust week in June, an' dough de sun gittin' sorter warm and thankful when you set right down and let it take good aim at you, yit 't ain't time for no state er Georgy watermillions. Not whar I come fum. Down dar in middle Georgy, ef you got a good ripe watermillion 'fo' de fofe er July, you wuz doin' mighty well."

"Law," said the other, "it done got so now dat dey 'gin ter come in 'fo' de fros' git out de groun' good."

"Dem yander millions," said Uncle Remus, gazing at the freight car with half-closed eyes, "is cert'n'y got de ole-time look 'bout um. I look at um des now, an' seem like I kin smell de Maypop blossom."

"I wish you'd hush, Brer Remus!" exclaimed the other negro laughing.

"Yasser! an' it look like I kin see de millions shinin' in de grass in de cool er de mornin', an' it look like dey ain't nobody watchin' 'ceptin' a red-headed woodpecker in de top uv a dead pine."

"Oh, go 'way, Brer Remus! You er gittin' me all stirred up; an' what good it gwine do, ef all deze yer million kyars is locked up?"

"Dem ar watermillions," continued Uncle Remus, smacking his lips, "mought be ez green on de inside ez dey is on de outside, yit dey look des 'zactly like dem what we uster raise on de Oconee. I dunner whar dey cum fum, but dey sholy is got de right kinder streaks on um."

"Dat ar kyar," said the other negro, examining some mysterious chalk marks on the sides, "come fum Albenny."

"Wharbouts is Albenny?" asked Uncle Remus, with a frown.

"Down de country," said the other, with a sweeping gesture that took at least two points of the compass.

"She's in de Nited States er Georgy," exclaimed Uncle

Remus, "dat whar she is. Kaze my young marster had a plantation down dar."

"Dey tells me," said the other negro, "dat de wedder down dar starts in ter warmin' up terrecklerly atter Christmas."

"Hit bleedz ter be so," said Uncle Remus, "bekaze it takes hot wedder an' a heap un it fer ter git de right kinder sweetness on de inside uv a watermillion. An' 'tain't only dat—'tain't only de sun what gits it in dar. When I come an' ax you fer to please be so good ez ter gimme a watermillion, don't you dast ter gimme no yuther kind 'cep'n de ginnywine kind what got de natal sweetness proned inter it fum de middle plum down ter de rine.

"I wish you'd hush!" said the other negro, shutting his eyes tight and grinning.

"Hit des like I tell you," said Uncle Remus. "Some er doze yer yuther niggers, dey er runnin' 'round all over creation, gwine out ter Massasip' an' down de Alabam', but I boun' you I'm a-gwine ter stay whar I kin git de ginnywine state er Georgy watermillion when de season come 'roun'."

"I 'clar ter gracious, Brer Remus, you make me feel right quare."

"I don't wanter be whar I'll hatter buy um, needer," said Uncle Remus, paying no attention to the other negro's remark. "I wanter be whar I kin go 'long de road soon in de mornin' an' make like I'm huntin' a cow what strayed off. Den, atter I been gwine 'long de road so long a time, maybe I'll take a notion fer to take a nigh cut, and' den I'll clime de fence an' santer 'long thoo de fiel's, an' keep on twel bimeby I'll come 'long ter whar de crab-grass sorter growin' rank. I won't min' de dew, kase what does a little dew 'mount ter, mo' speshually when a man is gwine 'long huntin' a stray cow?"

The other negro stood listening to Uncle Remus with open mouth.

"I'll go 'long twel I come ter de rank crab-grass, an' den I'll 'low ter myself, 'Hey! what all dish yere grass doin' here? Look like somebody done plant sump'n here an' den gone off an' lef' um. Den bimeby I'll see sump'n'n n'er in de grass dat look roun' an' green an' slick, wid little draps of dew on it des like glass beads. Den I'll stop an' hol' up my

han's an' say, 'Whoever is see de beat er dat? Man come 'long an' plant big watermillion patch, an' den go off an' lef' um.' Den I'll sorter poke roun' in de grass wid my cane twel I come 'cross a great big million wid streaks on 'im like rattlesnake, an' den I'll thump 'er an' ef she holler back at me like she full, I'll set down right flat er de groun' and bus' 'er wid my fist!

The listening negro moved a little nearer.

"Yasser," continued Uncle Remus, "dat des what I'd do. I wouldn't be grievin' kase I ain't got no comp'ny, but ef dey wuz anybody settin' off in de grass watchin' me, dey'd see a sight, man.

"Dey'd see me run my han' down inter de meat des like a scoop, an' fetch myse'f a swipe 'cross de face, an' den dey'd hear me smack my mouf like a wagon-driver poppin' a whip.

"Yasser; dey'd see all dat, an' de mo' dey'd see er my motions de less dey'd see er de watermillion. I'd fergit all 'bout de cow, an' den I'd make my way back home an' set in de sun an' nod. I'd nod ef de bummel-eye bee didn't git me, kase I'd have mo' sweetness en me fum de juice er de watermillion dan one er deze yer sugar hogsheads what sets out in front er de country stores.

"Yasser; an' ef I wuz ter eat two watermillions an' git bilous, I'd shuffle up town an' git me—"

Here Uncle Remus made a few marks in the sand with his cane in a reflective way.

"I'd git me a thrip's wuff er dram en den go hunt me anudder cow some'rs."

"Brer Remus," said the other negro, "des wait right whar you is. I'm gwine ter git a watermillion. I des bleedz ter have it."

"Go 'long, den, honey," said Uncle Remus. "When you talk dat way, I ain't got time ter be in a hurry."

ON KNOWING YOUR NEIGHBORS

From *Uncle Remus's—The Home Magazine.*

NEIGHBORS we must have, be they few or many, near or far. We have no choice in the matter. The profession of hermitry, if one may call it so, is a lost art; it has been overwhelmed by teeming populations and newer fashions. Timon of Athens lived long ago, if he ever lived at all. He was desperately sour, and as uncommunicative as one of our modern millionaires. He went off in the woods, and tried to find solitude, but he could not escape his neighbors; they pursued him into exile, and persisted in pouring into his unwilling ears the current gossip of that day and time. He became something of a curiosity, like the bearded lady in the show, and had more neighbors, as the result of trying to escape them, than he had ever had before. And we and our neighbors, and our neighbors' neighbors are in the same or a worse case; we cannot help ourselves.

Could we pick and choose our neighbors, matters would be somewhat different; perhaps they would be worse. We cannot escape our environment, a sonorous term that is employed by experts to smother denial or discussion. We are helpless, as helpless as our neighbors. Doubtless your choice would not have fallen on them, and you may be quite sure that the majority of them would never have chosen you. There are reasons for the shadow of cold esteem that lies between you. Your chickens in his garden, his dogs in your rose-bed, the horse that chooses the midnight hour for his restlessness, the lonely cow, feeling that she has been forsaken, and bemoaning her unhappy fate at an hour when darkness has smothered all hope of protest, the children so aggravatingly healthy that they clamor and cry out at the bare suggestion of sleep—these are some of the things that come between you and your neighbor as you walk along the street in apparent friendliness.

Nevertheless, the command to love your neighbor as yourself stares you in the face as conspicuously and as insistently as a red card tacked on your neighbor's door by the health inspector. When you remember various things, and

imagine as many more, the doctrine that insists on neighbor-loving as a general practice, as well as a particular habit, seems to be somewhat hard and unnatural; but the command comes straight from the Bible, which deals with human nature at first hand, and is thus bound to contain a good deal of humor in the real meaning of the word. If the humor be grim at times, this fact is due to the truth. To understand the real meaning of the neighbor-loving behest, we must explore the Blue Beard room of our nature, the dark and secret chamber which we dare open to no one but ourselves. Until you do this you will continue to believe it impossible to love your neighbor under all the superficial conditions and circumstances with which you are familiar, and you will set aside the command as impracticable and impossible.

Now, according to Mr. Billy Sanders, of Shady Dale, even a small scrap of philosophy, or a big fact of science, is worth no more than it will fetch in the markets of the world. First and foremost, therefore, you are not commanded simply to love your neighbor. There is a very important qualification attached thereto, and, with it, there comes into play the grim humor that lights up the pages of Scripture; and be sure the uttermost depths are sounded. The command is a large and healthy invitation to self-knowledge, the necessity of which has been insisted upon by the sages and prophets of all the tribes of men since Experience came out of the underbrush, full of wounds and bruises, in search of a full meal and a soft pallet. The behest is simply to love your neighbors as you love yourself, and the qualification is such as to fit every case; for when you look frankly into the depths of your own heart —into the dark room, as it were, where your native thoughts and desires seethe and rage, and catch a glimpse, however fleeting, of the lair of the beast, you will have to acquire a strange taste for what is almost wholly bad if you fall in love with the things you find there. Let no thin scum of piety, however real it may be, interfere with the thoroughness of this self-examination; let no veneer of culture and refinement come between your vision and the thing you really are; and when you have seen all there is to be seen, and learned a great deal you never knew before, you will be compelled to admit

that your neighbor must indeed be a monster if you cannot love him as you love yourself.

And it so happens that when you come to know yourself, you will likewise know all things about all men, the best there is to be known, as well as the worst; and though, in one sense, the knowledge you gain is not by any means refreshing, it is not at all depressing. You feel that you are at last armed against ignorance of your neighbors, and if you are much of a man, your pride and conceit, and the whole swarm of vanities that dance attendance on them, will fall away from you like leaves from the trees in an autumn storm, and you will find yourself growing in the good-will and esteem of your fellow-men. You will no longer wonder that sensitive Christians have worn hair-shirts with a smiling face, or that they seek the solitude of the desert, fasting to the point of famishing, on bread and water—or that, in some quarters of the globe, where tradition stands guard over the actions of men, there are flourishing societies of flagellants, men and women who know themselves so well that they take a sad pleasure in the self-infliction of the punishments of the flesh, and feel that they deserve every wound and every blow.

No, the Scriptural injunction is entirely reasonable; the only difficulties we find in it are such as we make ourselves; nothing stands in the way but vanity, nothing but the pride that all of us have ridden to a fall full many a day. When your neighbor drags his chair across the porch at an unseemly hour, arousing you from pleasant dreams to a distressing sense of impending disaster, it is well to know that the hand that gives force and fulness to the noise is a friendly one, otherwise we shall have some difficulty in betaking ourselves to slumber again.

True neighborliness consists not of favors given and received, nor of courtesies offered and accepted, nor of visits made and paid. We trade too largely on our politeness, which, in our day and time, has come to be a form of political dickering. Those whom you chance to place under obligations grow restless under the debt. They want no bills outstanding against their gratitude, no drafts that are constantly falling due at the feet of their forgetfulness. "Ef you want a warm and active enemy," says the sage of Shady Dale, "just

give a man reason for to believe that he ought to be grateful to you." This statement is subject to modification in various ways, but why dull the edge of truth ever so little?

The field of friendship is a wide one, and all our neighbors, both near and far, should be candidates for admission there. The appearance of cold esteem, the passing salutation, empty of everything save chill formality, have larger possibilities behind them than we are wont to imagine. At any rate, to believe so, honestly and conscientiously, is an indication of an active faith, and is far wholesomer than the suspicions that do their utmost to master us. It is only through this belief that we shall bring ourselves in contact with some of the finest issues of life, and come to understand the unities and harmonies of existence. Nevertheless, it is well to bear in mind the important fact that man is not our only friend and neighbor. Neither patience nor investigation is necessary to the discovery that all things about us are capable of inviting neighborliness and dispensing it to those who are wise enough to take advantage of the hospitality that is constantly proffered. The towering trees (though they do not seem to tower as high as they did when we were younger), the humble creeping vines, the delicate flowers that spring up in a night, casual and ravishing, the whole movement and rush of Nature in her vigorous and insistent moods, belong to neighborliness in the most significant and satisfactory sense. It is something of a relief to discover that we need not depend entirely on man for companionship—though beyond all doubt, the best of his kind are to be treasured in whatever relation or condition they are found. There is an intimate acquaintance of mine whose garden is his world in the truest sense conceivable. As it is something more than a garden, he calls it the Snap-Bean Farm, the name being a droll allusion and tribute to the immortality of the Sabine Farm. He has no need to make long and uncomfortable journeys in order that he may be a witness to something fresh and fine, for not a day passes but there is some new and unexpected development in this wide garden, something baffling to curiosity. The beautiful and the picturesque lie spread out before his eyes at all seasons, and he contends that to go over the Snap-Bean Farm in the spirit and mood that the most imaginative man is capa-

ble of cultivating and acquiring at will, is more than comparable to a visit to the most famous city in the world, whether that be where Cæsar fell a victim of the envious fear of his neighbors, or where Dr. Rabelais had his headquarters, or where St. Paul was made blind that he might the better see—or even Shady Dale in Georgia.

This garden of my acquaintance's is his neighbor in a very intimate way, and something more, for it is the dwelling-place of other neighbors, teeming swarms, flocks, coveys and herds of them. Some he knows by sight, and some by sound, whereas there are many that he has never seen, being able to do no more than guess at their presence. They must know that they are welcome, for they are never disturbed save by the weapons that no longer terrify them—the plough, the hoe and the rake. The Snap-Bean Farm would be but a ridiculous parody on the Sabine Farm, were not the modern title firmly grounded in truth; it is really and literally a snap-bean farm from the middle of June until the middle of October brings a blighting frost. A snap-bean farm and something more, for with the season's vegetables come the season's birds.

MRS. BURTON HARRISON

[1846—]

R. GRAY WILLIAMS

THE most obvious excellence in the work of Mrs. Burton Harrison is her intimate knowledge of her material. She writes out of the fulness of a thorough acquaintance with the scenes she depicts and the characters she draws. From her girlhood in the stirred South of wartime and reconstruction comes the inspiration to her best, because her most beloved, work, while her later experience in New York society gives her opportunities for intimate observation and study of the "smart set," whom she was to satirize in her 'Anglomaniacs' with conspicuous success. In her other stories she is less successful than when she writes of the two spheres of life with which she is on the most intimate terms.

Mrs. Burton Harrison has been singularly fortunate in the breadth and intimacy of her contacts with life. Born in Virginia, inspired by an ancestry distinguished in the history of the State and nation, she was a keen and sympathetic observer of the stirring events culminating in the war of sections, and of that war itself. From the cruel suffering of reconstruction she was spared somewhat by a European trip with her widowed mother; a trip that broadened and deepened her culture, inspired her imagination and enlarged her outlook upon literature and life. In Europe she completed her studies in music and languages. From Europe she returned to a life in New York upon agreeable terms with much that was best in the social, literary and artistic activity of the metropolis. She has travelled in Europe, Asia, and Africa, and spent much time in London, Paris, and other capitals. Her ardent Southern sympathies were prevented from hardening into confirmed prejudices by this wider experience of life, but she retained to her people and her State that vivid loyalty manifest in the stirring chapters of several of her novels.

Alike, then, in her novels of Southern life and her novels of New York social life, Mrs. Harrison's experience endows her with a note of authority. Thus, in 'The Carlyles' we find many reminiscences of the author's youth in Richmond during the last tragic days before the surrender; in a 'Triple Entanglement' her foreign

travel gives authenticity to descriptions of Spain, pronounced by Spanish critics of authority as "truer to life than anything yet written by a foreign visitor;" while in 'The Anglomaniacs' only an intimate observer could have painted playfully into the satirical picture the salient details that give verisimilitude to the whole.

Mrs. Harrison's ancestry is interesting in any effort to arrive at a fair appreciation of her work as a novelist, because that ancestry unconsciously contributed a dignity and gentleness to the literary style as well as to the personal character of the author. Mrs. Burton Harrison was born Constance Cary in Vaucluse, Fairfax County, Virginia, on April 25, 1846. From her father, Archibald Cary of Virginia, she inherited a love of letters. Mr. Cary was a great-nephew of Thomas Jefferson. In the old leisurely days when literary cultivation in Virginia found expression most naturally in political and polemical writing, he became known as an editorial writer of vigor and merit. The mother of Mrs. Harrison herself wrote a number of graceful tales.

The father of Mrs. Harrison, Archibald Cary, of Carysbrook, was the son of Virginia Randolph, the ward and pupil of Thomas Jefferson and sister of his son-in-law, Thomas Mann Randolph. Thomas Jefferson gave his ward in marriage to his own nephew at Monticello. Mrs. Harrison's mother was the youngest daughter of Thomas Fairfax, Baron of Cameron, in the Scottish peerage, who resided on his estate in Fairfax County, Virginia, at Vaucluse. The father died when Constance Cary was young, and her education was left to her mother and a governess. But the library at Vaucluse was well stocked with old volumes of classic English handed down from generation to generation. Here, doubtless, in this springtime of life, awoke the imaginative faculty of the author who was to delight in the fancying of fairies for children as well as the creation of characters embodying more mature and concrete conceptions of life.

Proud of her ancestry, sympathetic with her people, and devoted to her State, this high-spirited girl saw in sorrow the hostile armies approach. She left her own home a prey to the destruction of war and knew personally some of the sufferings and privations inflicted upon the South. In 'Flower de Hundred' and 'Crow's Nest' one may find a vivid reflection of the harsh experiences she underwent at this time.

Several years of European travel intervened before Constance Cary found recognition as an author. It is true, soon after the war, she had tasted the sadness of rejection of a highly-colored love story by the dignified *Atlantic Monthly;* but it was after her return from Europe that her "Little Centennial Lady" found shelter in the

pages of *Scribner's Magazine,* now the *Century. Harper's Magazine* followed with a warm reception of "Golden Rod," and then began a literary activity that has continued to the present writing.

Almost at the outset of her literary life Constance Cary married a distinguished Virginian, Burton Harrison, who had become a lawyer in New York City. This union of cultivated minds became a happy stimulus to the work of Mrs. Harrison, especially in her stories of the wartime South, stories to which her husband was able to contribute valuable material out of his own varied experiences in the service of the Confederacy. Colonel Burton Harrison was private secretary to President Jefferson Davis. His wife's recent novel, 'The Carlyles,' published in 1905 by Appleton, was read and approved as historically correct by Colonel Harrison, just before his death in 1904. Indeed, in 'The Carlyles,' as in other stories of Southern life, there is much of historic interest. Reminiscences of Mrs. Harrison's youth in Richmond in those tragic and sorrowful days preceding Lee's surrender will be found in 'The Carlyles.' In addition to her own memories, Mrs. Harrison has verified her historical statements concerning this time by the careful examination of rare pamphlets and papers loaned by a private collector in New York. Part of the material used in depicting the inside life of the Washington prison, wherein were executed the conspirators against President Lincoln, the author derived direct from her husband's own experience at that place as a prisoner of war.

However successful Mrs. Harrison has been in novels embodying the result of foreign travel and study, and depicting with admirable spirit and fidelity foreign scenes; however popular she has been as the half playful satirist of that Mammon-worshipping society peopling the pages of her 'Anglomaniacs,' she is more sympathetic and interesting in the books wherein she depicts the South of her girlhood. Again her work in this field is most valuable because she had rare opportunities to gather her material; she writes not merely with knowledge but with insight into the emotions of the Southern people, an appreciation of their ideals, an understanding of their peculiar point of view. Her identity of birth and breeding with the best elements of the older Virginia aristocracy qualified her peculiarly to observe her own people and present them in literature.

Mrs. Harrison herself prefers her Southern stories. The best of these are 'Flower de Hundred,' 'A Son of the Old Dominion,' 'The Carlyles,' and 'Belhaven Tales.' The latter collection contains one of her best single productions, "Crow's Nest." This story brought her many letters from admirers; one from a Western ranchman, writing that her book had gone the rounds but had always come back, "and I have threatened to put a bullet in the hide of the

man who does not return it;" another from a prisoner in the penitentiary to very much the same effect. Two of Mrs. Harrison's earliest Southern stories, "A Little Centennial Lady" and "Belhaven Tales," published in the *Century Magazine*, are mainly derived from family letters and traditions of old time Alexandria, and embody "the tender grace of a day that is dead" in more or less of an autobiographical spirit. Her veneration for colonial Virginia pointed Mrs. Harrison to the preparation of two excellent contributions to the history of colonial America. Before the New York Historical Society, June 2, 1888, she read her article on "The Fairfaxes in America," while her sketch of "Colonel William Byrd of Westover" appeared some two years later.

Among other distinguished New York journalists whom Mrs. Harrison has known intimately was that brilliant editor of the New York *Sun*, Charles A. Dana. He was unconsciously responsible for another of Mrs. Harrison's Southern stories. Mr. Dana confided to Mrs. Harrison the agreeable task of editing the "Monticello Letters," and from these she gleaned a story suggesting her "Old Dominion."

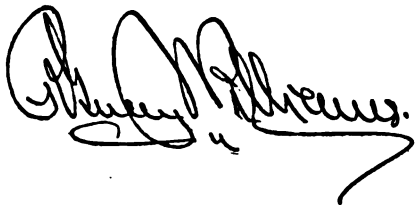
But however much we may prefer Mrs. Harrison's Southern stories, her book which caused the greatest stir and, perhaps, enjoyed the noisiest, if not the most notable, popularity was her satire on the Anglo-worshippers of New York's "smart set." This book appeared in 1889 and contained one of the earliest efforts of Charles Dana Gibson as an artist of society types. 'The Anglomaniacs' found a response in both the curiosity and patriotism of the American people; they delighted in an intimate view of the gilded life of the "smart set," while they rejoiced in the clever ridicule of these wealthy and unpatriotic women. The vogue of this book caused some critics to classify Mrs. Harrison as a novelist of society. One clever reviewer, more intent upon striking out a suggestive phrase than doing justice to the author, said of Mrs. Harrison: "Her muse is not a winged Pegasus; it is a Park cob." Mrs. Harrison herself protests against magnifying her society novels. "I would like to be thought of as a student of human, rather than of society nature," she has said.

Yet 'The Anglomaniacs' is a novel of real significance as the embodiment, in a somewhat exaggerated vein, of those American women whose minds are demoralized by the possession of great wealth. Indeed, recent and continued alliances of wealthy American girls to members of the foreign nobility continue to confirm the significance of Mrs. Harrison's amusing satire of nearly twenty years ago. In plot 'The Anglomaniacs' is simple and obvious, but the slender thread of the story is sufficient to give coherence and natural-

ness to the development. Mrs. Harrison, too, has had the courage to follow out the consistent development to an unhappy ending in the marriage of her heroine to the titled Englishman she does not love, rather than to the intellectual young American professor she does love. This is not a story that must be made incessantly to march, as "Sentimental Tommy" loved to say. The author has time to permit an English Oxford graduate—a fine, manly fellow—to think out loud about some rather confusing, if obvious, aspects of life in the American democracy, with a pleasing degree of suggestive observation. The letter of Lady Melrose to her son, offering him the plans and specifications whereby he may build his fortune by procuring a rich American bride, is rich with a rare humor. In 'The Anglomaniacs,' as in her Southern stories, Mrs. Harrison was completely at home. She knows her New York both by observation of and participation in its social activities. In this intimacy of experience lies the value of her stories of social manners: one feels that they may be received with confidence as a sincere and informed depiction of the life of New York society restrained to artistic aspects by the instinctive taste of a cultured and accomplished woman.

In 'A Princess of the Hills' Mrs. Harrison departs both from American society and Southern scenes and tells a story of Italian life in a foreign environment she knows thoroughly. Foreign critics have complimented the accuracy and vitality of her descriptions of foreign society, but her best and the most serious work remains her stories in the two spheres indicated.

Experience, cultivation of mind, gentleness of spirit, fertility of imagination, and a style formed by a love of the masters give to Mrs. Harrison's work a real literary value. If she is sometimes lacking in compelling interest and again at fault in naturalness and smoothness in the sequence of her stories, she is always the sincere artist, writing with authenticity out of the breadth and depth of her exceptional experience novels that are a dignified contribution to the American sphere of English literature.



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CROW'S NEST

From 'Crow's Nest and Belhaven Tales.' Copyright by The Century Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

In this asylum, chiefly, what remained of old Octavius Hunter's days were gliding by. He was content to look at the theater of life through the large end of his glass. In his eyes, the world, outside of his inheritance of five thousand acres surrounding Crow's Nest, had subsided into vulgar commonplace when certain old-time luminaries in Virginia politics, most of them his blood-relations, had become extinct. To prattle about the past glories of his family, who were tidewater Virginians of the old, aristocratic, profuse class—hand-in-glove with the noblemen sent over to govern the colony, and themselves descendants of a distinguished English line—was the solace of his life. The fine old river-places, furnished and equipped with English luxuries at a time when Crow's Nest was part of a dense virgin forest, had passed out of the extravagant hands of Colonel Hunter's predecessors, and there remained to him only this remote lodge in the wilderness. Here he was content to dwell, reverting to the days of his gay bachelor life, when he was an ornament of the State militia,

as also an active member of the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons in the neighboring town of Alexandria. Standing on the hearth-rug, his spindle legs in black tights a little separated, a silver snuff-box in his hand, his parchment face glowing with animation, the Colonel would discourse to you by the hour about how his grandfather rode to hounds with Washington, and how his Aunt Betty had danced with the General at a birthday ball. So in politics, the Colonel would have nothing modern. The consideration of party topics, just then agitating the broad extent of the United States, was of far less moment than the action taken by Washington about the free navigation of the Mississippi River, or Jefferson's renunciation of his favorite Embargo Act. If, after repeated efforts, one succeeded in dislodging the Colonel from his archæological eminence and bringing him to the consideration of present events, "Egad, sir," he would say, "it's arrant nonsense. Talk about breaking up the Union that was founded by the General! It can't be done, sir. Of one thing you may be certain—Virginia, Mother of Presidents, will stand firm, sir. Did I tell you of that little anecdote my father had from Light Horse Harry Lee, about the General?" The Washington intimacy was a source of undying pride. The father of the present owner of Crow's Nest had been a pall-bearer of the great republican, and a brass-bound clock upon the landing of the stairs still kept record of the hour of Washington's death, the hands remaining as they had been set shortly after the occasion of that national calamity.

The Colonel had married late in life, and the claims of a numerous family had not greatly incommoded the quiet current of his thought. In those days children had a comfortable fashion of growing up for themselves, untroubled by the endless aids to progress requisite now. The boys hunted, trapped, and fished, took what learning they chose to receive from a threadbare tutor forming part of the establishment, declined the college course proffered them by their father, and developed—as we have seen! Dolph took to his book eagerly, and he and Pink and the tutor had long, delightful séances in the school-room—a round tower dependence of the house, with stucco walls and a conical roof, dropped as if by accident in the yard, near the dining-room door.

Pink's childhood was a happy one. She lived abroad outside her school-hours—the housekeeper's scepter, dropped upon Mrs. Hunter's demise, having been triumphantly snatched up by Aunt Judy, the household autocrat. Pink was put on a barebacked horse to ride to water when she could hardly walk, and soon after learned to climb trees like a squirrel. The six big brothers were kind to both motherless children, who formed the romance of their monotonous lives. They petted them, broke colts for them, brought home trophies of the hunt for them, from an owl's nest to a fox's brush, saved for them the earliest nuts and persimmons, and, at Pink's bidding, would smooth their ruffled manes and check the rioting of their speech at times of family reunion.

Such was the circle at Crow's Nest, now recruited by our two travelers. Whatever curiosity they might have experienced was soon merged into a solid enjoyment of Aunt Judy's good things. A Virginian hot supper, or "high tea," as it would now be called, was a thing to be remembered!

"We missed the canvasbacks in Baltimore," Newbold said, with a sigh to their memory, even amid such profusion.

"Very savory eating are canvasbacks," said his host. "But you must know the cook, sir. 'Let them fly twice through the fire, and eat them when singed,' was a saying of my maternal aunt, Mrs. Peggy Marshall, of Bush Hill. No currant jelly or wine sauce, either. Did you ever hear this little incident of General Washington's latter days, sir? He went once with my grandfather into Gadsby's tavern in Alexandria. Gadsby met them, rubbing his hands, with the announcement that he had just received a prime lot of fat canvasbacks. 'Very good, Mr. Gadsby,' rejoined His Excellency, 'Give us some canvasbacks, a chafing-dish, some hominy and a bottle of your best Madeira, and I'll warrant you'll hear no grumbling from us!' Ha, Ha! Have a slice of this ham, Mr. Newbold. Jupiter, hand Mr. Hoyt's plate. Come, no refusal. Of course you must—a thin slice of Crow's Nest ham never hurt anybody."

Jupiter handed the plate; and, in the act of carving, the Colonel held his knife in air, to explain how to make a really good ham.

"Mo' waffles, sir," said a piping voice at the guest's el-

bow. Newbold wanted to groan. The time for preserves and cream had not yet come, and already his satiated spirit cried "Enough."

One who has encountered the pressure of Virginian hospitality knows that there is nothing for it but to submit, body and baggage. Hoyt and Newbold made a feeble stand against extending their stay at Crow's Nest; but, betimes next morning, a cart drawn by a large cream-colored mule and driven by a negro lad (whose garments, made of guano-bags, commended Smith's fertilizer to the public gaze), set off in pursuit of their luggage at the tavern in Pohick. Thus beset, our travelers resigned themselves to a fortnight's loitering. Hoyt, an enthusiastic sportsman, found his chief amusement in the saddle, under convoy of the stalwart six, or in roaming the woods and fields. Newbold derived endless entertainment from the life, the place, the people. Dolph and Pink led him captive everywhere. Aunt Judy was proud to show her various departments of baking, brewing, poultry-raising, hog-fattening, spinning, and weaving. He had called upon the new calf of the red-and-white cow; he had seen Judy make her wonderful "beat" biscuits; he had rifled her quince preserves in company with his allies. He liked best of all, perhaps, to pass hours in the old "office." In this retreat, common to most Virginian houses,the uncertain light came through small panes of glass, shadowed without by a massive clump of box-bushes causing dusk to fall within at noonday, and affording sanctuary where Aunt Judy dared not pursue her fowls, fleeing for their lives from block and hatchet. Above the door, where, entering, the visitor plunged headlong down an unsuspected step, grew syringas, gnarled and ancient, with hoary bark and sparse flowers. Sometimes a nest of young chimney-swallows, loosened by the rain, would fall upon the hearth, "pieping" for human sympathy. Hounds wandered in and out the door; mice sported on the book-shelves; not infrequently a young heifer sauntered down the flagged walk to set her forefeet on the mossy step and fix her serious gaze upon the occupant. Here Newbold liked to sit, opening moldy envelopes, exploring mouse-eaten documents, some bearing proud armorial seals, and taking notes from a family correspondence extending back to the time of England's merry

monarch. The spring days glided by, till, on the eve of their departure, Pink summoned both her guests to a final round of "the quarter." Here, a number of whitewashed cabins, each boasting its separate patch of garden, growing corn, sweet potatoes, tomatoes, onions, and cabbage, were embowered in foliage and connected by a broad walk swept as clean as the deck of a man-of-war. A pleasant hum of business struck the ear. Through open doors were seen wheels, looms, hat-pleating, basket-making. One or two negro patriarchs, with heads like ripe cotton-bolls, sat blinking in the sun before their doors. On the grass, on the walks, everywhere under foot, were sportive pickaninnies clad in a single garment. As the visitors passed down the line, smiles, bows, curtseys, and cordial good-byes were showered upon the young men, who had won a host of admirers in "the quarter."

Newbold lingered behind the others, and looked back. It was a fine elastic day, full of sweet, homely smells from wood and meadow and fresh-turned furrows of the earth—a day when the air "nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto the gentle senses." From the farm-hands, at work on the slopes bordered by dark lines of pine forest, came cheerful sounds mellowed by distance; in "the quarter" chattering tongues were heard, with the crowing of cocks and the clamorous joy of hens who had just acquitted themselves of their diurnal duty to society. It was all peaceful and pleasant enough. While Newbold mused with regret over the approaching departure, he heard a cry as if of pain from Pink, who, with her two companions, Hoyt and Dolph, had disappeared down a path leading to an isolated cottage. Newbold quickly followed, to be met by all three of the missing young people, Dolph having his arm around Pink, who looked pale and terrified.

"It is nothing," Hoyt explained. "We were idiotic enough to go into that old witch's cabin yonder to have our fortunes told; and the woman was either drunk or crazy, I don't know which, and frightened Miss Hunter with some of her nonsensical sayings—that's all."

"Oh! no," cried Pink. "Aunt Sabra never was like that before—never." And she shuddered involuntarily, clinging to her brother.

They had passed into the glen, a broad grassy valley, strewn with boulders of rock set in ferns, where dogwood trees in full blossom made a blaze of white radiance in the shadow.

"Sit down upon one of these royal rocks," Newbold said to the young girl gently. "Tell me all about your fortune-hunting, and we will laugh at it together."

But Pink could not laugh. She looked from Hoyt to her brother, but did not speak. Hoyt, strangely enough for him, seemed to labor under a rare spell of embarrassment. Only Dolph laughed, like the light-hearted lad he was.

"All this because Aunt Sabra had what Mammy Psyche calls the highstrikes, Pink. It isn't worth worrying about. After all, I am the fellow to be worried, am I not, Mr. Hoyt?" and the lad looked up into his friend's face with a trustful smile.

"Oh! but she said—she said," Pink found voice to whisper, "that Dolph was—walking—across—his grave!"

"And that *I*, since Miss Hunter is too polite to continue the prophecy," Hoyt added, "that I am to be the grave-digger, or words to that effect. Pray, Miss Hunter, don't let this stupid accident mar the pleasure of our last day at Crow's Nest. Dolph here has shown that he believes in me. Won't you, too, be my friend?"

To Newbold's surprise, the color in Pink's face, as she placed her hand in Hoyt's, deepened to burning crimson.

* * * * * *

Three years later, in February of 1863, an officer of the Union Army, representing a brigade recently stationed at Three Forks Mills, in the County of Fairfax, Virginia, accompanied by his orderly, rode into the half-deserted village of Pohick.

Railway communication with that enlightened center had long since been cut off. The inhabitants nowadays would have been as much startled by the sight of a locomotive as were the red men who first beheld one on the far Western plains. Many of the Pohick people had packed a few belongings and hastily gone over the border to share the weal or woe of the Confederacy. Those who remained would cower behind the closed green shutters of their frame houses

and listen to the clang of sabers in their one straggling street, not knowing whether this meant the advent of friend or foe—for the little town occupied debatable ground. Some days the people would wake up to see a splendid body of Union cavalry, all a-glitter with brave uniforms and polished steel, dash gallantly on and away into the dangerous region beyond; and again, be roused from their beds at night to give food and warmth to a weather-beaten band of ragged troopers in gray, who ate and drank like famished folk, who for nights past had slept by snatches when and where they could, wrapped in blankets on the snow, and for days had lived in the saddle, scouring their desolate outposts, with ears alert and hands on pistol-butt.

More than once had the main street of Pohick been startled by the flash of a sudden fusillade, prelude to a skirmish short and sharp. The good citizens watched with clasped hands and bated breath, and presently, when the tide of battle flowed back from before their portals, leaving stranded there its flotsam and jetsam of dead and wounded men, the sealed doors flew open, and friend and foe were borne within to be tended till reclaimed.

Newbold had been among the earliest volunteers for the Union, and his years of experience in the invading army, although spent elsewhere than in these well-remembered haunts, had pretty well prepared him for the reception his blue uniform might expect to encounter here. He had anxiously awaited an opportunity to ride to Pohick and make inquiry concerning certain old friends; but the opportunity had been slow in coming. A lull in border hostilities enabled him to pursue his investigations with tolerable security apart from the general possibility of a stray Black Horseman's bullet. He had set out with a strange excitement of spirit, amounting almost to exhilaration; but the aspect of affairs throughout the country where he passed saddened, then thoroughly depressed him. There was hardly anything to recall the ride of three years before. Nothing can so transform a landscape as the fall of timber; and here acres upon acres of forest giants had been laid low under the decree of war's necessity. For the most part the ground was bare and desolate, but here and there were thickets of noble trees degraded from their high

estate. Upon the hillsides once crowned with handsome homesteads or generous farm-houses were now mere skeletons of framework, glaring with hollow eye-sockets, and showing ghastly blackened fronts, round which the bleak March wind swept drearily. Everywhere fences were gone, outbuildings had vanished, fields and orchards were laid waste. The roads were vast mud-holes, glazed with a thin crust of ice. Passing a forsaken camp-ground, he saw the earth incrusted with a curious mosaic a newly shod regiment had made by casting away their ancient shoes on breaking camp. For companions, during miles of this melancholy expedition, besides his orderly, he had only troops of crows, whose ominous note seemed a warning of evil to come. Last of all in the list of dispiriting influences were the unmarked graves, seaming the hillsides, scattered in the valleys—mute records they, but oh! how eloquent of recent battlefields—though, alas! only a handful beside the countless number of those that, from Shenandoah to the sea, scar the green bosom of beautiful Virginia!

Newbold was not surprised at the scanty welcome he received on drawing rein before the long piazza of the tavern at Pohick. The hostler who appeared had a gray look of chronic apprehension invading the ebony of his once jolly countenance; and mine host, who of old had swaggered out to meet and pledge each new-comer, kept to himself behind the ill-supplied bar counter, the tide of his courteous verbosity curbed and leaking out only in necessary monosyllables. The tavern folk, and those few who appeared upon the thoroughfare, were all guarded, suspicious, anxious, furtive. Newbold's hardly veiled eagerness of inquiry for news of the family at Crow's Nest met with evasive answers. They gave him such plain food and drink as they could furnish, and left him to himself in the long chill dining-room, with its last summer's decoration of fly-specked paper garlands still pendent from the ceiling. Newbold's appetite was not unduly tempted by the cold ham and scrambled eggs, the adulterated coffee and sharp green pickles set before him. He rose up in a moment or two and strolled out into the stable-yard to give an order concerning his horse.

Here he was confronted by an odd subject he vaguely

remembered to have seen before. It was a crippled negro, old and bent, who, broom in hand, was sweeping out the stalls. At Newbold's greeting, the old fellow looked at him, first curiously, then with sudden intelligence in his eyes.

"I knows you, marse, shua 'nuff; but you 're fleshier and more comfortabler den you was. 'Spect you disremembers Sam! You hain't forgot Crow's Nes', has ye? I's Unk Pilate's brer, wha' ye gin a quarter to, de day ye sont me 'cross Black Jack to open de red gate."

Like a flash the time alluded to came back. Newbold recalled the race on horseback to which Pink had challenged him—the quaint old fellow gathering underbrush along the roadside. The warm balsamic air of the pine woods seemed to blow upon him. He saw again the perfect poise of her light figure in the saddle. Her ringing laugh echoed in his ear.

"Sam, you 're a trump," he said, with returning spirits. "Here's a dollar to keep the quarter company. Now tell me all you know about the Crow's Nest family, and how you came to be wandering off here to foreign parts."

The old negro looked around him apprehensively, as his long claws closed upon the greenback, and, shuffling, he led the way into a disused stall.

"Mighty cur'us times dese, marse. Can't tell yer right hand w'at yer lef' han' 's scrabblin' arter, 'pears to be."

Here he paused, coughed, looked wistfully into Newbold's face and, extending his lean forefinger, touched the young man's shoulder-strap.

"Ye wouldn't do no hurt, sir, to my ole marse, if ye does wear dis?"

"I would n't be fit to wear it if I did, Sam. I was a stranger and he took me in, remember," Newbold answered heartily. "Come, old man, out with your story. They are well, I hope. She—they have not been troubled in their home?"

Dey's only tol'able, Marse Newbole," Sam said, scratching his head dejectedly. "When de wah fus' bruk out, 'pears like ole marse kinder disbelieved de news. He'd set dere in de office day in and day out, and w'en de papers cum twicet a week, he'd git kinder riled, and den 'pear like he forgit all 'bout it. De young masters dey kep' gittin' mo'

an' mo' oneasy. Dey confabulated 'mongst deyselves—ole marse he kep' on desbelievin'—twel one mornin' de boys dess tuk an' lipt ober de fence, so to speak, an' jined de army ober yonder at Manassy Junction. Ole marse felt bad den, I reckon, w'en he found dey wor n't nobody to fill de ole house 'sep' little mistis and Marse Dolph. He tuk to walkin' up an' down de flo', and dar's whar he is now, I 'spec's. Little mistis, her eyes tuk to shinin' brighter 'n lightnin'-bugs, en she and Marse Dolph never rested widout dey knowed wot was goin' on in de camp. Dem two chillun 'u'd ride down to de Junction every chance dey got. Little mistis 'u'd keep all hands at wuk, sewin', knittin' en cookin' for de soldiers. Dey wor n't nuthin' talked 'bout but marchin' and drillin' and paradin', en how General Beauregard was a-gwine to save de Souf. Bymeby cum a day wha nobody down our way ain't a-gwine ter forgit dis side de Judgmen'. 'T was hot summer wedder —de groun' a-bakin' wid de sun—and w'en we fust heerd dat rumblin' long de groun', bress your soul, sir, we tuk it fur de las' trump. Ef de fus' clap didn' bounce dat ole headen Si outen his cheer, en turn loose de wust skeertes' nigger on our plantashun!

"Den dey wuz mo' rumblin', en a lot of sharp cracklin' sounds way off to the norf of us. De fus' we know, dar was little mistis runnin' out in de sun widout no hat, en her cheeks as red as peonies. Marse Dolph followed arter her, and tuk her hand. Ole marse kem out en stood on the poach, lookin' like he walkin' in he sleep. De cracklin' set in louder den befo', en little mistis she screech right out to her par dat de battle was begun. She looked peart enough to 'a' fit herself, bress your soul; and de boy he stand dere wid his head up, en his ears cocked like a blood hoss w'en he hear a cone drop off de pine trees. 'T was a mons'us hot day, Marse Newbole; en w'en night kem nobody on dat plantashun dars n't go to bed a-waitin' fur de news. Bymeby a sojer rode up de wood road. He sot his hoss sorter droopy, en w'en one o' de boys run down to de hoss-block, dar it wuz Marse Noblet's own sorrel, and dat wuz Marse Noblet ridin' him. He med out so ez to walk to de poach, wha old marse kem out to meet him. Den Marse Noblet bruk down like a baby, en if Unk Jupe had n't bin dar to ketch him, he 'd 'a'

tumbled flat. 'De res' ob 'em is safe, father,' wuz what he med out fur to say, sir, 'but I 'se hit in de side,' en den he fainted, en we kerried him into de charmber wha ole miss useter sleep, en dere he died fo' mornin'. 'T was de blood-flow dat finished him, de doctah 'lowed. Dat wuz only de beginnin', sir. Marse Noblet died o' Saturday, en o' Sunday de noise o' de guns begun ag'in bright en arly; en all day it kept rippin' en tearin' like mad. Ole marse set wid his head on hes bre's' by Marse Noblet's body, en dem chilluns did all de orderin' dey wuz to be did. Sun up, nex' mornin', shua ez you baun, sir, ef dar wor n't one o' dem sort o' sick hearses a-turnin' in de red gate; en w'at you s'pose in it? Marse Bushrod en Marse Catless *bofe,* sir. Dey wuz shot dead a-fightin' side by side.

Sam paused, gave a gulp, of which he tried to seem ashamed, while in spite of him two large tears ran down his cheeks. These he quickly brushed away, using a wisp of hay for the purpose, and resumed his story.

"Well, sir, Mammy Lucy she laid 'em out, en we buried dem free alongside dere ma in de cedar patch; en little mistis she sont into Pohick en bought some black stuff en had Mammy Psyche make a frock fur her. Ole marse quit readin' den, en tuk to walkin' up en down de flo'. Marse Dolph he seemed fit to bu'st, kase ther' wor n't no chance fur him to git inter de scrimmage on his own account. He en little miss could n' ride about like dey useter, w'en de Yankees begun to scout aroun' permiscus; en dey was fearful restless en oneasy. Dar ent no use in me tekkin' up you time, Marse Newbole, wid tellin' you all 'bout de way things got a-runnin' down on de old plantashun de secun year o' de wah. Arter de young marsters quit, dere wor n't nobody to run de machine. Ole marse got one oberseer, a po' white from de Cote-House, en he stole en cheated; den anudder feller, he cheated en stole. Bymeby, hog-meat gittin' skerser, craps failin', ole marse sent fur all han's to 'semble in de yard. Dar wuz we, in our Sunday bes'; dar wuz he in dat ole study-gound en his little cap; little mistis behine him, all pale en showed she'd bin a-cryin'; Marse Dolph holdin' on to her, en whis-perin' now en den. 'Boys,' ole marse sez, speakin' particular to Pilate, Jupe, en me, cos we wuz de oldest, 'you all see

how 't is wid me. Ye's sarved me true en faithful, en it's powerful hard to say it, but I hain't no call fur to starve my father's people, en so I 'll give ye leave to go. We're dat near to Wash'nt'n it 'll be easy fur dem as wants ter to git through de lines. Dem as has families to take wid 'em I'll give a little money to start 'em on de way, en what I can I 'll do fur all on ye.'

Dem niggers acted mighty queer, Marse Newbole. It cum as nateral as breathin' to want to holler out at dat. Dat wuz *freedom,* sir, dat wuz! But de sight uv our old marse standin' up in de ole poach so feeble like, en dem po' young things behine him, wuz mo' stronger; en we just kep' still as if it wuz in preachin'! Den Mammy Psyche gin de fust wud by squealin' out en throwin' her arms aroun' dem two, Miss Pink en Marse Dolph, en prayin' ole marse, for God's sake, not to send her off from her lambs, her precious babies. Ole Unk Jupe put his hand on one o' de do' poses, en he sez: 'Tek dis ere away, marse, but leave old Jupiter.' En dat sorter bruk down de cer'mony ob de 'cashun. De wimmen folks en de chillun cried en hollered, en de men stood on de groun' ez if dey wuz bin havin' der dogger-types tuk."

Again Sam had recourse to the wisp of hay. Newbold stood in silence beside him, his eyes fixed upon the ground.

"I'd like to tell you 'bout little mistis, sir," the old negro said, confidingly, after a time. "She waited a minnit to see if her pa wuz gwine to say enny mo', en, seein' him settle down like he wuz dreamin', she dess run out on de grass amongs' us, sir, wid dat same face she had w'en she wuz a-listenin' to guns at Manassy; it wuz proud, and den ag'in it wuzn't.

" 'I wornts you all to know dat my father en my brother en I loves you jes' ez well en trusses you jes' de same ez ever,' war what she say; 'en ef any one 'mongs' ye wornts to stay en share our poverty, he's welcome; en ef any one of ye wornts to come back to Crow's Nes', he's welcome. I've growed up here 'mongs' ye, en I knows ye, big en little, ole en young. It's like pullin' my heart-strings out to see ye go away, en de ole place go to ruin. But ef it's got to be, my dear, dear frien's, I know you 'll help—' "

At this point of his narrative Sam made no further at-

tempt to stem the current of fast-welling tears that streamed down the channels of his withered face. Presently he abandoned the wisp of hay as inadequate to the occasion, and took from his pocket a handkerchief emblazoned with the United States flag in all its bravery of colors.

"Dat was de beginnin' uv de end, Marse Newbole," he said. "De Crow's Nes' niggers c'lared out arter dat, do de mos' ob 'em was mighty hard to stir. Unk Jupe and Mammy Psyche dey staid, uv co'rse, en dey kep' a couple o' boys to hope in de gyarden. Aunt Lucy, she went off to nuss in de hosspittle at Culpepper. Aunt Judy—she dat wuz housekeeper, sir—why she's cook at Marse Secretary Chase's, dis minnit, in Wash'nt'n, en Unk Pilate, her husban', he drives de kerridge. Ole Unk Si he tuk his savin's en made tracks, fust off. Hain't nebber heerd o' enny cullud gentleman wha 's runnin' fur Presiden', down dar, has ye, sir? De way dat nigger bambilated off, ye 'd 'a' thought he wor n't gwine ter 'low Marse Linkum no chance, nohow. Sum' on 'em has writ letters beggin' marse to take 'em home ag'in; some on 'em we ain't never heerd on. I'm a kyinder old tarrypin myself; en w'en little mistis 'vised me to be a-movin', I dess crawled dis fur, en 'ere I stopped. I gets my cawn-bread en my bacon en a bed to sleep on by de wuk I does fur Marse Jim Peters, wha' keeps dis 'ere hotel; but dey's a mons'us differ'nce. 'Pears like I ent got no self-respec', to be waitin' on po' whites, nohow; en de longes' I live, sir, I ent nebber seen money tuk befo' fur a stranger's bode en lodgin'."

Thus far Newbold had heard without wishing to interrupt the simple old narrator, but a great longing to know more of her toward whom his heart had been drawn during years of separation overmastered him. He wrung Sam's hand, greatly to that worthy's astonishment, leaving in the horny palm another greenback—an act of beneficence that almost defeated his object by depriving the now smiling negro of his powers of speech.

"Your young mistress, Sam, how does she look? how does she bear her changed fortunes?"

"She's grow'd like a hiskory saplin', Marse Newbole, en it's dess a wonder her sperret ent bruk, wid de pore eatin', en de worriment, en de hard work. I ent tole you, sir, dat

Marse Peachy got killed at Malvern Hill, en Marse Ludwell lay down dere in the hosspittle at Richmon' all las' summer, 'fo' he died o' de wounds he got at Seven Pines. W'en Marse Raish kem a-limpin' home on crutches wid one laig gone, en took to settin' on de back poach all de day (underneath de water-bucket wha de gourds hangs, sir, you 'members it?) en giv hisself up to bein' drefful onsperreted, seems like dat wuz de las' straw! Ole marse looked at him kinder fur off, en he sez, sez he, 'I'm a' old tree, en dey've lopt off all o' my branches; purty soon de trunk 'll fall, please God.' Den Marse Dolph en Miss Pink dey tuk de whole fambly in charge. Marse Raish allus was de perjinketes' ob all de boys, en he's give 'em lots o' trouble sence, en old marse 'pears to git childish like. Dat boy Dolph ez only fifteen, sir; but ef you 'll b'leeve me, he's breakin' his heart to go enter de wah; en Miss Pink she wornts de wust way ter please him, en but fer his pa I b'leeve he'd be off like a shot. . . Dey's powerful po', sir," he added, with reluctant admission. "All dat lan' 's no good to marse; en de Yankees hez cut down acres uv his timber. But dey's great folks still, sir. Dey's Hunters, ebbery inch; en dey don't gib up."

Newbold rode back to headquarters, turning over in his mind a variety of projects by which he could bring himself into communication with, and if possible aid, the family at Crow's Nest. A day or two afterward he met his old friend Hoyt, now captain of New York volunteers, and, like himself, recently stationed in the Three Forks neighborhood. They dined together at Newbold's mess, and after dinner Newbold resolved to make an effort to break an awkward kind of reserve that his own feeling had established between them in regard to the visit at Crow's Nest. He gave Hoyt an outline of Sam's story.

"By Jove, it's too bad," Hoyt responded heartily. "Of course we should do something; but what? Our hands are tied. Very likely they'd bar the door against us, and the girl would hurl secession eloquence at our heads from the upper windows. What a pretty creature she was, Newbold! Do you know, I believe my wife is to this day a trifle jealous of the spooney way I used to go on about old Virginia after our visit there. I sent Miss Hunter a lot of books

and engravings, and wrote her a half-dozen rather sentimental letters from Europe that summer—and there the thing cooled off. You remember, it was just before I became engaged to Lilian—"

"I have n't forgotten anything about that time," Newbold said, with a sort of effort. "Perhaps I never told you, Hoyt, that I myself fell as irretrievably in love with Miss Hunter as an idiot could. I wrote and told her so, and asked her leave to revisit Crow's Nest in a different capacity. But—"

"She did n't agree with you, old fellow?" Hoyt said serenely. "Well, that's a chapter that comes in most of our lives, is n't it? I am so well set up in that matter that I can afford to sympathize with you old bachelors."

"Unfortunately, as you will agree," Newbold added, after a moment's deliberation, "I have a provoking way of not changing when I once make up my mind. I find myself to-day more than ever fixed in my regard for her. The story that old darkey tells of her pluck and her endurance has filled me with a rash and unmanageable desire to go to her rescue."

Hoyt whistled.

"Excuse me, old fellow, but really—I—It's such an immense joke, don't you see? Why can't you have the common sense to know that now she would never look at you? These Southern girls are the very devil! Perhaps you'd better try it, though, if you are going in for a cure; or else wait awhile till we have settled this rebellion business, and affairs assume a different complexion. For my part I stand ready to do the Hunters any kindness or any courtesy that may be possible, if a chance presents. How Lilian will laugh when she hears I've run upon the Virginian flame again!"

* * * * * *

Once again upon the banks of the Aspen River our two friends came to a halt. This time it was no May-day pleasuring beneath the flowery arches of the wood. Hoyt was in command of a scouting expedition, which Newbold, out of the very restlessness of his spirit, had volunteered to accompany. The long winter of inactivity made an opportunity like this a godsend to both men and officers. It was now toward the end of March, and, by one of the coquetries of

Virginia's climate at that season, a brisk snow-storm had set in, driving Hoyt's party into the shelter of a close growth of pine trees for their noonday bivouac. Gathered round a tiny fire, whose thin blue curl of smoke they would have hidden from outside observation, they sat eating and chatting merrily—their horses, tethered close at hand, comfortably munching provender beneath a thatch of snow.

Suddenly the soldier on guard without gave a note of warning to his comrades. In an instant every man's hand was on his rifle. In the dead silence that ensued they could hear the long, even stride of horses galloping on the far side of the river-bank. From their ambush they saw a party of Confederates emerge from the undergrowth opposite and sweep down the steep descent to the ford. Their steeds plunged into the stream and rioted with the swift yellow current, wading breast-high, now swimming, again striking bottom, and so until the hoofs of their leader struck the shore immediately beneath the wooded height where lurked their foe.

What followed was the work of a moment. Newbold, looking out with a thrill of eager anticipation, saw the gray-coats fare gaily forward to their certain doom—saw in the midst of them, first to breast the current, waving his arm aloft in boyish pride—joyous, gallant and alert—good God! could this be little Dolph?

"Fire!" came the ring of Hoyt's clear voice; and the order was instantly obeyed.

Newbold was conscious of a mad movement of protest. Before the smoke attending the deadly volley had scattered, the ranks of the rebel cavalry were seen to split asunder. Two or three bodies plunged heavily from their saddles to the ground. In the skirmish that ensued the rest of them, surprised and outnumbered, made desperate fight in vain. Those not slain or captured on the spot turned back to cross the ford, a rain of bullets following. More than one succeeded in crossing unhurt; some sank wounded on the far bank; and one poor fellow, struck in mid-stream, sat his horse gallantly until he had well-nigh mastered the buffeting of the flood, then, falling like a column, was lost to sight beneath the angry tide.

It was short work to look for Dolph. The boy lay by

the roadside, his fair face looking heavenward, a bullet through his heart.

Hoyt, having a severe thigh-wound for his own share of the encounter, was carried by his men into the shelter they had recently quitted and laid on a bed made of leaves and blankets, while a messenger, accompanying the prisoners sent back under guard, was despatched to headquarters in search of a surgeon. Into this retreat, where the wounded of both sides were lying, Newbold had caused Dolph's body to be borne. A faint hope, too soon extinguished, nerved him to continue efforts at resuscitation. Hoyt, on discovering the object of his friend's solicitude, was beyond measure shocked and grieved. In the intervals of his acute attacks of suffering, he would ask impatiently if nothing could be done to save the boy. From one of the wounded Confederates Newbold ascertained that this was young Hunter's first military service since his recent enlistment; and that the party, at his request, had stopped over night at Colonel Hunter's house, whither it was more than probable some one of the retreating men had even now borne the news of the lad's fate.

"But I reckon I'd rather be here as I am, than in his boots that tells the news," the soldier added, between gasps of pain.

Newbold, having done what he could for the sufferers, paced up and down the road in front of his improvised hospital, a prey, for once in his life, to blank uncertainty. As he strode back and forth, a soldier on the outpost signaled him, pointing in the direction of the far bank of the river. Going down the steep path, Newbold saw through the mist of swiftly falling snow the black hulk of the old ferry-boat push out from the opposite shore.

"There are only two people aboard, sir," the sentry said. "They've a white flag up. It's a woman and a nigger man, I guess."

"Newbold's heart was filled with foreboding. He could make no answer; he could only watch and wait. The boat drew nearer. What he feared was realized. A gaunt old negro handled the ropes of the ferry-boat, and at his side a young girl stood directing him. A moment more, and Pink, her large eyes fixed and staring, no tear upon the whiteness

of her cheek, sprang to the shore and came swiftly up the bank.

"I have come to claim my dead," she said, in tones so strange and sad that, instinctively, every man who heard her doffed his cap and stood bareheaded in the snowflakes. Newbold dared not answer; he could not tell whether she recognized him or not. In silence he led her, followed by old Jupiter, whose shambling steps found it difficult to make a footing, along the slippery path. Dolph's body had been removed a little apart from the others and laid on the moss at the foot of a tree. Newbold hesitated for a moment; then, drawing aside the sweeping bough that veiled it from their sight, he motioned the young girl to pass before him. He saw her swoop downward, like a mother-bird to its young, and then could look no more. She came out presently, the same marble creature who had entered there. Hoyt had aroused from his benumbed condition, and, dimly comprehending what had come to pass, begged Newbold to call her to his side.

"I must say—a word—you know. She may feel more kindly to see me— in this state."

He had raised himself upon his elbow and looked appealingly toward her. Pink's eyes met his. To Newbold's utter surprise, the young girl's face kindled with a momentary glow that was astonishment and joy and tenderness combined. She made a quick motion in Hoyt's direction, then as suddenly put both hands before her eyes and drew back.

"Pray speak to him, Miss Hunter," Newbold urged, in a voice that did not seem his own. "He is badly wounded, as you see, and your—sorrow—is the one disturbing thought he can't dismiss from his wandering brain. Surely, you will be merciful; surely, you will believe that this terrible day's work was one neither he nor I would have intentionally wrought."

As he spoke, the girl trembled pitiably; through her clasped hands he could see a stain of vivid carmine dye her cheek, then vanish, leaving it pale as before. With sudden impulse, she crossed to Hoyt's side and bent down to him; but the wounded man, exhausted by his effort, had already fallen back in a stupor that might mean death.

Pink knelt for a moment gazing at him; then, rising, turned away. Newbold caught the murmur that escaped her lips.

"Better so," she whispered.

"Better so," he echoed in his heart. "She will perhaps be spared a deeper pang.

Dolph's body was wrapped in his soldier's blanket; but, when the moment came to bear him forth, Newbold and the men who offered to assist were motioned back by the lean arm of Jupiter, who, mute and solemn, had kept watch beside the dead.

"I ax yer pardon, sir, but dis is *my* place, and I has my mistis's orders," the old man said; and, lifting the body tenderly to his breast, he walked with majestic tread along the path—the girl, erect and tearless, following.

A cloth laid over the boy's face fluttered back. Those who in silent awe looked after the sad procession till it passed from view saw the gleam of his golden curls nestling in the protecting arms of Jupiter, even as the ferry-boat pushed out from shore. Midway in the stream Newbold caught his last glimpse of them; the girl at her old place by the ropes, battling with wind and current; the negro, on his knees beside her, striving to shield his burden from the storm. Then a mist came over the watcher's eyes; that and the falling snow blotted her forever from his sight.

* * * * * *

A little while ago, Hoyt's young daughter, an airy fairy Lilian of seventeen, asked her father why their friend Mr. Newbold had never chanced to marry.

"He seems so solitary, papa," she said, from her favorite perch on the arm of Hoyt's library chair; "and sometimes, when he is here and we are all so happy, I can't help fancying it makes him sad to see us. I should like him to be happy too, papa; for he is the kindest, truest—"

"Yes, that is it, Lilian. If such a thing can be, he is too true."

And there, in the twilight, Hoyt told to his darling the story I have told to you.

A WEEK-END AT TUPELO

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MR. JENCKS learned also that not only were the Floyd-Curtises installed at the club-house as recent purchasers of land and prospective house-owners, entitled now to the privileges of membership, but that they had with them as their guests Mrs. Bertie Clay and the Countess of Melrose. These ladies were to be crown and summit of the evening's expected meeting of club-people and cottagers in the ball-room of the club-house.

Less than an hour and a half of journeying over emerald lowlands into a beautiful hill-country, all garlanded with autumn leaves, brought the party to their destined stopping-place. Behind the station were drawn up an array of dog-carts, village-carts, wagonettes, and other shining vehicles, with grooms, horses and harness in correctest style. To these severally resorted the people who owned them as well as the luxurious cottages scattered about the park. Jencks, with his friend and others bound directly to the club, took possession knee to knee of a trig omnibus, and were before long passing under a stone archway marking the confines of the park. Here, between the rows of chattering people, Jencks again enjoyed hearing the name of Miss Floyd-Curtis tossed like a shuttlecock. He was inclined to think that the importance to the social community of a new belle was second only to that of a Presidential candidate to the community at large; and this being the year of a Presidential election, he had already found opportunity for observation on that subject. That conjecture had begun to reckon up the available and impecunious members of the British peerage for Lily's benefit, he was made almost painfully aware.

It was otherwise a pleasant drive enough, through a wilderness that had been made to blossom into something akin to the perfection of English landscape-gardening. The winding roads were paved and drained and provided with lamps for gas, but overhead grew trees of the deep woods, and at every turn some boulder bedded in moss and greenery, some bank of yellowing bracken, some glimpse of lake and distant

hilltop, showed that Nature had not been despoiled of her fondest coquetries. In the dewy depths of leafage glorious in rainbow color there were still notes of song-birds tarrying upon their southward way, while squirrels stored their nuts in full sight of the passer-by. Viewed in that atmospheric brilliancy of tone peculiar to our hill-country at this season of the year, a little effort of the imagination and one might revive the primeval stretches of woodlands in which the genius of Cooper framed some of his 'Leatherstocking Tales.'

The bus, skirting the lake, drew up finally before a long, picturesque brown house, with wings and attendant cottages clustered beneath a grove of glorious oak trees. Lackeys in waiting helped travelers to alight, and ushered them into a deep hall, filled with the furnishings of home-like comfort, and softly luminous with lamps and a fire of logs, kindled in a chimney-place of cavernous proportions. Scattered over the great tables facing the fire were journals and magazines of England and America, those illusive piles that light the unaccustomed eye with rapture, and to the habitual reader of many periodicals convey satiety with the mere glancing at the covers. Surrounding this table, seated in easy-chairs or standing, were groups of men and women, most of them attired as if just come in from walk, or drive, or ride, or sail. It was the pleasant hour when cups click and kettles puff their steam, when whitest fingers twinkle over sugar-tongs, dally with cream-jugs, and make votive offerings of too often atrocious draughts of tea. In an adjoining drawing-room a table was spread offering full material for the exercise of this fashionable pastime. Elsewhere was heard the soft click of billiard balls, and to the men who so desired it there was more than one open door of escape from the society of their best and dearest. But for the registry desk, hidden from sight by the abutment of the chimney, where stood an official prepared to testify on all points connected with trains, telegrams, conveyances, drives, keys, location of rooms, probabilities of weather, and the correct time of day, it was like a country house of some self-effacing host.

Jencks was a little bewildered by the brilliant gaiety of the guests, the already established among them greeting the

new-comers with effusive welcome. He would have missed the reserve, the low-toned talk, of a similar gathering in England had he been an adept in the country houses of his own native land. But it was charming enough to dispense with criticism as he stood by the hall fire looking curiously on at the kaleidoscopic picture. In none of the passing figures did he discern the one now become of absorbing interest to his thoughts. As the people were thinning out to go to their rooms the hall door opened, and, in a waft of cooling air, fragrant with odors of the autumn wood, came to him the apparition of Lily Curtis. She was one of a driving party just arrived, and on entering the warm hall she hastened to loosen and throw aside the Connemara cloak of glowing crimson, with some sort of high collar of brown fur and intricate clasps of beaten silver, that he remembered seeing on shipboard. That the young man nearest her received this cloak upon his arm as if it had been royalty's, Jencks notes with jealous eyes. Then a species of giddiness came into his calm brain, for Lily, looking over at the fire, saw him in turn. She was clad all in white woolen stuff made sailor-wise, and she wore upon her ruddy locks a little sailor hat. Everything recalled to him their voyage and his enchantment. A moment and she had crossed the hall and was holding out her hand to him, a joy there was no mistaking in her eyes.

"Why, Mr. Jencks!" she exclaimed.

"Oh, how d' ye do—I'm here with Banting."

It is only in books that people taken by surprise adjure each other in polished phraseology.

While dressing for dinner a sense of the grotesqueness of his present attitude disturbed the young professor. He was obviously a fish out of water. He felt tempted to pack his portmanteau and go back to town by the night train. He tried to persuade himself that the only reason for not doing so was it would seem so very rude to Banting.

Banting and he had a little table for two in the great glass-covered veranda overlooking the lake, where everybody likes to dine. Banting had cunningly selected their location in order to give his friend a full view of the pretty scene.

There were many tables, some large, some small, the diners numbering about one hundred and fifty when reinforced by

parties from the cottages, who came in for the dance that was to follow. In their immediate vicinity a table with many roses and silver candelabra was prepared for an especial party not yet arrived. Presently Jencks had the pleasing pain of seeing six couples come down the room, among them his sweetheart and the man who had held her cloak, and take their places at this table next to him. Without doing more than to glance over the rim of his glass of Burgundy, he could see the back of Lily's beautiful young shoulders, and her knot of burnished hair twisted high and stuck through with an amber dart—the little rings escaping from the knot curling upon the bare white column of her neck. As she had passed them with a nod and a smile, the poor professor had been struck dumb by her dazzling appearance. It was not finery, surely, for her attire was of simplest white, girdled with white, and she wore no ornaments. But he had never before seen her in evening dress, and he did not wonder that all heads turned to look at her, and, as to the Helen of the classics, "did her reverence as she passed."

"Amber—what is amber?" he was musing. "Tears of the Heliades, I think, when they wept over Phaeton's fall. They were changed into poplars, and their boughs dropped the precious gum. She is straight and tall, like a poplar, but her eyes have never wept."

Now this is what he said. To the waiter: "I will have another cutlet." To Banting: "It's awfully good of you, certainly, to give me an opportunity to see this. I'm not likely to see anything better of its kind. These people, I take it, represent your most distinguished citizens. But tell me, if you don't mind: this upper stratum of republican society in your states in general—for what are its members distinguished? Has any one of them discovered or invented anything, or written a book that led thought in his time, or a successful play? Is there among them a great statesman, or surgeon, or scientist, or one of your brilliant editors or lawyers, whose names we know so well in England?"

"Hum!" said Banting; "you see those at dinners sometimes. But, as a general rule, they're too busy. They're bored by it, in fact. They send their women folk."

"And your politicians?"

"They show up in Washington," Banting exclaimed, rather nervously. "Fact is, you should go to Washington. It's unique. I run down there myself every season, for a week or so."

"But the politicians who are living in New York?"

"They can't serve two masters," Tommy said serenely. "Just let a man's name be published as at a swell ball or dinner, and his constituents of Avenue A pitch into him for a 'dude,' and away goes his 'inflooence' in his 'deestrict,' and the newspapers never let up on him. Two or three fellows of our set have gone in for politics in New York, but they were young, you know. They 'll have time to live it down."

"Then, if this is society, such men as I ask about are not society?"

"Absurd!" said Banting. "Plenty of 'em send their families. You can understand that to run a big machine like ours takes time."

"Then the ones who have the time associate with the wives and daughters of the ones who don't?" persisted Jencks.

"Oh, they have mostly inherited great fortunes; in some cases have made their own and stopped," said Tommy easily. "They represent our leisure class, our equivalent for your aristocracy."

"Is it true, what a newspaper man told me, that there are gentlemen of inherited wealth among you who are actually and designedly segregating into a clique that shall exclude the present maker of money, the professional man taking fees for service rendered to his client or his patient?"

"I give you my word I never heard anybody say so," said Tommy modestly. Being the son and heir of a late eminent haberdasher, Mr. Banting was rather flattered by this suggestion. "Hang it, Jencks, what do you expect of us?"

"I expected to find New York the flower of the materialism by which the world is leavened; and I've found it," remarked Jencks, putting sugar in his coffee.

"If we 're material, what 's London? what 's Paris? Why, fellows over there will do anything for money. As I was going to say, I believe you Britishers are half disappointed not to find us sitting around wigwam fires, and to have our

squaws wait on you, and be asked to go to the chase in Iroquois costume."

"I am disappointed to find so few who seem to value their country for anything it has achieved beyond heaping up colossal fortunes and laying so many miles of railroad. Those who treasure its traditions are about as isolated from the control of thought as one of the Aztec images up yonder in your Metropolitan Museum, where I spent the morning in company with perhaps a dozen other searchers after art this week."

"We'll catch up with history and the arts by and by," remarked Mr. Banting, with imperturbable good nature. "And if you 'll stay over in New York till election time, I rather think you 'll find a reason why the high patriotic business is about played out. Just go down to Castle Garden and study the kind of citizens we 're acquiring every day to help to form our thought. Drop in at one of our courts and see our manufactory of voters at work. The other day I happened to be there when the judge was examining a scaly lot of organ-grinders and Russians previous to naturalizing them. The first fellow he had up was an Italian, all garlic and ear-rings, and the first question asked was, 'What sort of a government is this?' 'Georga Washa, Georga Washa'; the fellow answered, like a patriot. But the judge pressed the question, and on being prompted in the rear the man rallied up with 'Si, si, republicana.' 'Who make the laws?' was the next question, and again the answer was 'Georga Washa.' But after repeated coaching, Signor Garibaldi informed the court that 'de peep' make the laws, and was then admitted to be one of us—an American citizen. Another aspirant was a dirty, hairy nihilist with a name like a sneeze. He couldn't speak a word of English, and the questions were repeated to him through a Russian interpreter. His only answers were a series of shrugs, and his face was as vacant as an owl's; but he, too, became entitled to the privilege I share with him. The law's exaction is that the would-be citizen shall be 'of good moral character and attached to the principles of the Constitution'; hence the style of interrogatory."

"That's a nice showing for your judiciary," Jencks said. "It's as bad as stealing votes."

"We must make allowance for fellow-feeling in some cases, I suppose. When the judge happens to be foreign born himself, or the immediate descendant of a naturalized immigrant, his inclination to be indulgent with the new applicant for citizenship is sometimes irresistible, don't you know? At any rate, that's what we have to put up with, and it's stinging hard to bear."

"You are always 'putting up with' things. You're the most submissive race on earth to public outrages. And from a cursory view of the situation, I'm inclined to the opinion that the least attractive features of your great city, externally, are office-holders, and ash-barrels," said Jencks, good-humoredly.

"Which is the *raison d'être* of Newport and Tupelo. Well, all said, and in spite of some weak points, I find our community a pretty good one to live in. You gibe at our extravagance, but what does money mean but the good things of life? If our millionaires have, so far, chosen to put their art into the best ways of getting comfortably around the world, who's profited by it, I'd like to know? Pictures and statues will come along. You don't find our charities behindhand. They are among the most splendid in the world. In the last few years our grand new houses have been filled with treasures you were glad we had dollars enough to pay for. Who'd buy all these crown jewels of defunct monarchies, tapestries and carvings from impoverished castles, bric-a-brac and books Europe can't afford to keep, if we did not? Even the East profits. Japan has to manufacture new curios, because her priceless old ones are in American collections. Wait till I can show you the houses of a few of our New York millionaires, and you'll see whether the Jeffersonian simplicity business is not played out to some good purpose."

"Don't show me anything more," Jencks said, laughing. "I am rapidly growing into the state of mind of that young fellow I heard of last week who failed as a society reporter, and went and hired a suit of evening clothes in which to drown himself like a gentleman in the reservoir in Central Park. I believe it all to be enormously important."

"She has just the untrammeled walk that a young squaw might have," his thoughts took shape again. "If she were

grinding corn in a hollowed rock she would be just as graceful. Oh, if she had not a penny, and I a ranch in the Far West, what a glorious comrade for the wilds! Even this cobweb tinsel spun around has not harmed her yet. But it will—alas! it will. And she is no more for me than I am fit for an atmosphere like hers. It is the wildest caprice of destiny that has made me love her. Well, I will regale my eyes this little while, and then—Walter Bagehot said he would enjoy society if the little pink and blue girls were not so like each other. That's how I've always looked at it. She's not monotonous. She is continually changing, the embodiment of joyous youth at one moment, cynic the next. But the cynicism is only skin-deep, and the freshness is perennial—"

"If you've finished your coffee, shall we go and smoke?" said Banting.

JAMES A. HARRISON

[1848—]

A. B. COOKE

JAMES ALBERT HARRISON was born August 21, 1848, at Pass Christian, Mississippi. In his early youth his family moved to New Orleans, where he was brought up. Having completed his preparatory education in that city, he entered the University of Virginia. Graduating at the age of twenty, he proceeded to Germany to continue his studies. He early manifested a love of language and *belles-lettres,* and to these especially he devoted himself in his studies abroad.

Returning from Europe in 1871, he was chosen professor of Latin and Modern Languages in Randolph-Macon College. This chair he resigned in 1876 to accept that of English and Modern Languages in Washington and Lee University, where he served for nineteen years. In 1895 he was called to the chair of English and Romance Languages in the University of Virginia. On a readjustment of the language department there he became professor of Teutonic Languages, in which capacity he continues to serve (1908).

While at Washington and Lee he married Miss Elizabeth S. Letcher, daughter of the war governor of Virginia.

Through almost forty years of unbroken and enthusiastic service in the class-room Professor Harrison has come to be recognized as one of the most effective and distinguished teachers of the South. Nor have his labors been confined to purely class-room work. He is scarcely less widely known as writer than as teacher. While at Randolph-Macon College he contributed to journals of philology and education. *The Virginia Educational Journal,* of Richmond, numbered him among its writers, as did the *American Journal of Philology,* of Johns Hopkins University. The results, too, of his work as teacher of languages and student of philology were from time to time put into permanent form in a succession of publications; to wit, 'French Syntax'; 'A Dictionary of Anglo-Saxon Poetry' (with W. M. Baskervill); 'A Library of Anglo-Saxon Poetry' in five volumes; an 'Anglo-Saxon Reader'; 'Anglo-Saxon Dictionary'; editions of 'Beowulf,' Heine's 'Reisebilder,' 'Madame de Sevigné's Letters,' Corneille's 'Nicodème,' 'Easy French Lessons.' He was also one of the editors of the 'Century Dictionary' and of

the 'Standard Dictionary.' He has traveled widely, paying repeated visits to the various countries of Europe. The literary result of his travels has been a succession of volumes, beginning with 'A Group of Poets and Their Haunts' (1874), followed by 'Greek Vignettes' (1877), 'Spain in Profile' (1879), 'A History of Spain' (1885), 'A History of Greece' (1885).

When the Virginia Edition of the 'Complete Works of Edgar Allan Poe' was to be brought out, Professor Harrison was selected as editor. This work occupied him for several years. The result, in seventeen volumes, was published in 1902. Volume I of this work is a biography of the poet, written by the editor himself, the most exhaustive life of Poe yet written, and probably the ultimate one.

Scarcely was he free from this engrossing task when his services were engaged for a 'Life of George Washington' (Heroes of the Nation Series). With the appearance of this volume in 1906, he was compelled, on account of ill health and failing eyes, to lay aside all work except such as his duties to his classes demanded. Indeed, the work of the last few years was only made possible by the devoted assistance of his wife and his only son, who relieved him largely of the onerous details of authorship and editorship. His single effort in "mere literature," 'Autrefois,' is a volume of Creole tales, arising out of his early interest in Creole literature as he studied it in the city of his youth.

Professor Harrison has succeeded in the difficult work of combining in a single person the effective teacher and the accomplished author. Nor is it easy to determine in which of these capacities he has rendered the greater service. He entered the educational work just after the Civil War, when education was at a low ebb in the South. He was one of the teachers whom the late Dr. James A. Duncan gathered about him at Randolph-Macon after the removal of that college from Boydton, Virginia, to Ashland (1868), when the college was sorely in need of virile men. Here he served with eminent success for five years. Of this period one of his pupils, now his peer, says, "He was regarded by all connected with the college as a very able professor. He inspired his students to work by arousing in them an interest in the subjects he taught. He was my ideal of what a professor of languages should be."

Passing from Randolph-Macon to Washington and Lee, he carried with him this compelling enthusiasm, and there for nineteen years he was a growing force, not only in the teaching corps of that institution, but in the whole field of higher education in the South. It is well known that until after the Civil War language study in many schools of the South had been confined to Latin and Greek. In them English and the modern languages of Europe had had no proper

place in the college curriculum. Professor Harrison heartily seconded Professor Price at Randolph-Macon in the building of a full English course in that college. At Washington and Lee he was able to continue his labors in a chair of English and Modern Languages, and there with devoted energies he set about to quicken an interest in these hitherto neglected fields of study. Reference to his publications will show with what unstinted labor he led in exploring and charting the little known field of English, especially in Anglo-Saxon. To-day the chair of English is one of the first in every Southern college, and English literature has a place in the public schools of every Southern state. The quickened interest in our mother tongue is due in a measure to the enthusiasm and earnest labor of Professor Harrison. Says one of his co-laborers: "He and the late Professor Price, of Columbia University, were the two pioneer professors of English in the South, and to the scholarship, zeal, and contagious enthusiasm of these two noted educators a large number of the chairs of English in Southern colleges and universities owe their existence. At the University of Virginia he continues his labors."

Despite his constant work in the study and the teaching of language, he has found time for other things. If his publications on Anglo-Saxon show the depth of his interest in the English language, his other writings suggest the breadth of his interests. 'A Group of Poets and Their Haunts,' touching as it does Italian, French, German, and Scandinavian literature and lands, shows at once the breadth of his literary acquaintance and the extent of his travels, even while he was yet scarcely more than a youth. A great traveler himself, he recognizes the educational value of travel, and by his pen has tried to bring about a larger interest in the lands that lie overseas. His two books on Spain, one the utterance of a student of that country's history, the other the utterance of an intelligent traveler; and his two books on Greece, alike the outcome of historic study and of personal acquaintance, suggest the value of combined study and travel as supplementary elements in education. He has not only given life-long study to the sources of our literature and civilization—the Greek, the Romanic, and the Teutonic—but by deliberate travel he has made himself acquainted at first hand with the history and life of these peoples. So he has contrived to keep fresh the springs of enthusiasm through many years of exacting routine work, and has attained to a distinguished place in the ranks of Southern teachers.

His writing is never dull. He has a way of enlisting the interest at once. He sees with finely imaginative eye, and aims to preserve for his readers the picture in all the rich coloring which it has for him—ever a difficult task. His command of language and illustration is remarkable. His large knowledge of history, literature and

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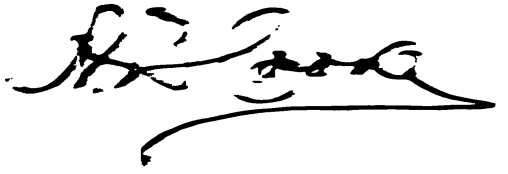

THE GEOGRAPHY OF GREECE

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It is impossible to understand Greek history or Greek story without a clear knowledge of Greek geography; above all, the way in which sea, mountain, and land locked into each other, influenced the national temper, and developed fundamental differences of character. A multitude of brilliant granules without cohesion, a string of miniature states with no more intimate connection than a string of beads that slide up and down a necklace, constituted the "Greece" of the ancients—a name originally belonging to a single tribe on the northwestern coast, and applied by the Romans indiscriminately to the inhabitants of the whole peninsula. For, though all these people whom they call "Greeks" spoke generally the same language, with unimportant differences possessed the same gods, and had the

same sharp and mobile physiognomies; though they worshipped and fought and wrestled and built together, and were each and all characterized by the same gifts of head and heart; though they loved and hated and wedded in common words, and had an ancestral pride that pointed back to a common origin; yet, in spite of all these bonds, in spite of common speech, common customs, common play-grounds, common ancestry, they never did and never could form a lasting confederation like our United States; they never did and never could evolve a code or a system of legislation common to them all; and they never did and never could, even in the presence of the most imminent perils, constitute one state. Each must be by itself; each was a law and a world unto itself; each developed only the pronoun of the first person—I—till it rose into a gigantic and overshadowing selfishness, like the image in the vision of Daniel, and ended in the ruin and desolation of Greece.

And much, if not all of this difference arose from the peculiar geography of Greece.

Suppose you look again at the map—this time at the admirable maps in 'Freeman's Historical Geography of Europe' —and fix your eye, not on the broad and beaming Mediterranean at large, but only on that part or those parts of it which are dotted and tinted with Greek settlements. First of all you will notice the singular shape of Greece: the water has eaten into it on every side, and it lies there in the sea like a skeletonized leaf, "reticulated," as the botanists say, with only ribs and remnants of land—chiefly mountain ranges—to hold it together. It is an extreme case of the enormous development of peninsula formation, in which peninsula succeeds peninsula, tier on tier; Thessaly, Epirus, Acarnania, and Ætolia forming the upper tier or story; Locris, Bœotia, and Attica, the second; Megara and Corinth, with their slender waist-line elongation, the third; and the Peloponnesus, with its four claw-like peninsulas, the fourth. It is wheel within wheel, peninsula within peninsula, hanging together now by a mere thread of land, as at the Isthmus of Corinth, or darting forward in a long tongue, as with Bœotia and Attica, or standing out in a solid mass, as with Thessaly and Epirus.

And in and around and through all the *sea,* that essential element of old Greek life, thrusting its lance far into the sides

of the land, eating out great gulfs like the Gulf of Corinth, carving the southern Peloponnesus into three inward-stretching *fiords,* called the Messenian, Laconian, and Argolic gulfs, running far up around Salamis and Ægina to the foot of the throne of Xerxes in Attica, and severing the long island of Eubœa from the eastern coast of Attica, Bœotia, and Locris.

This was the grand play-ground of the Greeks, the royal *sea,* with its winds, currents, and islands, with its superstitions, fairy lore, and poetry, with its life, health, and motion. Every thing became beautiful and alive to the Greek when he was on the sea: he watched the stars and gave them poetical names; he was struck with the shape of the islands and reveled in the names of animals, minerals, and plants which he gave them; he "shepherded" the winds—Etesian, Notus, Eurus, Zephyrus—and made them drive his agile triremes and penteconters—vessels of three banks of oars and of fifty oars, twenty-five on a side; and he filled his islands with sanctuaries, fanes of white marble, temples gleaming white and ghost-like on the naked promontories and dedicated to the Immortal Gods.

Next to the sea, in the life of the Greeks, came the *mountains,* chain within chain, range on range. All Greece was a house of many rooms divided by partition walls of mountains, some high, some low, some big, some little. If you have an 'Encyclopædia Britannica' (Vol. XI), take it on your lap and look at the mountain system in the map of ancient Greece. If you have an eye for a picture you will see at once that across the north of Greece the mountains lie in the shape of a vast spider with extended limbs. Two of these limbs enclose Thessaly; two shut out Macedon from Thessaly and Epirus; and Epirus, Thesprotia, and Molossis are cut right in half or shut off by themselves by another. A long streamer from one of the mountain ranges trails southward, throwing Doris, Opuntian Locris, and Bœotia on the east side and Ozolian Locris and Ætolia on the west side. Phocis is partly on one side of the mountain trail and partly on the other, while Attica runs out into the southeast sea as if to escape the pursuing mountain. The Peloponnesus (the great southern remnant of Greece suspended on the sea by the ribbon of the Isthmus of Corinth) is as full of mountains as an egg is of meat; they furrow the soil like giant plows and

make deep valleys in Achaia, Argolis, Laconia, Messenia, and Elis, full of the sweetest green, the richest pastures, the coolest groves, and the most fertile fields.

Many of these mountains the Greeks regarded with the most sacred veneration. Their gods, according to their belief, dwelt in and around them, just as the Hebrews believed that *their* God appeared on Mount Sinai, and dwelt on Mount Zion, at Jerusalem. If the Greeks saw the evening light shining on the summit of a mountain, they thought it was Helios, the Sun-God, giving the kiss of departing day to the shadowy mountain-top. If the full moon slipped, large and bright, like a mighty human face, from behind a hill, or emerged cautiously over a snowy peak, it was Selené, the Moon-Goddess, touching the lips of Endymion as he lay asleep on the precipice. And so they came to associate a feeling of awe and reverence with these lofty heights; they erected on them costly temples, or visited them in processions at stated times. On Mount Olympus, which forms part of the northern boundary of Thessaly, dwelt all the great gods of Greece, including Zeus, the greatest of them all; in the sacred mountain cleft of Delphi, in Phocis, a few miles from Athens, Apollo had his most famous temple and "oracle"; on Parnassus lived and sung the nine Muses, daughters of Zeus and Mnemosyné (Memory), who filled the heart with music, touched the lips of the poet with the wine of song, and comforted the children of men with the sweet gift of melodious words; and at Olympia, in Western Peloponnesus, was the grandest of all the Greek sanctuaries, dedicated to Father Zeus, in a little valley looking westward over the Ionian Sea, right in the face of the island of Zante (Zacynthus).

OF BYRON AND HIS TRAVELS

From "The Italian Haunts of Lord Byron," in 'A Group of Poets and Their Haunts.' Copyright by James A. Harrison and used by kind permission of the author.

THERE are no more interesting files of letters in the whole range of literature than those that were addressed to the little back parlor in Albermarle Street, London, and contained so large a part of the life and adventures of Lord Byron. This little back parlor was the seraglio of the mighty London publisher Murray, the Garden of Delight to the literary London of fifty years ago, where many a reputation was born or blasted, trumpeted or trampled. All the men of wit and literature about town assembled there to discuss literary novelties, compare notes, usher timid conjectures into the world about the possibility of this or that literary venture being a success, or to sip of that voluminous correspondence which Murray cultivated with his authors, abroad or in the provinces. This correspondence throve especially with those whose works had been ushered with *éclat* before the world by this Ismail Pacha of publishers, who decided a reputation with a twinkle of his authoritative eye. As the publisher of the poems of Lord Byron, additional glory was acquired by his printers, and additional guineas rolled into his coffers. But more interesting perhaps even than the poems of Lord Byron are the letters in which he details their conception, elaboration, interruptions, and final triumph over the world, the pen, and the printer's devil. For one of his chief difficulties was the illegibility of his handwriting, and his chief torment was the bosh diabolical which the printers made of it. These letters sparkled like fireflies and showered like hail upon the enamored Murray as he sat in his back parlor, warmed his feet before a sea-coal fire, and bethought him of his lordship's wanderings, *liaisons,* and rhymes. They were the brilliant sparks thrown off by a wheel in infinite motion smiting suddenly upon circumstance. Flint to flint, every trivialest incident gave forth its *bon mot,* its nettle-sting of sarcasm, its rapid felicity of expression, its little drama, from a love-scrape to a shipwreck, from Cadiz to Constantinople, from the Milky Way of the sea—the Greek Archipelago—to the orgies of Newstead. Like chemical ink, every commonplace turned to vivid colors before this man,

every unseen circumstance became visible under the sharp heat of his touch. So Murray rejoiced whenever a foreign post brought in a letter from Lord Byron, and read out the felicitous hits and jokes, ribaldry and adventure, to an admiring coterie of blue-and-gold poets. Moore, Rogers, Crabbe, and Bowles were a few of the distinguished people that dropped in to hear a word from Byron, to laugh at his wit, to wonder at his strange fate, to pity his great and noble heart, and to swear that, in spite of Miss Milbanke, Sir Ralph, and the old nurse, never a better heart beat than that of the self-banished poet. There was a strange witchery in his letters. Not even the love-letters of Lucrezia Borgia to Cardinal Bembo are at times more tender—the golden-haired Lucrezia whose sunny locks Byron lingered over with lover-like fondness in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, which he filched in part, and which he vows was the most beautiful hair that ever shone upon adulteress. He swam in the soft Italian of her letters; he drank in their tenderness and passionateness; he pored repeatedly over her verses, and found it enchanting in the gloom of the old cathedral city to steal over to the great library and read and re-read the witch locks and witch letters of the famous courtesan.

The profusion of Byron's letters—which in themselves are enough to have made him celebrated—filled the back parlor with delight, and its inmates with dismay at the prospect of answering them. The circumstances of Lord Byron's retirement to the Continent after his separation from Miss Milbanke are too well known to need discussion at this late date. We are indebted to the poet's misfortune for all that series of delightful letters which in themselves form one of the most perfect biographies, and which reflect the whole contemporary life like the literary correspondence of Grimm. A slender thread of criticism and by-play links them together in Moore's 'Life,' and with this are blended corollary recollections of observers and travelers, critics and intimates; never, however, obscuring the splendid figure of the chief actor, embellishing his surroundings like living *coulisses,* shifting or shoving in landscapes or backgrounds, stories and scenes, and throwing right upon him as he stands in the centre of the stage the whole affluence of their light. There is no better illuminated figure on

the whole canvas of history. Turning to the memoirs of this man is like walking down a corridor of the Louvre, where the Pagan mythology shimmers before us in marble, and far at the end, queen-like and alone, stands the Venus of Milo. Turn down what corridor you will, an excess of illumination falls upon the head of Byron; it is cloudless save for one great cloud; it is put to the torture of endless light; it is the story of Regulus and the Carthaginian sun; it is the glare of the dog-star upon the bald ruins of the Parthenon. As the house of the poet was continually ransacked by bailiffs in his one short year of married life, so his fame after death has been the Marathon of contending critics. Contenting ourselves with the wise and generous view of Moore, and glad to find so genial a resting-place for him from the bodkins of scandal, it may be agreeable for us to forget the "Atlantic" gossip, and turn an eye toward a few of those spots whose natural beauty has acquired a stronger interest by association with the noble poet.

Early independence had engendered a passion for traveling in Lord Byron from which he never recovered. It created poems in him: the father of "Manfred" is the Bernese Oberland; the bewitching tour of the Mediterranean is the mother of "Childe Harold"; Venice added an illustrious citizen to her Golden Book in the author of "Marino Faliero" and "The Foscari"; "Don Juan" has mothers and fathers everywhere up and down Southern Europe, and has sprinkled his paternity like a golden sand along its shores. The completion of the second canto of "Harold" smells of Smyrna figs; the third and fourth have caught the spicery of the pines that fringe the lagoon-land, those lazy, spore-filmed, strange colored swamps of Adriatic Italy. So up and down Lord Byron's poetry distinct odors of distinct lands can be discerned—chibouques of Turkey, musk of the azure Symplegades, balsams of Athens, almond-blossoms of Albania, Sicilian clover of the isles, and palace-parterres of Cintra. Every play of Shakespeare has its individual climate, said Heine. Even more cosmopolitan is Byron, for he has looked from the Seven Towers of Constantinople and caught sight of the lovely cypress-crowned burial grounds of Turkestan. This gives a strange mosque-like grace to some of his poems: the muezzin is heard calling aloft from the minaret, "There is no god but God"; the

sleepy dervishes twirl in fanatical dance; women with painted eyelids flit about; the whirr of eighty thousand wherries that silver the waters of Stamboul murmurs here and there; turbaned Mahometanism stalks silent through the stanzas; the fairy-land of the harem opens for an instant and displays the silken ottomans, and yet more silken beauties that recline along them looped in pearls and languor, waiting for the drink of a Sultan; the full moon is a crescent; the stars drop dews of Islam; the meteors as they dart, spin a thread of gold for the Sultan's girdle; the night itself is a huge turban flecked with planets, and crowning the head of Mahomet. It is the spell of the East, the arch-East, oldest of the points of the compass, that enthralls this part of the poet's work. The top of our world is hoary like the head of an old man. The Eastern poems of Byron are evergreens, annuals, blooming up and down all climes and lands all the year round, a panorama of the world's greenness and goldenness, climbing from zone to zone, but never into regions of snow, as the vines climb from tree to tree through Tuscany to the tip of the Italian boot. The loins of the world—the Mediterranean—were his favorite ground. The passionate Levant inspired him with its most impassioned voices. Not shawm or psalter-book, but the lyrics that blossomed in its almonds, dripped in its figs, flushed in its oleanders, carmined in its pomegranates, caught his eye. It was no fidgety *cancan* of France, but the sun-dance of the East that he admired—Rebecca poising her pitcher on her stately Israelitish head as in the old Bible picture—an odalisque, antelope-eyed, not the tramps of the Boulevard Montmartre. Thus his tropical affiliations might be tracked throughout "Harold," "Juan," and their companion pieces. The scimitar of Ali Pasha flashes through the Pilgrimage, and the Pilgrim's wallet is rich in specimens of modern Greek life. The fens of Bœotia, the snowy peak of Parnassus, the olive-grounds of Attica, the gorgeous costumery of Albania, the mulberries of the Morea, the sunset view of Missolonghi—all these group themselves into a tableau, and are projected before the imagination like the brilliant effects of the stereopticon on the screen. Lord Byron is in fact the stereopticon of British poets: his mind is first darkened, gloomed into melancholy, overshadowed by sombre personal experience, and then suddenly comes a

beam of light, a ray of genius, filling the screen with flooding life all the more intense for the surrounding darkness; till, so to speak, the very molecules of his thought become visible, the minutest sea-life, the remotest speck of a star, the tiniest aggregation of fantastic animal forms rejoice in the light. The beauty of Byron's work is that it is always young; there is not a gray hair throughout it.

THE TRAINING OF WASHINGTON

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THE world has always seemed curious to know how its great men received their learning and training, how and where they were educated, who were their teachers and trainers, and what moulding influences gathered about their childhood and youth and fashioned them for their fate to be. Perhaps the most interesting of all the works of Xenophon is the limpid narrative in which he describes the birth, training, and schooling of the great Cyrus; even the fictitious "Frenchy" biography of *Télémaque* possesses a charm, quite apart from its grace of style, in the attractive way in which it represents, under antique forms and transparent pseudonyms, the upbringing of a luxurious prince surrounded by the dissipation of a gorgeous court. Literary sybarites linger with delight over the educational pages of Montaigne, of Massillon, and of Wilhelm Meister, and in every biography and autobiography that appears, perhaps those pages are most keenly relished which deal with the school life and home influences of the world's noted men and women. The mother's knee antedates the school desk or the church pulpit. The fascinating skill of Xenophon draws aside the curtain and lets our eye rest upon a mighty Oriental potentate as he is taught the elemental truths of life, to ride, to swim, to hurl the javelin, and to tell the truth, the simplest duties of everyday existence, the power of self-government and of self-control, the duties to ourselves and others: one gazes at the picture and finds the Persian system in many ways admirable. Then we turn to Plutarch and find in his marvelous biographies the Spartan and Roman, the Athenian and Oriental chapters of educational

experience graphically contrasted, and full of instruction for the modern reader interested in the pedagogical problems of the ancients. The subtle moralizings of Goethe and Montaigne afford deep glimpses into the education of their authors, and invest each with a kind of halo which sharply distinguishes the French and German systems from each other.

Washington was the finest product of the planter commonwealth; *his* Oxford and Cambridge were the floods and fields, the ups and downs of the Old Virginia life, the experiences of the rough, practical surroundings in which he found his boyhood entangled, the beguiling ways and free-and-easy hospitalities of that stately old freeman's commonwealth, which had founded itself along the Chesapeake and the James in the golden days of Stuart and Guelph. The coming of the Cavaliers had filled this New Atlantis, risen out of the western seas, with a free and noble population, largely made up of gentlefolk whose gentility had become impatient at home, and sought new avenues of relief abroad. A year before Jacques Cartier, creeping out of St. Malo in his tiny craft of thirty tons burthen, had crossed the seas and sailed up the St. Lawrence to the sites of Quebec and Montreal, Virginia had presented itself to the English navigators of Jamestown as a mighty stairway, up whose five-fold stair of Tidewater, Middle, Piedmont, Shenandoah, and Appalachian Virginia, crept an ever-increasing, often-defeated, never-discouraged, indefatigable tide of human beings as patient and implacable as the sea itself, having a choice eye for choice localities, full of the healthy human selfishness that takes the best it can get—where all is free—with the least possible effort, settling the rich river-valleys and game-haunted mountain gorges, and making themselves generally comfortable wherever they went, despite Pamunkies, Chickahominies, Shawnees, Mingos, or Cherokees, with which every covert at the time abounded. The few hundred immigrants at Old Point and Hampton Roads had expanded by this time up and down, all things considered, into a solid million of alert, keen-eyed, intelligent frontiersmen, whose "frontier," in five generations, had pushed back from the blue Atlantic to the Blue Ridge, the Alleghanies, and the Ohio.

The novelty of this life and of these conditions in Virginia

in the Eighteenth Century had not yet worn off; the blue smoke curling heavenward from a thousand wigwams showed still, in Washington's youth and early manhood, the power and plentitude of that slowly receding Indian barbarism which filled the sunset line with thrilling adventure, and sharpened men's eyes and ears and muscles to the presence of a numerous and dangerous foe. Less than a hundred miles from his native Westmoreland, in and about which his father's five thousand patrimonial acres were situated, Washington received much of his training, particularly at Greenway Court, on the outskirts of a remote wilderness which lost itself westward in immeasurable distances of territory, untrodden save by the feet of deer and bear and red man. The daring missionary, the lonely Jesuit *voyageur,* impelled by conscience and by zeal for the French king, alone had stolen through its measureless solitudes, and down its mighty rivers, and over its ocean-like lakes from Ontario and the St. Lawrence to St. Louis, Natchez, and New Orleans, far down into tropical Louisiana. The hunter, the trapper, the seeker after gold and pearls, the romantic dreamer in search of the Fountain of Youth, traversed these appalling wastes, built their huts on river-bank and mountain height, staked out their claims here and there in regions vast as the sea itself, and lived and died as pioneers—often as martyrs—of the civilization to come.

This earnest, active life of intense physical unrest and energy was the school in which Washington became an apt and ready scholar, a student of men and of things, a man of affairs, alive in every nerve and muscle, cautious, resourceful, strong as a young Hercules to endure sickness and privation, crafty as Odysseus himself in the exercise of a quick intelligence, ripe for action, and wise in counsel far beyond his years, in many things a veritable sage of twenty; having "small Latin and less Greek" (like his brother Shakespeare), but possessing a profound, almost a marvelous knowledge of the world around him, rising to nigh supreme command in the West almost in his teens, and revealing in his 'Journal to the Ohio' (published by command of the Governor, in 1754), such insight, discretion, and powers of command as prophesied for him a brilliant future.

When his "loving brother" Lawrence fell ill, in 1752,

George gave up the forest seclusion of the lovely Shenandoah Valley, with all its happy text-books of hill and dale and teeming trout-stream, and hurried back to Mount Vernon to accompany Lawrence to Barbadoes and the Bahamas, whither delicate lungs called him. But the radiant Caribbean proved only a Calypso's Isle whose gorgeous air had no healing in it. Washington himself was attacked by small-pox after accepting a "conscience" invitation to dinner at a house where the scourge (about to be greatly alleviated by Jenner's famous discovery) was prevalent.

Soon after this Lawrence died, leaving his estates first to his little daughter and then to his brother George, should the daughter die without issue.

She died almost immediately after her father, and thus to George, the youngest executor and special favorite of Lawrence, fell the noble acres of Mount Vernon (called also Epsewasson or Hunting Lodge).

And now begins that intense and strenuous "curriculum" of Washington's education, which started with his forest matriculation as surveyor to Lord Fairfax in 1747-48, and continued through the storm and stress of the French and Indian Wars until his marriage in 1759, at the age of twenty-seven, to Martha Custis.

The graphic metaphor of the mediævalist likened such an education to the course of the chariot, as it wound its way to the goal over the mazy spaces of the Greek stadium or the Roman amphitheatre, where racers and athletes fixed their burning eyes on contending charioteers, and where the winners of the goal—the diploma of "graduation" in this *gradus ad Parnassum*—received universal acclaim from the bystanders.

The bystanders in Washington's case were his neighbors, the planters of the stalwart young commonwealth, the House of Burgesses, and the Colony of Virginia itself, all of whom, it seems, had eagerly watched the remarkable career of Mary Ball's eldest son, and felt that within it lay notable developments. The long-legged, lank, hollow-chested, awkward Wakefield boy had grown into a superb specimen of young Virginian manhood, "straight as an Indian arrow," wrote his adopted grandson, dignified, commanding-looking, every inch a man and a gentleman, powerful in physique, gracious though

slightly cold in manner, reticent rather than rushing in speech, infinitely cumulative of details, almost a martinet in matters of decorum, pedantically microscopic in his attention to minutiæ, yet with an eye as keen as an Indian's for distant possibilities and opportunities to benefit King, crown, and colony.

THE DEATH OF VIRGINIA

From 'The Biography of Edgar Allan Poe.' Copyright by Thomas Y. Crowell and Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

THE pitiable condition of the family got into print: the ever-ready Willis heard of it and printed an appeal in *The Home Journal* for help; which brought forth a painful protest from Poe at thus having his private affairs thrust upon the public. He might die of starvation, like Otway and Spenser, but he did not wish the public to know anything about it. Thirty days after his letter of protest was written Virginia actually did die, January 30, 1847.

The day before the sad event he wrote as follows to Mrs. Shew:

Fordham, Jan. 29, '47.

Kindest....dearest Friend....My poor Virginia yet lives, although failing fast and now suffering much pain. May God grant her life until she sees you and thanks you once again! Her bosom is full to overflowing....like my own....with a boundless.... inexpressible gratitude to you. Lest she may never see you more....she bids me say that she sends you her sweetest kiss of love and will die blessing you. But come....oh, come to-morrow! Yes! I *will* be calm....everything you so nobly wish to see me. My mother sends you, also, her "warmest love and thanks." She begs me to ask you, if possible, to make arrangements at home so that you may stay with us to-morrow night. I enclose the order to the Postmaster.

Heaven bless you and farewell,

EDGAR A. POE.

Mrs. Shew attended to the last sad rites of the dead, and Virginia was temporarily placed in the family vault of the Valentines, in the Reformed Church at Fordham.

Anyone who remembers the awful vividness with which Poe has depicted the slow consuming away of a beloved one

through a lingering illness, in the illuminated pages of "Ligeia," "Morella" and "Eleonora," lit by sepulchral lamps, wherein every footfall of the approach of "The Conqueror Worm" is delineated with muffled yet magical detail; every one to whose soul have penetrated the melodious dirges of "Ulalume," "Lenore," and "The Raven," which assume in their writhings almost the agonizing grace of the Laocoön, must realize, faintly indeed yet sympathetically, the abysmal grief into which this death must have plunged the greatest Artist of Death whom the world has ever seen, the man who most keenly and most wonderfully has conjured up its horrors before the quailing imagination and made them stand, instinct with their own quivering and hideous life, before the recoiling eye of the mind. The half-frantic mood of the time may be read in the mystic interlineations of "Ulalume," peeping between the lines of this mad yet most musical autobiographic poem that is wreathed with the opiate vapors of frenzy.

"Deprived of the companionship and sympathy of his child-wife," writes a friendly biographer, "the poet suffered what to him was the exquisite agony of utter loneliness. Night after night he would arise from his sleepless pillow, and, dressing himself, wander to the grave of his lost one, and throwing himself down upon the cold ground, weep bitterly for hours at a time.

"The same haunting dread which we have ventured to ascribe to him at the time of his writing "The Raven," possessed him now, and to such a degree that he found it impossible to sleep without the presence of some friend by his bedside. Mrs. Clemm, his ever-devoted friend and comforter, more frequently fulfilled the office of watcher. The poet, after retiring, would summon her, and while she stroked his broad brow, he would indulge his wild flights of fancy to the Aidenn of his dreams. He never spoke nor moved in these moments, unless the hand was withdrawn from his forehead; then he would say, with childish naïveté, 'No, no, not yet.'—while he lay with half-closed eyes.

"The mother, or friend, would stay by him until he was fairly asleep, then gently leave him."

The excesses to which the ruptured throat of his wife had impelled him in Philadelphia, and all through the five years

preceding her death, with their alternations of hope and despair, now ended in a settled gloom that threatened his reason: henceforth Poe was a broken man, an unstrung harp, wildly and wistfully singing of things long gone by, a "seraph-harper Israfel" that had lost his harp or sat discrowned and disconsolate among the asphodels. A few uneven things, a few weird and beautiful threnodies, and the great prose-poem "Eureka," were practically all that Death and Grief had left him to utter, now that the inspiration of his life had gone and the home of his heart was built up against her tomb. A radiant joy indeed broke fitfully on the poet late in these latter years, but this, too, was doomed to extinction, and soon hung, like his trembling Astarte, directly over a grave. The excesses, brought on by extreme anguish and straightened circumstances, were only too real though never habitual, never *bacchanalia* of mere maudlin sensuality such as one reads of in the annals of drunken Elizabethans: they were the ups and downs, the uneven tight-rope walking of a nature trying to balance itself amid impossible conditions and morbid neurotic states, wrung from its natural rectitude by overpowering temptation to seek relief in stimulants—coffee, wine, drugs, opium, anything that would soothe the intense malaise. Alas, how full of Verlaines and de Mussets and Baudelaires the world has been—men like Poe, endowed with preternaturally sensitive nerves, unable to grapple with the coarse flesh-and-blood around them, pierced on all sides by the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, and succumbing at last to the superincumbent mass of misery.

Poor little Virginia lay for many years in the borrowed tomb, but now at last rests beside her husband in Westminster Church graveyard, Baltimore, underneath the Poe monument.

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON

[1773—1841]

JOHN PRESTON McCONNELL

WILLIAM HENRY HARRISON, the youngest son of Benjamin Harrison, was born at Berkeley, Charles City County, Virginia, February 9, 1773. His father, a scion of an old English family, served in the Virginia House of Burgesses, the Continental Congress, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, later sat in the Virginia House of Delegates, and was thrice made Governor.

The Harrison family was related by blood or marriage to many of the prominent actors of the Revolutionary period. In this atmosphere of patriotism and public service William Henry spent his early years. At the age of thirteen he was sent to Hampden-Sidney College, where he remained about one year. He then spent three years in an academy in Southampton County. Leaving school at the age of seventeen his education was of necessity meager, but throughout a busy and distracting career he was a diligent and discriminating student of history and literature. His speeches and writings reveal an extensive knowledge of Grecian and Roman history.

After studying medicine one year in Richmond he went to Philadelphia to continue his studies. His father dying about this time, the unwilling medical student dropped his books and seeking a commission in the army, begged to be sent to the frontier. Through the friendship of Washington he secured a commission as ensign in the First Infantry in August, 1791, and proceeded to Fort Washington, the present site of Cincinnati. For a quarter of a century his history is largely the story of the states between the Ohio and the Lakes. The white population of the Northwest Territory was three or four thousand. Marietta, Columbia, Cincinnati, and North Bend were rude villages. Throughout this vast region, claimed by the United States, fierce and warlike Indians strove with each other for the mastery, but were united in one common hostility to the Americans. British traders resorted to the Indian villages to poison their minds and arouse their hostility against the colonists. Only recently the armies, led by Generals Harmar and St. Clair, had been repulsed. Elated and arrogant, the Indians were eager for war. The outlook for the Americans was gloomy.

Harrison, tall, thin, and in appearance poorly qualified for army life, became aide-de-camp to General Wayne in June, 1793. He shared in the hardships and glory of the campaigns leading up to the treaty of Greenville. For his valor and discretion he was warmly praised by General Wayne. The young captain was given command of Fort Washington. While there he married Anna, daughter of Judge Symmes, of North Bend. In 1798 he resigned his commission in the army and removed to his farm at North Bend. About this time President Adams appointed him Secretary of the Northwest Territory, by virtue of which he was *ex officio* Lieutenant-governor. In 1799 the Territorial Legislature elected him delegate to Congress. In that body he advocated legislation authorizing the sale of one-half of the public lands in three hundred and twenty acre tracts to actual settlers on easy terms. Before this time no smaller plots than four thousand acres were sold. The effect of this enlightened legislation was seen at once in the increased number of immigrants to the Territory.

About this time the Northwest Territory was divided and the Territory of Indiana erected. President Adams appointed him governor of Indiana. He was successively reappointed by Presidents Jefferson and Madison. In 1806 reports began to reach him of the pretensions of the Prophet and the intrigues of his able brother, Tecumseh. In 1810 Governor Harrison narrowly escaped assassination at the hands of the followers of Tecumseh at Vincennes. He assembled a force of nine hundred men in the autumn of 1811 and proceeded to the Prophet's town on the Tippecanoe. Here Harrison was treacherously attacked at night. The Indians were completely routed, but the frenzied courage of the enthusiasts imbued with the Prophet's fanaticism made this battle one of the most stubborn in the history of Indian warfare.

Although not a citizen of Kentucky, he was made Major-general of the militia of that State for the campaigns of 1812 against the British and Indians. In August, 1812, he was made a Brigadier-general in the United States Army. Later he was given the chief command in the Northwest with such discretionary power as had been given to no American officer except Washington. In 1813 he was made Major-general. Proctor and his Indian allies besieged him in Fort Meigs from April 28th to May 9th. His conduct during this siege was afterwards severely criticized in Congress and in the newspapers. At the time his successful defense called forth the warmest eulogies.

Advancing into Canada after Perry's naval victory on Lake Erie, he recovered Detroit. In the battle of the Thames he defeated General Proctor and killed the able and energetic war chief, Tecumseh. Several state legislatures thanked him for his skill and courage in

this campaign. Owing to a misunderstanding with the Secretary of War he resigned his command in May, 1814. During the next three years he served on several commissions to treat with the Indians. He sat in Congress from 1816 to 1819. Although his character as a man and a soldier was severely attacked in Congress, that body voted him a gold medal in 1818 and thanked him for his services to his country. He was elected to the Senate of Ohio in 1819. His course in that body was severely criticised by his constituents, and he was defeated as a candidate for Congress in 1822. He took his seat as United States Senator in 1825 and became Chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs. Appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to Colombia in 1828, he was recalled by President Jackson thirty-one days after he reached Bogota. While in Bogota he wrote his famous letter to Bolivar, dissuading him from his policy of usurpation.

He was nominated for the Presidency by several Whig state conventions in 1835, but was defeated in November, 1836, receiving only seventy-three electoral votes to Van Buren's one hundred and seventy. Harrison had neither party nor platform. His followers were a discordant band. Their only bond of union was their common hostility to the Democratic régime. There was division of opinion as to who should oppose the Democratic nominee in 1840. It was thought necessary to nominate some colorless man who could command the support of all the inharmonious elements of the opposition. General Harrison was not an experienced statesman, but he had been more or less in the public service for almost a half century. Throughout the country he was esteemed an honest man and a successful Indian fighter. In December, 1839, the Whig convention at Harrisburg nominated him for the Presidency, and John Tyler for the Vice-presidency. No platform was proclaimed. In all the speeches of this four days' convention there was scarcely a declaration of policy or principle.

The nomination was enthusiastically received. Meetings were held in many states to ratify the nomination of the "Old Hero of Tippecanoe." With processions, banners, representations of log cabins, pictures of the "Old Hero" drinking hard cider out of a mug or gourd, the Whigs prepared to sing and shout their candidate into office. The Democrats contemptuously referred to these "processions" and "demonstrations" as "animal shows," and asserted that the Whigs had shut up their candidate and refused him the use of pen and ink.

Among the mottoes on the banners was this:

Farewell, dear Van,
You're not our man;
To guide the ship,
We'll try old Tip.

The favorite Whig song and argument was:

For Tippecanoe and Tyler too, Tippecanoe and Tyler too;
And with them we'll beat little Van, Van,
Van is a used up man;
And with them we'll beat little Van.

Boundless enthusiasm of the young men of the country for this aged soldier was everywhere in evidence. With the progress of the campaign the impending defeat of Van Buren became more and more manifest. The Democrats protested that the shouting and singing of the Whigs were no valid arguments against Van Buren, but the Whigs refused to change their campaign methods. Harrison and Tyler were triumphantly elected in November, 1840, receiving two hundred and thirty-four electoral votes to Van Buren's sixty.

Apparently in the enjoyment of his usual health, he was inaugurated March fourth, in the presence of a great number of Whigs, who had thronged to the Capitol as office-seekers. It was expected that he would enforce the political maxim, "to the victor belongs the spoils." One of his first official acts was to withdraw from the Senate all the unconfirmed nominations of his predecessor. He called an extra session of Congress to meet May thirty-first, to consider the condition of the finances and revenue. Sunday morning, April third, the country was shocked by the announcement of the President's death after a very short illness. His last words were: "Sir, I wish you to understand the true principles of the Government. I wish them carried out, I ask nothing more." His body was interred in the Congressional Cemetery at Washington, but in June, 1841, it was claimed by Ohio friends and removed to North Bend, where it now rests. In office only one month, he had small opportunity to show what would be the character of his administration. His Inaugural Address outlined a vigorous and patriotic policy.

General Harrison was commanding in appearance, six feet tall, rather thin and slender; his countenance, expressive and honest; his eye, keen and penetrating, but kindly. He was open and courteous to all, and as President he was easy of approach and free in his intercourse with all classes. His long career as an army officer and the almost autocratic power he had exercised as governor never affected the simplicity of his life and manners. As a speaker he was fluent and sometimes eloquent, though as a writer he does not rank high. With many opportunities to acquire wealth he remained poor. Deeply moral and religious by nature, he never became a church communicant. He was not a genius—not even a talented man; but his strength was the honest common-sense that is often

worth more than genius. No twenty-five successive rulers of any country, either in ancient or modern times, measured by all standards and requirements, are the equals of the Presidents of the United States. William Henry Harrison is not unworthy of a place in this group.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE HAMILTON COUNTY AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY

THE encouragement of agriculture, gentlemen, would be praiseworthy in any country; in our own it is peculiarly so, not only to multiply the means and enjoyment of life, but as giving greater stability and security to our political institutions. In all ages and in all countries, it has been observed, that the cultivators of the soil are those who are least willing to part with their rights, and submit themselves to the will of a master. I have no doubt also, that a taste for agricultural pursuits is the best means of disciplining the ambition of those daring spirits who occasionally spring up in the world for good or for evil, to defend or destroy the liberties of their fellow men, as the principles received from education or circumstances may tend. As long as the leaders of the Roman armies were taken from the plow, to the plow they were willing to return; never in the character of general forgetting the duties of the citizen, and ever ready to exchange the sword and the triumphal purple for the homely vestments of the husbandman. The history of this far-famed republic is full of instances of this kind, but none more remarkable than our own age and country have produced. The fascinations of power, and the trappings of command, were as much despised—and the enjoyment of rural scenes and rural employments as highly prized—by our Washington as by Cincinnatus or Regulus. At the close of his glorious military career, he says, "I am preparing to return to that domestic retirement which it is well known I left with the deepest regret, and for which I have not ceased to sigh through a long and painful absence."

ADDRESS TO THE PEOPLE ON HIS NOMINATION FOR CONGRESS

I BELIEVE that upon the preservation of the Union of the States depends the existence of our civil and religious liberties, and that the cement which binds it together is not a parcel of words written upon paper or parchment, but the brotherly love and regard which the citizens of the several states possess for each other. Destroy this, and the beautiful fabric which was reared and embellished by our ancestors crumbles into ruin. From its disjointed parts no temple of liberty will again be reared. Discord and wars will succeed to peace and harmony; barbarism will again overspread the land; or, what is scarcely better, some kindly tyrant will promulgate the decrees of his will from the seat where a Washington and a Jefferson dispensed the blessings of a free and equal government. I believe it, therefore, to be the duty of a representative to conciliate, by every possible means, the members of our great political family; and always to bear in mind that as the Union was effected only by a spirit of mutual concession and forbearance, so only can it be preserved.

CLOSING PARAGRAPH OF THE LETTER TO GENERAL BOLIVAR

To yourself the advantage would be as great as to the country; like acts of mercy, the blessings would be reciprocal, your personal happiness secured, and your fame elevated to a height which would leave but a single competition in the estimation of posterity. In bestowing the palm of merit the world has become wiser than formerly. The successful warrior is no longer entitled to the first place in the temple of fame. To be esteemed eminently great it is necessary to be eminently good. The qualities of the general and the hero must be devoted to the advantage of mankind, before he will be permitted to assume the title of their benefactor; and the station which he will hold in their regard and affections will depend, not upon the number and splendor of his victories, but upon the results and the use he may make of the influence

he acquires from them. . . . Are you willing your name should descend to posterity amongst the names of those whose fame has been derived from shedding human blood, without a single advantage to the human race; or shall it be united to that of Washington as the founder and father of a great and happy people? The choice is before you. The friends of liberty throughout the world, and the people of the United States in particular, are waiting your decision with intense anxiety. Alexander toiled and conquered to obtain the applause of the Athenians. Will you regard as nothing the opinions of a nation which has evinced its superiority over that celebrated people in the science most useful to man, by having carried into actual practice a system of government of which the wisest Athenians had but a glimpse in theory, and considered as a blessing never to be realized, however ardently to be desired? The place which you are to occupy in their esteem depends upon yourself. Farewell.

DUTIES TO INDIANS

Extract from Message to the Indian Legislature.

To provide a substitute for the chase, from which they derive their support, and which from the extension of our settlements is daily becoming more precarious, has been considered a sacred duty. The humane and benevolent intentions of the Government, however, will forever be defeated, unless effectual measures be devised to prevent the sale of ardent spirits to those unfortunate people. The law which has been passed by Congress for that purpose has been found entirely ineffectual, because its operation has been construed to relate to the Indian country exclusively. In calling your attention to this subject, gentlemen, I am persuaded that it is unnecessary to remind you that the article of compact makes it your duty to attend to it. The interest of your constituents, the interest of the miserable Indians, and your own feelings, will urge you to take it into your most serious consideration, and provide the remedy which is to save thousands of our fellow creatures. So destructive has been the progress of intemperance, that whole villages have been swept away. A miser-

able remnant is all that remains to mark the names and situation of many numerous and warlike tribes.

In the energetic language of one of their orators, it is a dreadful conflagration which spreads misery and desolation through their country, and threatens the annihilation of the whole race. Is it then to be admitted as a political axiom that the neighborhood of a civilized nation is incompatible with the existence of savages? Are the blessings of our republican government only to be felt by ourselves? And are the natives of North America to experience the same fate with their brethren of the southern continent? It is with you, gentlemen, to divert from these children of Nature the fate that hangs over them.

EXTRACTS FROM THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS

March 4, 1841.

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS

CALLED from a retirement which I had supposed was to continue for the residue of my life to fill the chief executive office of this great and free nation, I appear before you, fellow citizens, to take the oaths which the Constitution prescribes as a necessary qualification for the performance of its duties; and in obedience to a custom coeval with our Government and what I believe to be your expectations, I proceed to present to you a summary of the principles which will govern me in the discharge of the duties which I shall be called upon to perform.

It was the remark of a Roman consul in an early period of that celebrated republic that a most striking contrast was observable in the conduct of candidates for offices of power and trust before and after obtaining them, they seldom carrying out in the latter case the pledges and promises made in the former. However much the world may have improved in many respects in the lapse of upward of two thousand years since the remark was made by the virtuous and indignant Roman, I fear that a strict examination of the annals of some of the modern elective governments would develop similar instances of violated confidence.

Although the fiat of the people has gone forth proclaiming me the Chief Magistrate of this glorious Union, nothing upon their part remaining to be done, it may be thought that a motive may exist to keep up the delusion under which they may be supposed to have acted in relation to my principles and opinions; and perhaps there may be some in this assembly who have come here either prepared to condemn those I shall now deliver, or, approving them, to doubt the sincerity with which they are now uttered. But the lapse of a few months will confirm or dispel their fears. The outline of principles to govern and measures to be adopted by an administration not yet begun will soon be exchanged for immutable history, and I shall stand either exonerated by my countrymen or classed with the mass of those who promised that they might deceive, and flattered with the intention to betray. However strong may be my present purpose to realize the expectations of a magnanimous and confiding people, I too well understand the dangerous temptations to which I shall be exposed from the magnitude of the power which it has been the pleasure of the people to commit to my hands, not to place my chief confidence upon the aid of that Almighty Power which has hitherto protected me and enabled me to bring to favorable issues other important but still greatly inferior trusts heretofore confided to me by my country.

THE NATURE OF THE GOVERNMENT

The broad foundation upon which our Constitution rests being the people—a breath of theirs having made, as a breath can unmake, change, or modify it—it can be assigned to none of the great divisions of government but to that of democracy. If such is its theory, those who are called upon to administer it must recognize as its leading principle the duty of shaping their measures so as to produce the greatest good to the greatest number. But with these broad admissions, if we would compare the sovereignty acknowledged to exist in the mass of our people with the power claimed by other sovereignties, even by those which have been considered most purely democratic, we shall find a most essential difference. All others lay claim to power limited only by their own will. The majority of our citizens, on the contrary, possess a sov-

ereignty with an amount of power precisely equal to that which has been granted to them by the parties to the national compact, and nothing beyond. We admit of no government by divine right, believing that so far as power is concerned the Beneficent Creator has made no distinction amongst men; that all are upon an equality, and that the only legitimate right to govern is an express grant of power from the governed.

THE NATURE OF THE CONSTITUTION

The Constitution of the United States is the instrument containing this grant of power to the several departments composing the Government. On an examination of that instrument it will be found to contain declarations of power granted and of power withheld. The latter is also susceptible of division into power which the majority had the right to grant, but which they did not think proper to intrust to their agents, and that which they could not have granted, not being possessed by themselves. In other words, there are certain rights possessed by each individual American citizen, which in his compact with the others he has never surrendered. Some of them, indeed, he is unable to surrender, being, in the language of our system, unalienable. The boasted privilege of a Roman citizen was to him a shield only against a petty provincial ruler, whilst the proud democrat of Athens would console himself under a sentence of death for a supposed violation of the national faith—which no one understood and which at times was the subject of the mockery of all —or the banishment from his home, his family, and his country with or without an alleged cause, that it was the act not of a single tyrant or hated aristocracy, but of his assembled countrymen. Far different is the power of our sovereignty. It can interfere with no one's faith, prescribe forms of worship for no one's observance, inflict no punishment, but after well-ascertained guilt, the result of investigation under rules prescribed by the Constitution itself. These precious privileges, and those scarcely less important of giving expression to his thoughts and opinions, either by writing or speaking, unrestrained but by the liability for injury to others, and that of a full participation in all the advantages

which flow from the Government, the acknowledged property of all, the American citizen derives from no charter granted by his fellow man. He claims them because he is himself a man, fashioned by the same Almighty hand as the rest of his species and entitled to a full share of the blessings with which He has endowed them. Notwithstanding the limited sovereignty possessed by the people of the United States and the restricted grant of power to the Government which they have adopted, enough has been given to accomplish all the objects for which it was created. It has been found powerful in war, and hitherto justice has been administered, an intimate union effected, domestic tranquillity preserved, and personal liberty secured to the citizen. As was to be expected, however, from the defects of language, and the necessarily sententious manner in which the Constitution is written, disputes have arisen as to the amount of power which it has actually granted or was intended to grant.

THE DANGER OF EXECUTIVE ENCROACHMENT

This is more particularly the case in relation to that part of the instrument which treats of the legislative branch, and not only as regards the exercise of powers claimed under a general clause giving that body the authority to pass all laws necessary to carry into effect the specified powers, but in relation to the latter also. It is, however, consolatory to reflect that *most* of the instances of alleged departure from the letter or spirit of the Constitution have ultimately received the sanction of a majority of the people. And the fact that many of our statesmen most distinguished for talent and patriotism have been at one time or other of their political careers on both sides of each of the most warmly disputed questions forces upon us the inference that the errors, if errors there were, are attributable to the intrinsic difficulty in many instances of ascertaining the intentions of the framers of the Constitution rather than the influence of any sinister or unpatriotic motive. But the great danger to our institutions does not appear to me to be in a usurpation by the Government of power not granted by the people, but by the accumulation in one of the departments of that which was assigned to others. Limited as are the powers which have been granted,

still enough have been granted to constitute a despotism if concentrated in one of the departments. This danger is greatly heightened, as it has been always observable that men are less jealous of encroachments of one department upon another than upon their own reserved rights. When the Constitution of the United States first came from the hands of the convention which formed it, many of the sternest republicans of the day were alarmed at the extent of the power which had been granted to the Federal Government, and more particularly of that portion which had been assigned to the executive branch. There were in it features which appeared not to be in harmony with their ideas of a simple representative democracy or republic, and knowing the tendency of power to increase itself, particularly when exercised by a single individual, predictions were made that at no very remote period the Government would terminate in virtual monarchy. It would not become me to say that the fears of these patriots have been already realized; but as I sincerely believe that the tendency of measures and of men's opinions for some years past has been in that direction, it is, I conceive, strictly proper that I should take this occasion to repeat the assurances I have heretofore given of my determination to arrest the progress of that tendency if it really exists and restore the Government to its pristine health and vigor, as far as this can be effected by any legitimate exercise of the power placed in my hands.

A SINGLE PRESIDENTIAL TERM

I proceed to state in as summary a manner as I can my opinion of the sources of the evils which have been so extensively complained of and the corrective which may be applied. Some of the former are unquestionably to be found in the defects of the Constitution; others, in my judgment, are attributable to a misconstruction of some of its provisions. Of the former is the eligibility of the same individual to a second term of the Presidency. The sagacious mind of Mr. Jefferson early saw and lamented this error, and attempts have been made, hitherto without success, to apply the amendatory power of the states to its correction. As, however, one mode of correction is in the power of every President, and conse-

quently in mine, it would be useless, and perhaps invidious, to enumerate the evils of which, in the opinion of many of our fellow-citizens, this error of the sages who framed the Constitution may have been the source, and the bitter fruits which we are still to gather from it if it continues to disfigure our system. It may be observed, however, as a general remark, that republics can commit no greater error than to adopt or continue any feature in their systems of government which may be calculated to create or increase the love of power in the bosoms of those to whom necessity obliges them to commit the management of their affairs; and surely nothing is more likely to produce such a state of mind than the long continuance of an office of high trust. Nothing can be more corrupting, nothing more destructive of all those noble feelings which belong to the character of a devoted republican patriot. When this corrupting passion once takes possession of the human mind, like the love of gold, it becomes insatiable. It is the never-dying worm in his bosom, grows with his growth, and strengthens with the declining years of its victim. If this is true, it is the part of wisdom for a republic to limit the service of that officer at least to whom she has intrusted the management of her foreign relations, the execution of her laws, and the command of her armies and navies to a period so short as to prevent his forgetting that he is the accountable agent, not the principal; the servant, not the master. Until an amendment of the Constitution can be effected public opinion may secure the desired object. I give my aid to it by renewing the pledge heretofore given that under no circumstances will I consent to serve a second term.

FREEDOM OF THE BALLOT AND THE PRESS

The influence of the Executive in controlling the freedom of the elective franchise through the medium of the public officers can be effectually checked by renewing the prohibition published by Mr. Jefferson forbidding their interference in election further than giving their own votes, and their own independence secured by an assurance of perfect immunity in exercising this sacred privilege of freemen under the dictates of their own unbiased judgments. Never with my consent shall an officer of the people, compensated for his services out of

their pockets, become the pliant instrument of Executive will.

There is no part of the means placed in the hands of the Executive which might be used with greater effect for unhallowed purposes than the control of the public press. The maxim which our ancestors derived from the mother country that "the freedom of the press is the great bulwark of civil and religious liberty," is one of the most precious legacies which they have left us. We have learned, too, from our own as well as the experience of other countries, that golden shackles, by whomsoever or by whatever pretense imposed, are as fatal to it as the iron bonds of despotism. The presses in the necessary employment of the Government should never be used "to clear the guilty or to varnish crime." A decent and manly examination of the acts of the Government should be not only tolerated, but encouraged.

THE TRUE BONDS OF UNION

No participation in any good possessed by any member of our extensive Confederacy, except in domestic government, was withheld from the citizen of any other member. By a process attended with no difficulty, no delay, no expense but that of removal, the citizen of one might become the citizen of any other, and successively of the whole. The lines, too, separating powers to be exercised by the citizens of one state from those of another seem to be so distinctly drawn as to leave no room for misunderstanding. The citizens of each state unite in their persons all the privileges which that character confers and all that they may claim as citizens of the United States, but in no case can the same person at the same time act as the citizen of two separate states, and *he is therefore positively precluded from any interference with the reserved powers of any state but that of which he is for the time being a citizen.* He may, indeed, offer to the citizens of other states his advice as to their management, and the form in which it is tendered is left to his own discretion and sense of propriety. It may be observed, however, that organized associations of citizens requiring compliance with their wishes too much resemble the *recommendations* of Athens to her allies, supported by an armed and powerful fleet. It was, indeed, to the ambition of the leading states of Greece to control the

domestic concerns of the others that the destruction of that celebrated Confederacy, and subsequently of all its members, is mainly to be attributed, and it is owing to the absence of that spirit that the Helvetic Confederacy has for so many years been preserved. Never have there been seen in the institutions of the separate members of any confederacy more elements of discord. In the principles and forms of government and religion, as well as in the circumstances of the several Cantons, so marked a discrepancy was observable as to promise anything but harmony in their intercourse or permanency in their alliance, and yet for ages neither has been interrupted. Content with the positive benefits which their union produced, with the independence and safety from foreign aggression which it secured, these sagacious people respected the institutions of each other, however repugnant to their own principles and prejudices.

Our confederacy, fellow-citizens, can only be preserved by the same forbearance. Our citizens must be content with the exercise of the powers with which the Constitution clothes them. The attempt of those of one state to control the domestic institutions of another can only result in feelings of distrust and jealousy, the certain harbingers of disunion, violence, and civil war, and the ultimate destruction of our free institutions. Our confederacy is perfectly illustrated by the terms and principles governing a common copartnership. There is a fund of power to be exercised under the direction of the joint councils of the allied members, but that which has been reserved by the individual members is intangible by the common government or the individual members composing it. To attempt it finds no support in the principles of our Constitution.

It should be our constant and earnest endeavor mutually to cultivate a spirit of concord and harmony among the various parts of our confederacy. Experience has abundantly taught us that the agitation by citizens of one part of the Union of a subject not confided to the General Government, but exclusively under the guardianship of the local authorities, is productive of no other consequences than bitterness, alienation, discord, and injury to the very cause which is intended to be advanced. Of all the great interests which appertain to our country, that of union—cordial, confiding, fraternal union—is by far the

most important, since it is the only true and sure guaranty of all others.

DANGER OF PARTY SPIRIT

If parties in a republic are necessary to secure a degree of vigilance sufficient to keep the public functionaries within the bounds of law and duty, at that point their usefulness ends. Beyond that they become destructive of public virtue, the parent of a spirit antagonistic to that of liberty, and eventually its inevitable conqueror. We have examples of republics where the love of country and of liberty at one time were the dominant passions of the whole mass of citizens, and yet, with the continuance of the name and forms of free government, not a vestige of these qualities remaining in the bosoms of any one of its citizens. It was the beautiful remark of a distinguished English writer that "in the Roman Senate Octavius had a party and Antony a party, but the Commonwealth had none." Yet the Senate continued to meet in the temple of liberty to talk of the sacredness and beauty of the Commonwealth and gaze at the statues of the elder Brutus and of the Curtii and Decii, and the people assembled in the forum, not, as in the days of Camillus and the Scipios, to cast their free votes for annual magistrates or pass upon the acts of the Senate, but to receive from the hands of the leaders of the respective parties their share of the spoils and to shout for one or the other, as those collected in Gaul or Egypt and the lesser Asia would furnish the larger dividend. The spirit of liberty had fled, and, avoiding the abodes of civilized man, had sought protection in the wilds of Scythia or Scandinavia; and so under the operation of the same causes and influences it will fly from our Capitol and our forums. A calamity so awful, not only to our country, but to the world, must be deprecated by every patriot, and every tendency to a state of things likely to produce it must be immediately checked. Such a tendency has existed—does exist. Always the friend of my countrymen, never their flatterer, it becomes my duty to say to them from this high place to which their partiality has exalted me that there exists in the land a spirit hostile to their best interests—hostile to liberty itself. It is a spirit contracted in its views, selfish in its objects. It looks to the aggrandizement of a few even to the

destruction of the interests of the whole. The entire remedy is with the people. Something, however, may be effected by the means which they have placed in my hands. It is union that we want, not of a party for the sake of that party, but a union of the whole country for the sake of the whole country, for the defense of its interests and its honor against foreign aggression, for the defense of those principles for which our ancestors so gloriously contended. As far as it depends upon me it shall be accomplished. All the influence that I possess shall be exerted to prevent the formation at least of an Executive party in the halls of the legislative body. I wish for the support of no member of that body to any measure of mine that does not satisfy his judgment and his sense of duty to those from whom he holds his appointment, nor any confidence in advance from the people but that asked for by Mr. Jefferson, "to give firmness and effect to the legal administration of their affairs."

FRANCIS LISTER HAWKS

[1798—1866]

H. M. WAGSTAFF

FRANCIS LISTER HAWKS, a prolific writer and notable pulpit orator of the ante-bellum period, is now little known except to the biographical inquirer. He was born in New Bern, North Carolina, in 1798, and died in New York City in 1866. Of good English stock, two generations removed from Britain, he eagerly seized the educational opportunities offered by his native State and was graduated from its University in 1815. Soon thereafter he entered Yale College and received his Master's degree in 1818. Choosing the law as a profession, he studied under Judge William Gaston, and began practice under favorable conditions for a promising career. From 1820 to 1826 he was reporter to the Supreme Court of the State and in 1821 also a member of the lower branch of the Legislature. In 1827 he made a new choice of professions, entering the Episcopal ministry, in which work he was principally engaged until his death.

Roughly, the period of Hawks's literary activity covered the second quarter of the last century. His writings fall into three general classes, with several works which cannot be placed in either. These classes are: first, theological works and church history; second, studies in antiquities of several geographical regions of the old and the new world; and third, biography of explorers and adventurers. His work of most note that does not fall within this classification in his 'History of North Carolina,' in two volumes, the first embracing the history of the early and ineffectual attempts at colonization in the Sixteenth Century, and the second, North Carolina under the proprietary form of government. While not accurate scientific history, these volumes were undertaken and executed by their author in a spirit of love for his native State, and on this account possess a value to North Carolinians out of proportion to their historical merit. His style is especially pleasing. Moreover, the author catches the spirit of the early colonizers and conveys it to his pages, a feat of value within itself. For the periods covered it is undoubtedly the best of the older histories of North Carolina, its popularity being attested by the fact that it ran through three editions.

Relative to the first class of Hawks's writings, theological works

and church history, his interest therein was due directly to his profession. Called successively to several churches in New York City, his energies were devoted primarily to the usual services of a rector. However, his literary tendencies found an outlet upon his appointment in 1835 as historiographer of the Episcopal Church in America. In this relationship to his church he went to England in 1836 and there collected a large mass of manuscript matter in relation to the establishment and early history of the American branch of the Episcopal Church. Returning to New York he began at once to work up his material and soon thereafter published two volumes covering the subject in the states of Virginia and Maryland. Some adverse criticisms upon these volumes arising within the church, the author refused to continue the work further and ended his relationship of historiographer. Continuing his work as rector of St. Thomas's, New York, he now, in conjunction with Caleb S. Henry, established the *New York Review,* a periodical which had a life of only six years (1837-43). In 1841 he published independently a work in the nature of a commentary upon the constitution and canons of the Episcopal Church, and this seems to have brought him much credit even among his former critics. Nevertheless, during the next decade, his literary efforts took the form of biography of explorers and adventurers, including Henry Hudson, Captain John Smith, and Daniel Boone. His works of this character, though meager in authentic incidents, were popular in their day and brought their author a fair meed of praise.

Dr. Hawks's interests were not limited to his clerical and literary work. In 1839 he established a high class private school at Flushing, New York, known as St. Thomas's Hall. This enterprise proved a financial failure and involved him in debts to an amount which he was quite unable to discharge. This in turn reacted upon his power of usefulness to his church. There was no taint of dishonesty connected with the failure of the venture, yet such severe censure was visited upon Dr. Hawks's impractical methods that he resigned his charge in New York in 1843 and removed to Mount Holly, Mississippi. The following year he was elected Bishop of Mississippi by the diocesan convention. The general convention of his Church, in session at Philadelphia, refused to confirm the election before investigating his obligations at Flushing. Dr. Hawks furthered the investigation in every way and was exonerated, but afterward refused to accept the proffered honor and removed from Mount Holly to New Orleans. In 1845 he was active in the establishment of the University of Louisiana and was chosen as its first president. He continued at the head of this institution for four years, resigning only to accept a flattering offer from Calvary

Church in New York. This parish coupled with its offer the gift of $30,000.00 for the discharge of his debts at Flushing. Thus vindicated by a token of confidence which brought relief from the strain of financial obligations, Dr. Hawks entered upon his work with renewed zest. He now began to put forth some of the fruits of his ripened scholarship. 'Egypt and Her Monuments' and 'Antiquities of Peru' followed each other within the course of a few years. Neither of these purports to be the results of the author's own archæological research, but they represent an attempt to put into readable form the technical works of the actual investigator.

After 1855 Dr. Hawks gave himself almost wholly to the pulpit, the continuity of his service in New York being broken only by the War of Secession. His ardent Southern sympathies caused him to relinquish his church in New York in 1861 and accept another in Baltimore; but immediately upon the close of hostilities in 1865 he again accepted a call to New York and remained in service there until his death the following year.

Reverting for a moment to the general character and value of Dr. Hawks's works, it must be said that, with the exception of his biographical studies, his subjects were such as appealed to the church or to a very limited class of readers. But in every case his style is vivid and interesting. His theological writings are especially free from the cant of creed and simple in their directness. Earnestness and freedom from dogmatism characterize his attitude to each subject he approached, while his pleasing style of presentation, though somewhat akin to pulpit oratory, marks him as distinctly worthy of a place among the first of ante-bellum writers claiming the Southland as their native heath.

H. W. Wagstaff

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SIR WALTER RALEIGH AND HIS CONTEMPORARIES

From the 'History of North Carolina.'

THERE is ever to a generous mind something painful in contemplating the fallen fortunes of a man who once has "towered in his pride of place." Our sensibilities are touched when we look upon the buried greatness even of one whose own unworthiness has made him "totter to his fall." Who, for instance, can dwell unmoved upon the picture of a Bacon illustrating the truth of a sentiment penned by himself almost as if with prophetic vision—"Of all men he is the most miserable who follows at the funeral of his own reputation"? The contrast is so great between the honors rendered to elevated station, and the insult and neglect attendant upon altered fortunes, that in its contemplation even this world's pity divests itself for a time of its hypocritical mockery, and for once is honest in the expression of its sympathy. And if this be so, when "even-handed justice" is constrained to mingle condemnation with our pity, how much more is there to touch the sensibilities of our nature when envy and persecution, fraud and falsehood have all combined to drag a noble spirit to the dust, and in their infernal success call upon us to look on the decayed, nay, ruined fortunes of one whose heaviest crime has been that God made him a greater man than his fellows? Such was the treatment that Sir Walter Raleigh received; and one might almost think that, like his illustrious contemporary Bacon, he too was endowed with the spirit of prophetic anticipation. In his early offerings to the muse he has left on record a sentiment which his own sad history proved to be no poetic fiction:

> Tho' sundry minds in sundry sort do deem,
> Yet worthiest wights yield praise for every pain;
> But envious brains do naught, or light esteem
> Such stately steps as they cannot attain:
> For whoso reaps renown above the rest,
> With heaps of hate shall surely be oppress'd.

Of the earlier years of Raleigh no more need be said than that he was born in the year 1552, of an ancient and reputable

family in Devon, and was sent to Oxford for his education. One of the wisest men that England ever produced has borne testimony to the genius and wit of the young student, and it is therefore no waste of time to follow the fortunes of one whose powers commanded the admiration of Bacon. His college life, however, exhibited little more than that remarkable union of the habits of a scholar with those of an active man of the world, which through his whole career characterized him. In his case, too, as in that of other distinguished men, his early reading gave color to the future complexion of his life.

The conquest of the Spaniards in this hemisphere furnished in his day a new story. Raleigh was much too imaginative not to be pleasurably excited by the romance embodied in the tales of Montezuma and the Inca, the chivalric boldness of Cortes and Pizarro; and as he was preëminently fitted for action, he felt that a field was open on this yet unknown continent for the exercise of his loftiest powers. Thus was he unconsciously preparing himself to become one of the boldest maritime adventurers of his age and nation.

Young, handsome, brave, accomplished, and intelligent (for he was all this), the first field in which we find him playing the part of man was France. It was at the period when the Protestants, under the great Prince of Condé and Admiral Coligny, were struggling for religious liberty. Elizabeth, on more accounts than one, was not an indifferent spectator of this contest. She gave permission to Henry Champernon, who was a near kinsman of Raleigh, to raise a troop of a hundred gentlemen volunteers, and to pass over to the Continent. The French historian, De Thou, has left a description of the appearance they made in the camp of the Protestants: "A gallant company," says he, "nobly mounted and accoutred, and bearing for a motto on their standard, 'Let valor decide the contest.'" Of this troop was Raleigh, and one who knew him then, speaking of his education and bearing, writes, "it was not part, but *wholly gentleman—wholly soldier.*" In this school he remained for more than six years, bearing well his share in some of the most memorable actions of the times, until the peace of 1576, when he returned to England. Very soon after this we find him in the Netherlands, a volunteer under the Prince of Orange against the Spaniards.

Raleigh must not, however, be considered a mere soldier of fortune, ready to draw his sword in any quarrel. Both in the Low Countries and in France, the principle for which he contended was the same. He was armed in the cause of liberty, and in both instances he was indirectly defending his country; for in both he had gone forth under the sanction of Elizabeth, and fought under the English standard.

Among his fellow-soldiers was one who, remarkable as much for his eccentricity as for his valor, had traveled far and fought in many lands, and in whom great versatility of genius was not without its usual accompaniment, a wonderful facility in devising multifarious projects. One of his many schemes was the establishment of a colony in America. When he adverted to this he touched a chord in Raleigh's bosom which instantly gave a responsive vibration. Amid the toils of the camp, the young volunteer had never neglected the cultivation of his mind: he was a soldier student, and had mastered all that was then known on the subjects of cosmography and navigation. His half-brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, had obtained a patent for colonizing in North America: leaving the army, Raleigh joined him to try his fortune on our shores. A combination of disasters, however, defeated the undertaking, and he returned home without having seen this country, and with no other advantage than that derived from the lessons of his brother, one of the most experienced seamen of his age. Scarcely had he reached England, however, before he found himself in another scheme of activity and war. Spain had stirred up the spirit of rebellion in Ireland. Raleigh had now a name as a soldier, and we find him at the seat of war in command of a company. Here it was that his remarkable talents first shone forth with a luster that challenged notice. He found himself in various important trusts, and well did he execute them all. Uniting the sagacity and ripe judgment of age with the daring courage and uncalculating generosity of youth, he would now defeat the enemy by superior tactics, and now rush single-handed to the rescue of a friend, and bring him off in triumph at the peril of his life. The rebellion was suppressed, and Raleigh, with a reputation of the highest order among those who had stood by his side as soldiers, returned with no recommendations but those his own talents

and attainments had procured, to play his part at a most eventful period among men, more splendid than any other court in Europe at that day could boast.

THE COLONY OF NORTH CAROLINA, 1586-1590

From the 'History of North Carolina.'

UPON a review of the perils by which the colony under Lane was surrounded, and of his conduct in the midst of them, he scarcely deserves the reproach of a modern writer who has said he "did not possess the qualities suited to his station."* And though his return to England is not to be stigmatized as "a precipitate desertion,"† yet it may justly be a source of regret that he did not remain a little longer; inasmuch as we now know, what he could not have foreknown, that supplies for his relief were actually then on the way to him. Sir Walter Raleigh, much too noble to forget the men whom he had planted in the wilderness of North Carolina, fitted out a ship in 1586 solely to carry to them abundant supplies. Unfortunately, however, she did not reach the seat of the colony until the latter part of June, at which time Lane and his men had embarked in Drake's fleet.

The commander of the supply ship, having for some time sought in vain for his countrymen, returned to England. About a fortnight after his departure, Sir Richard Greenville (who had commanded in the former expedition) arrived on the coast with three other ships. Disappointed in his expectations of finding the supply ship, and fruitlessly examining in person the shores of the sound and rivers for the colony under Lane, he gave over the search. Unwilling, however, to relinquish the possession of that which Englishmen had once held, he landed fifteen men, with a supply of provisions for two years, on Roanoke Island, and returned to England.

Under the combined influences of such untoward events, most men, in the situation of Sir Walter Raleigh, would have desisted entirely from an enterprise which thus far had cost much and yielded no return; but not so with him. The enthusiasm of the English people was somewhat abated by the

*Bancroft's United States, 115
†Ibid, 117

ill success of Lane's attempt, but the accounts published by Hariot of the natural advantages of the country were such as to induce men to embark in further plans of colonization;* and accordingly, in the year 1587, Raleigh prepared a new set of adventurers, consisting of one hundred and seventeen souls, under the charge of John White as governor, and on the twenty-sixth of April, in that year, they sailed in three vessels from Portsmouth, fitted out in part at the expense of Raleigh. There were two particulars connected with this attempt worthy of notice; the first was the presence of women and children. The proprietary very justly supposed that their presence would form a tie to the soil not easily to be broken by the colonists. A husband and father would not leave wife and children behind him, and the difficulty of removing a family presented an almost insurmountable obstacle to the departure of its head. Agricultural pursuits and permanency of settlement were therefore likely to result from the presence of these females, who were in number seventeen. The other particular worthy of notice is the provision made for government in this settlement, which it was hoped would be thus rendered permanent. The chief, White, had associated with him eleven of his colonists, as counsellors and assistants, and to the twelve were given a letter of instruction and a charter incorporating them as "the Governor and Assistants of the City of Raleigh, in Virginia": for as yet the name Carolina was unknown. Sir Walter had also, distant as he was from the scene, discovered the superior advantages of the Chesapeake Bay, and therefore directed the settlement to be made on its shores.

On the sixteenth of July they made the coast of North Carolina, and narrowly escaping shipwreck on Cape Fear, on the twenty-second they arrived at Hatteras. Immediately, the governor with forty men proceeded to Roanoke Island in search of the fifteen men who had been left by Sir Richard Greenville in the previous year. After finding them, his purpose was to return to the fleet and proceed northwardly to Chesapeake Bay, according to his instructions. Scarcely, however, had he left the ship, before those on board charged the seamen in the pinnace with the governor to bring back none of the planters, but to leave them on Roanoke Island. Remon-

*Hariot's narrative.

strance on the part of the governor proved fruitless, because the commander of the ship was impatient to renew a profitable traffic in the West Indies, and thus the colony under White was, much against his will, forced, by necessity, to attempt a settlement on Roanoke Island, the scene of Lane's failure.

On reaching the island he sought in vain for the fifteen men, and the only vestige even that they had been there was found in the discovery of the bones of one human being. The next day White with some of his men walked to the northern part of the island, where Lane had erected his fort and dwellings, hoping there to meet with some traces of the fifteen left by Greenville. On his arrival at the spot he found the fort demolished, but the dwellings were yet standing, and their only tenants were the deer who were quietly feeding on the melons that luxuriantly grew in and about them. The unfortunate fifteen, as was subsequently learned from some of the natives, had been attacked by the savages; when the survivors, betaking themselves to their boat, had fled to a little island near Hatteras, where they remained a short time and then departed, whither no one knew, but probably for Croatan, and this is all that was ever learned of their fate.

White, submitting to the necessities of his position, immediately gave orders for repairing the houses left by Lane and for erecting more for the accommodation of those who he knew would be sent from the ships, and on their arrival found himself at the head of ninety-one men, seventeen women, and nine children. Among these men were some who had been with Lane, and who proved themselves to be men indeed; the colony, as we shall presently see, was probably not without its clergyman, and the faithful Manteo, who was among them, had by this time become in heart an Englishman. In this he presented a remarkable contrast to Wanchese, who, it will be remembered, had been his companion on his first voyage to England; and who, after his return, was as notorious for his hostility as Manteo was for his fidelity.

The mother and kindred of Manteo lived on the island of Croatan, and thither, very soon, a visit was made by the faithful Indian and a party of the English, who endeavored, through the instrumentality of the islanders, to establish friendly relations with the inhabitants on the main land: but the effort was

in vain. In truth, the greater portion of the Indians around manifested implacable ill will, and had already murdered one of the assistants, who had incautiously strayed alone from the settlement on Roanoke Island.

On the thirteenth of August, by direction of Raleigh, given before leaving England, Manteo was baptized (being probably the first native of this continent who ever received this sacrament at the hands of the English), and was also called Lord of Roanoke and of Dasamonguepeuk, as the reward of his fidelity. A few days after, another event, not without interest in the little colony, occupied the attention of all; and doubtless in no small degree enlisted the sympathies of the female portion of the adventurers. On the eighteenth of August, Eleanor, the daughter of Governor White, and wife of Mr. Dare, one of the assistants, gave birth to a daughter, the first child born of English parents upon the soil of the United States. On the Sunday following, in commemoration of her birth-place, she was baptized by the name of Virginia.

Governor White remained but thirty-six days in North Carolina. As the period approached for the return of ships, the colonists, who felt most sensibly their dependence on England, and perceived also a considerable reduction in their supplies, applied with one voice to the governor to return in their behalf to the mother country and procure relief. Actuated by very honorable feelings, he for a long time refused; but at length, overcome by their unanimous and earnest supplications, he consented to go, leaving behind him, in the persons of his daughter and her child, ties strong enough to give zeal to his efforts and hasten his return. Before he left, however, it seems to have been understood that the colony should remove from Roanoke Island and settle on the main land: and as, at his return, he might be at some loss to find them, it was further agreed that in the event of their departure during his absence they should carve on some post or tree the name of the place whither they had gone; and if in distress, they were to carve a cross above it.

When White reached England he found the whole kingdom alarmed by a threatened invasion from Spain. Raleigh, Greenville, and Lane, the three individuals most likely to aid in the relief of the colony, were all members of the council of

war, and their time was fully occupied by their duties. Raleigh, however, soon found leisure to fit out a small fleet for the relief of the colony; but ere it could sail, owing to the formidable armament of Spain, every ship was impressed, and Sir Richard Greenville summoned to attend Sir Walter to Cornwall and train troops there. Governor White, however, with Raleigh's aid succeeded in obtaining two barks with which he sailed on the twenty-second of April. These vessels, however, were more anxious to fight the Spaniards than to reach the colony; both were so much disabled in their encounters with the enemy that they were obliged to return to England, and never made the contemplated voyage. This delay was fatal to the poor colonists of Roanoke.

When the Spanish Armada had been defeated and England once more breathed in peace, Sir Walter found himself too much reduced in means to prosecute his purposes. Forty thousand pounds, a sum in our day nearly equivalent to two hundred thousand, had been expended by him, for which he had never received the smallest return. But he resolved still to do what he could for the accomplishment of his end: he had used the privilege of his patent to form a company of merchants and adventurers to carry on the work of colonization. But the company languished, because it wanted the energy and liberality of a spirit like Raleigh's. It was not until March 20, 1590, that Governor White embarked in three ships to seek his colony and his children. Much time was lost on the voyage, and the sandy islands of the Carolina coast were not seen until the beginning of the succeeding August. White found the island of Roanoke a desert. As he approached he sounded a signal trumpet, but no answer was heard to disturb the melancholy stillness that brooded over the deserted spot. What had become of the wretched colonists? No man may with certainty say: for all that White found to indicate their fate was a high post bearing on it the letters CRO, and at the former site of their village he found a tree which had been deprived of its bark and bore in well cut characters the word CROATAN.* There was some comfort in finding no cross

*"The stump of a live oak, said to have been the tree on which this word was cut, was shown as late as the year 1778 by the people of Roanoke Island. It stood at the distance of about six yards from the shore of Shalonbas bay, on the land then owned by Daniel Baum. This bay is formed by Ballast point and Baum's point." I Martin's 'History,' p. 35 note.

carved above the word, but this was all the comfort the unhappy father and grandfather could find. He of course hastened back to the fleet, determined instantly to go to Croatan, but a combination of unpropitious events defeated his anxious wishes; storms and a deficiency of food forced the vessels to run for the West Indies for the purpose of refitting, wintering, and returning; but even in this plan White was disappointed and found himself reluctantly compelled to run for the western islands and thence to England.

Thus ended the effort to find the lost colony; they were never heard of. That they went to Croatan, where the natives were friendly, is almost certain; that they became gradually incorporated with them is probable from the testimony of a historian who lived in North Carolina and wrote in 1714: "The Hatteras Indians who lived on Roanoke Island or much frequented it, tell us," says he, "that several of their ancestors were white people and could talk in a book, as we do; the truth of which is confirmed by gray eyes being found frequently amongst those Indians, and no others. They value themselves extremely for their affinity to the English, and are ready to do them all friendly offices. It is probable that this settlement miscarried for want of timely supplies from England, or through the treachery of the natives, for we may reasonably suppose that the English were forced to cohabit with them, for relief and conversation; and that in process of time they conformed themselves to the manners of their Indian relations; and thus we see how apt human nature is to degenerate."* This slight vestige of the ultimate fate of White's colony concludes the history of Sir Walter Raleigh's noble but unavailing efforts; and when we resume our story we shall have to pass over an interval of some years, leaving meanwhile the wilderness on which we have looked to the roughness of its natural state and the occupancy of its savage inhabitants. When the scene next opens upon us it will be indeed upon the same theatre, but the actors will be very different and will have entered by a different way.

Scanty as are the materials afforded us for judging of the daily life of these adventurous colonists, still, upon a close review of the incidents we have here been relating, imagination

*Lawson's 'History of Carolina,' page 62.

may readily sketch a picture from mere casual remarks in their stories, the chief features of which will undoubtedly be true. It is easy to believe, for instance, of Lane's company, that though some were, as Hariot has described them, such as "by reason of their bad natures" were "worthily punished," and some of that class "which had little understanding, less discretion, and more tongue than was needful," and some who, having been reared in the comfort of cities, sighed for the enjoyments they had left behind; yet that, in the mass, they were a bold, hardy set, gathered, for the most part, from England's rough specimens of humanity of that day, and kept in subordination and awe by the rigorous military discipline of the times. It was the fashion of Englishmen of that age to look up to their superiors in rank and station with a submission and deference which we, probably, should think not far removed from abject servility. Perhaps, too, the strong common sense, which is certainly an ingredient in the English national character, may have led most of the colonists to feel that their safety depended on submission to their leaders; especially as those leaders were men whom they could respect, and in whom they could have confidence. Lane was a soldier accustomed to command; his story shows him to have been both prompt and brave, and these are captivating qualities among the people; his counselors were Amadas the sailor, "admirall of the countrie," the energetic and indefatigable Captain Stafford, and the philosophical naturalist Hariot. These were men who doubtless taught their inferiors to respect and obey Lane by obeying and respecting him themselves; and it is worthy of note that, in all these early narratives, we have no hint that among the colonists, after landing, any act of severe discipline was required or administered during their stay.

Again, Lane took care to keep all employed. We can readily fancy them, summoned by early beat of drum from the rude log huts which formed their settlement, and assembling to that "daily prayer" which Hariot tells us was their wont. There was Lane, probably in light armor—for armor was the fashion of that day—with Amadas and Stafford and Hariot, and there too was a motley group of stern-faced, rough-looking Englishmen, probably not of the cleanest, mingled perhaps with the wild natives (for Hariot lets us know that sometimes the sav-

age was present at their prayers), and presently the *Amen!* of their devotions is succeeded by their morning meal, when the various detachments scatter to their allotted duties. Here is a party embarking, under Amadas, it may be, in their light shallops either for exploration or food. There goes another party under Captain Stafford for Croatan, to conclude some unfinished business with Manteo's friendly countrymen. But all the natives are not like Manteo's countrymen; so here, perchance, come from the court of guard the armed watchmen of the day with their swords and cumbersome matchlocks, who take their several stations, not forgetting by the way to see that their mounted culverins are in order, and watching every speck on the waters that may, by possibility, prove a prowling enemy or an approaching boat. Some too are off, it may be to observe and give their labor to the little plots of ground where Hariot tells us they had sown or planted English vegetables; and we may almost fancy that we see their lips smile and their eyes sparkle as they mark, peeping above ground, some well-known inmate of the kitchen-garden at home, which looks to them like an old friend in this far-off wilderness, and sends their busy memories back to some loved old homestead in one of the quiet dells of dear old England. And here, too, is our philosopher, who, it may be, is thoughtfully botanizing; or, perchance, learning from some savage what he can gather of the country yet unseen; or, better still, teaching the untutored mind of that poor child of the forest the story of a heavenly country bought for him by Christ; for all these things we learn from his story that at times he did. There was no wearisome monotony among them, for they were fighting the battle of life at a disadvantage. Every faculty was obliged to be active. And then, when day had closed and evening brought back some party of explorers for instance, we have no difficulty in imagining the group of eager questioners and listeners who gathered around to hear the new stories of their traveled companions. Rough but brave men, for the most part, were these colonists under Lane, and let us honor them at least, for the courage with which they encountered privations and hardships.

But they could be pioneers only, for they had among them none of the gentler sex. They were but laying foundations

that others might come in and help them to build thereon. But Providence saw fit to call them all away; and now, under White, another set of actors is on the stage, even that "lost" colony whose sad story we have told already. And here are women and children. Daily life, we may imagine, was somewhat different now. The men are probably not so rough visaged and so untidy. They have been partially humanized by the gentleness of woman and the caresses of children. True, they have had a hard battle to fight, but they have also a stake to fight for. But, alas! here is an enemy more to be dreaded than even the vindictive and treacherous savage—*starvation!* And now the father wishes that wife and children were but in safety in the land whence he brought them. He can suffer himself, but it unmans him to see them suffer. That skeleton child for whom the mother has starved herself in vain; he has laid it in its coffin and buried it in the ground, and he turns sadly away from the task of comforting its desolate mother; for his own heart is breaking; that mother must go next. Domestic life was monotonous enough now. It was one long sad gaze over the waters: the eye might strain itself over the sea, but it looked in vain for the coming ship. No vessel ever came. "Hungry famine had them in the wind," and gaunt spectacles of suffering humanity, attenuated almost to transparency, flitted like ghosts around. The spectral crew vanished by degrees, how, God knoweth; and whether they found a grave in the ocean's depths, or on the land, is reserved for the revelations of that day when "the earth and the sea shall give up their dead."

And yet this latter colony was better and more wisely planned than that under Lane. It had some light from the past experience of those who had been before and had now gone again: Amadas and Stafford were both there. It had the comfort and salutary influence of woman's presence, without which no colony can succeed. It had a system of government which, if not perfect, was probably, in the main, equitable and at least sufficient to preserve order. It had beside, many more individuals of respectability and station in society than Lane's had. But it had not Sir Walter Raleigh as the single mind to direct and provide for it; and in the villainy of Fernando, the pilot, it had its worst evil in the deprivation of its sup-

plies. It was the inscrutable will of Heaven that it should not succeed. This is nearly all that man can say of its melancholy failure.

True, indeed, we may see the ill effects then of some of the erroneous opinions, but too prevalent even at this day, on the subject of planting colonies: but these alone will not explain the loss of White's colony.

Thus we find no mention made of individual ownership acquired in the land cultivated; none of the stimulus created in man by the consideration that he is improving his own property; no awakening of forethought for the comfort of that period when age should overtake the colonist and call for a repose from labor, to be enjoyed on the fruits of earlier industry. All, as far as appeared, labored for the benefit of a common stock out of which all were to live. Now, however such a system may answer for a short time in the beginning, in exploration for instance, it is not a system to insure success when permanent settlement is once begun. The history of colonization presents no instance of success under such a system, because such a plan runs counter to human nature: it leaves out of view that consideration of personal interest which is left by Heaven in man, as a stimulus to exertion. There is too much equality in the return made alike to laborious toil and evasive idleness: industry is taxed to supply the deficiencies of indolence; and community of interest is not likely to produce economy of expenditure. Hence the plan is soon not merely seen, but felt to be, inequitable, and men are not apt to make a prosperous community where they are treated unjustly. The colonization of Virginia, some twenty years later, commenced on this defective system. It never prospered until men were permitted to secure an individual right in their land and their labor.

Again: too little attention, probably, was paid to individual character in the selection of colonists. Doubtless, this was then, as it is now, in some degree, unavoidable. The affluent, and the possessors of moderate comfort, in the home of their youth, are not likely to sever all ties and cross an ocean to people a wilderness. There must ordinarily be some strong moral influence to prompt such men to remove. But it is from among such men only, refined by culture, accustomed to some

comforts, and disciplined, by their position, to orderly habits and a proper respect for lawful authority, that good colonists are likely to come. Only such men meet privations with a cheerful spirit and seek to supply their deficiencies. The outcasts of London prisons and the sweepings of London kennels, then as now, doubtless could furnish their quota to every shipload of adventurers. The dissipated scions of respectable families were gladly sent off, lest they should finally tarnish ancestral honors by a felon's fate at home; the inmates of the vile slums and alleys of the metropolis were but too glad to escape the grasp of violated law; to leave a country where they had nothing to gain and everything to lose, because they had reached an infamy and attained to a notoriety in guilt, which left them no further hope of committing crime with impunity. In short, we may not doubt that some of the earliest colonists belonged to that class which the poet has described as "the cankers of a long peace and a calm world."

But we are inclined to think that these causes would not have prevented the successful establishment of White's colony, had it not been subjected to the horrors of famine. Time and experience would probably have corrected the evils we have named, but for starvation there was no remedy; and so, after the toil and suffering of years, the expenditure of much precious treasure, and the loss of still more precious life, the waves of Albemarle rolled, as of old, their ripples up the deserted island beach, and the only voice heard was that of the faithful winds, as they sighed through the forests of Roanoke and broke upon the stillness of nature's rough repose. The white man was there no longer.

ATTICUS GREENE HAYGOOD

[1839—1896]

ISAAC S. HOPKINS

"BORN in Watkinsville, Georgia, November 19, 1839, the eldest of the six children who had for their parents the godly people, Greene B. and Martha Askew Haygood. Married June 16, 1859, to Miss Mary Fletcher Yarborough, the eldest daughter of a saintly couple, 'itinerants of the old sort'! 'Fell on sleep' (to use his own favorite phrase for God's children departed) January 19, 1896." These dates look very meager and simple, but between them what a world of experiences and what a list of labors were packed! "Converted in early childhood; entered Emory College October, 1856; graduated June, 1859; joined the Georgia Conference at Rome, July, 1860; served circuits, stations, districts, for twelve years; secretary of his conference for several years; leading delegate to the general conference for several successive sessions; fraternal delegate to the general conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 1880; Sunday-school secretary and assistant missionary secretary, 1870 and 1876; president of Emory College, 1876 to 1884; Editor of *Wesleyan Christian Advocate* during most of this time; elected bishop in 1882, but declined to be ordained because of a sense of obligation to the college; manager of Slater Fund and Peabody Fund from 1882 to 1890; re-elected bishop in 1890." Thus runs the statistical record of Haygood's life.

Young Haygood was unusually fortunate in the conditions of his life antedating his entrance to college. His childhood was passed in a quiet country neighborhood, in one of those typical Georgia villages which lie on the borderland between the country and the more ambitious town. As a child his health was precarious, impaired by a nervous disorder which was at once the result and menace of a vigorous and too active brain. Referring to this period of his life, and to his love for his grandmother, who must have been a sort of a Lois to him, the bishop on one occasion wrote: "From my sixth to my eleventh year I was in a bad way physically. It seemed that the days would be few to me; or, if many, worse than few. I was much given to fits; off and on for five years and more they followed me—making of me a wild-eyed, solemn child, expecting soon to go out of this world. I was treated and mistreated by 'many physicians'

—the story would put the faculty to shame to-day—but rather grew worse. Not till Grandmother knew that I had 'settled' the question of my call to preach (ten o'clock one night in April, 1857, praying in my room at John W. Yarborough's, in Oxford, while sophomore), did this knowledge come to me. During those early years of my affliction Grandmother fasted twice a week, praying night and morning that I might get well, grow strong and tough, and be 'called of God to be an itinerant Methodist preacher'—which, thank God, I am."

Upon no period of his life did Bishop Haygood in his later years dwell with more delight than upon the romantic days of his childhood. In seasons of depression and worry the least reference to them would bring light to his eye and the flow of reminiscence to his thought. Among the reminiscences one was particularly suggestive, and, in the light of consequent events, almost pathetic. This was a cherished memory of an old slave of the family, to whom Bishop Haygood always referred in terms of endearment as "Uncle Jim." To this old friend of his boyhood he was indebted for many scraps of worldly wisdom, quaint ideas of people and things, and especially for a knowledge of woodcraft and field science, which Bishop Haygood possessed in a remarkable degree. In this free and easy life, made necessary by the condition of his health, in the woods and the fields, and largely under the tuition and influence of this faithful and wise old negro, were laid the foundation of his love of Nature which grew upon him to the last, and helped to open his mind to the large conceptions he had of Nature's God.

His father, Greene B. Haygood, was a lawyer by profession; a man of great seriousness, who regarded life on its grave and responsible side, and possessed profound convictions and a deep sense of responsibility; one who strove "to have always a conscience void of offence toward God and men." His mother, a woman of very rare intellectual gifts, had religious convictions quite as pronounced as those of his father, joined to a beautiful balance of character and a temperament sunny and cheerful. It is interesting and suggestive to know that, amid the cares of a large and growing family, one of the recreations of this remarkable couple was the reading of Cicero's letters in the original. Out of this reading came the name Atticus, which they bestowed upon the boy.

In January, 1857, a group of boys freshly admitted to the sophomore class in Emory College stood before the main college building and took in, with the quickness and vividness which belong to the period of youth, the unfamiliar scenes at the opening of the college term. Among the many types represented in that gathering, one boy stood out with singular clearness and definiteness. A lad of

about seventeen years of age, short and stocky, rather pale, with straight black hair, stood apart from his fellow students, his gray eyes taking in the scene, and his whole attitude marking a personality unusually pronounced.

Many extracts might be given relating to the different interests which engaged the attention of young Haygood; references to health, to economical expenditure of money, to little matters of purely local interest, to the affection which had begun to spring up in his heart for the young lady who afterward became his wife, to show how deeply imbued was his character with the spirit of consecration, how eagerly he looked forward to his life work, how earnest and diligent he was in the preparation he felt he needed to become what his infancy had painted, how anxious to realize the high ideal he had of what constituted a true follower and servant of Jesus Christ. The piety which found expression in prayer and aspiration in his early experience, took on a firmer faith and an aggressive activity in his later career. He laid under tribute all the powers within him to accomplish something definite and immediate for the advancement of the world and the uplifting of men. Labor was to him a pastime. He wrought unweariedly, if not prudently. The days he filled with routine tasks, and the nights he gave to work would have taxed a vitality far greater than that he possessed. Genius was undoubtedly his, but by far the greater part of his endowment was the capacity for downright hard work, the genius of willing and the readiness of doing, at any expense of personal convenience, the thing his judgment approved and his sense of duty demanded. During the last two decades of his life he was doing work which would have taxed the strength and endurance of half a score of men. Editor, college president, lecturer, preacher, contributor to journals other than his own, author and student—always some of these and sometimes all at once—he showed a capacity for labor that is the highest mark of his genius.

He was a peerless preacher. Everything that contributed to the power and effectiveness of the pulpit he seemed to possess. His voice was of admirable quality, clear, ringing, and sounding in his more impassioned moments like the call of a clarion. As an author, Bishop Haygood came into prominence first by a prize essay, written early in his ministerial life, entitled "Go, or Send." In the title of this essay, as in his other contributions to literature, he was peculiarly felicitous. The title was an epitome of the philosophy of missions. A well-known work of his entitled "Our Children" was a direct outgrowth of his labors as a Sunday-school secretary, although the important subject with which it deals was always one very near his heart.

Perhaps the best known of his books, and that which has con-

tributed most to his fame at home and abroad, is his 'Our Brother in Black.' Its alliterative title, its novel treatment of the race question, then a vexed and perplexing one in the South, its bold utterances in favor of the education of the negro, the fact that it was written by a native Southerner, himself reared among slaves, one who had served as a gallant soldier in the war between the States, a widely known and influential minister in the Methodist Church, South, and the president of the leading college of his Church, all combined to call special attention to the book.

Some facts connected with the writing of this book have peculiar interest. The author in taking up the subject did not intend to make a book. It began with a brief paragraph, which set forth the duty the white race owed to the more dependent and needy negro. This was followed by another, and then another, and the result was the enlargement into a volume of these first generous and philanthropic thoughts. Speaking to a young friend and former pupil, the Bishop said: "When the conviction came upon me that I ought to take the position I did in 'Our Brother in Black,' it came near unnerving me. Battles are fierce and short with me. I am not superstitious; but I seemed to see the Devil himself across my desk, suggesting that if I took up this work I would be ostracized, the college would be ruined, the people would turn tongue and pen against me, and I actually struck at him in my frenzy and said: 'Go back to hell where you came from, for I will do it, God helping me.' I promised God then, on my knees, if He would help me I would not fight back if the people attacked me for my decision." And he never did. It is rarely given to a man to think and write so far in advance of his times and to bring men so speedily to accept his views.

Among the most noted of his books is the one entitled 'The Man of Galilee.' The title of this book is hardly a fair statement of its scope and aim. It is really an argument for the divinity of Christ. But those who have had frequent opportunities of hearing Bishop Haygood will recall his fondness for the phrase so often used by our Lord in reference to Himself, "the Son of Man." The humanity of our Lord was a theme upon which in his sermons he loved to dwell.

Another book, 'Jack-knife and Brambles,' marks an epoch in Bishop Haygood's views. Brambles he had encountered in good people and bad, in preachers and laymen, in young circuit-riders and church dignitaries; perhaps, more than all, in his own earlier religious musings and meditations. Patiently and laboriously, prayerfully and earnestly, he had fought his way through dim and unobstructed paths, and had seen in the clear light the fulness of the power of the gospel, its sufficiency for all human needs. In lan-

guage, vigorous, clear, and simple, such as the common people have no difficulty in understanding, he has swept away the adventitious and unessential, the oppositions of science, falsely so-called, the sanctimonious and the unreal, and has exalted God's standards and God's truth for the admiration and guidance of God's children.

Space forbids an extended notice of the many contributions of his pen to religious literature. His "Pleas for Progress," "Monk and Prince," and "Close the Saloons," his innumerable shorter articles furnished to religious and secular journals, all tell the same story of an earnest, wise, devout, trenchant writer and thinker.

Bishop Haygood's declination to be ordained to the episcopal office when first elected was the occasion of much comment and criticism. Under the fire of this criticism and misunderstanding, amounting at times to harsh denunciations and abuse, his forbearance and patient endurance were simply wonderful, giving additional evidence of the strength of character and faith in God which marked him through all his life. If he needed any vindication other than that afforded by his second election, it was found in the affection, admiration and confidence he inspired in his brethren throughout the Church, and in the kindness, sympathy and consideration with which he discharged the delicate and often painful duties of his high office.

Those who did not know Bishop Haygood in his home and private life can have no conception of the uniqueness and the simplicity of his character. His heart was as tender as a woman's. He loved his family; he loved his kindred; he loved young men, he loved all men. No one will know what personal sacrifices he made in the spirit and the exercise of his love for others and his forgetfulness of self. No record has been kept on earth, except in the hearts and memories of the beneficiaries themselves, of the young men and young women he helped to an education.

"There is no need," says Dr. George G. Smith, his life-long friend, "to say that he had no fault. He had more by far than many not a tithe so noble. He was mighty as a live oak, and as gnarled. Some men exhaust themselves in trying to behave. Not such was he. He was what he was, and he wanted to be known as he was. He was a brave fighter, but never struck below the belt, and he never spared those he loved when the battle was on; nor when it was over did he show any resentment."

Bishop Haygood's views of life's close were entirely characteristic of him and were the embodiment of his faith in the things unseen. The present writer has frequently heard him, in the little village of Oxford and elsewhere, speak on burial occasions. It was noticeable that he sedulously avoided the use of the word death. "Passed away," "Went away," "Fell on sleep," and other phrases invented or quoted

from Scripture, were the terms he used to reflect his views of the solemn event. He was very fond, on such occasions, of the Scripture "Jesus Christ hath abolished death." His conception of life took in, in fullest measure, two worlds. It is not, therefore, surprising that among his last utterances he gave expression to this sentiment. When he realized that the summons had been issued, and that in all probability the end was near, he remarked to a friend: "I have said to my Father—'If it is best for me to get well, bring me back to be a man. If not, it is all right.' And I have not mentioned the matter to Him since."

JESUS THE ONE UNIVERSAL CHARACTER

From 'The Man of Galilee.'

In considering Jesus as He is now in the world, not in the story of the evangelists and in books simply, but in human life, there are other views to be taken. We can take views only; we cannot see all that they indicate.

We must consider more carefully now what we looked at for a moment in the argument that compels us to believe that this character could not have been invented, and that such a personality could not have been a normal outgrowth of Hebrew life: Jesus is a universal character—the one and only universal character that has ever appeared in history, that has ever been described, that has ever had a place in human thought.

There are great differences in men. Some are so narrow and meager of soul as scarcely to have a thought or sympathy beyond the little circle in which they are born, in which they live, and out of which they go utterly when they die. There are lives so localized that men out of their sphere they cannot understand, and men out of their sphere cannot understand them. For every limited dialect in human speech there are limited thoughts and lives back of it. What do we mean by "provincialism" as applied to a man, or to the people of a state or country? It means limitation. Illustrations are everywhere. Take a Scotch Highlander, an Irishman of some

seldom-visited farming region, or, in our own country, a New Englander born and bred, never from home; or a village Georgian, a thoroughgoing old-time Southerner. These men are provincial. They may have admirable and indeed noble qualities, but they are limited in their views, narrow in their sympathies, and by so much they are cut off from the sympathies of their fellow-men of other conditions in life. Savage people show us the extremes of provincialism.

But let us take now our illustration from the loftiest ranges of life. Among the ancients take Plato—broad-minded as any. What is he? Grecian to the core. There was no greater Roman than Julius Cæsar. But he was essentially Roman; he was localized by a race and country; there was much in him that only a Roman could understand, and therefore much that limited him in his knowledge of the men of other nations.

Come to more modern times. Only a few years ago the Protestant world celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther. There was enough in Luther to perpetuate his influence through many generations. In every nation where the effect of the Lutheran reformation is felt there was real interest in the celebration of the anniversary of the great German's birth. There was sympathy with Luther; moreover, more or less understanding of him. There was enough forceful life in Luther to overflow Germany and enrich other lands; yet he was a German, and so not a universal, but a limited character. And so it is that he means more to Germany than to England, or France, or America. It is not simply that Germans are more interested in him as a patriotic sentiment growing out of national pride in their greatest man; they understand him better than other people can. If he could come back to the world he would understand Germans better than he would other people.

Among great men in the civil life take American Washington. Great man though he was, and having in him qualities that all true men recognize and approve, he was yet essentially American. He was also essentially Virginian, and plantation aristocratic Virginian of his time, and no other.

Take English Gladstone, of living men. Broad-minded, well-informed, ripe in wisdom, rich in learning, all-accom-

plished, he is, it may well be supposed, second to no man of our times in greatness of heart and range of sympathies. But he is English, there is much in him that no foreigner can fully understand, and there is much in any foreigner that Gladstone cannot understand.

Take one more illustration—the man we call "myriad-minded"—the prince of poets, the king of dramatists, William Shakespeare. He could, I think, put himself into the consciousness of a man of a different nation as fully as any man who ever wrote. He is as nearly as one can be "poet of the human race." But it is a mere commonplace of literature to say that many of the best thoughts in his great dramas cannot bear translation into foreign tongues; just as the finest oranges that grow, as travelers tell us, a variety grown in Brazil, cannot bear transportation to other countries. If it be said this is a language difficulty, this itself implies the limitation that goes with mere men. But this does not explain the difficulty of translation altogether; it is in the limitations that characterize men. No foreigner can rightly understand Shakespeare, who was English.

It has been said by some writer: "Shakespeare dramatized the Sixteenth Century Englishman." He wrote of others; he dramatized the Englishman of his time. He knew him. He did not dramatize the Sixteenth Century man. There is no character who can be at home in every country, who can stand for the race. Still less did he dramatize the Nineteenth Century man; genius is not equal to such a forecast. For if mere men are only localized in thought, sympathy, and character, by place, they are, if possible, still more limited by time; the influences that went before them and shut them in while they lived.

But what do we find when we consider Jesus of Nazareth in respect to time and place, blood and country, education and language? This: we do not at all think of Him, though we use the words, as Jesus of Nazareth. We do not think of Him as a Jew—as an Asiatic even. The Galilean, the Jew, the Asiatic is lost in the man. Circumstances left no such impress upon Jesus as to localize Him—as to limit His sympathy—as to mar in the least His all-round, harmonious, perfect humanity.

If translators have thorough language knowledge, the words of Jesus bear translation as no words of men bear it. I do not believe that His thoughts lose anything, any flavor, any color, by being translated. Where they are properly translated His thoughts mean to an American what they meant to the people who first heard Him speak. They produce in men of different races and tongues the same thoughts, excite the same convictions, stir the same sympathies, and lead to the same conclusions about rights, and wrongs, and duties, in every language that has ever repeated them. When these words of Jesus are obeyed they produce the same essential characteristics alike in men of every nation, the most enlightened and the most savage. It does not depend on race, or heredity, or environment; the results in character of receiving and living the Gospel are the same always and everywhere. Whether Greek, or Roman, or Scythian, or Hebrew in the early days of Christianity; whether Caucasian, Asiatic, African to-day, the man who follows the Christ is transformed into His likeness. No soil, no climate, no time changes the fruit of this tree.

Above all, and least like any mere man, not only do His words mean to us what they meant to His first disciples; He means as much to us. He is to a sinful and penitent woman of our times just what He was to Mary, who kissed His feet in the house of the proud Pharisee. He is to any vile wretch who needs and wants Him just what He was to the man full of leprosy, or to him of Gadara. To Marys and Marthas weeping their dead to-day He means just as much as to the sisters of Bethany. All this agrees with what He said of himself as "the Son of Man." Did any other ever have such a conception of himself, of the human race, and of his relation to it? Not one word, not one act of His is shut up to His time or race. Jesus is "the Son of Man," the ideal and universal man, the representative man of the entire race, the brother of every man, and woman, and child in the world; loving all and adoringly lovable by all.

THE NEGRO FREE

From 'Our Brother in Black.'

ONE may be entirely consistent when he says, I recognize the hand of Providence in the coming to this country of several thousands of savage and heathen Africans; I recognize the hand of Providence in the circumstances of their enslavement in such a country and among such a people, and I rejoice now, and thank God, from day to day, that this same Providence has set them free forever. If any object, he must say, either Providence was not in their coming, their enslavement, or their emancipation. He who says either of these things has given up the Bible and the rational doctrine of Providence. For one, I do not believe that the Providence, that includes "lilies" and "sparrows," overlooks millions of human beings. As to slavery itself, I do not discuss it. The sins connected with it every good man deplores; for the blessings God brought the negroes while in slavery—whether by virtue of it, or in spite of it—every good man, who has knowledge of the facts, gives thanks to the Giver of all good! I am not called on to discuss the right or wrong of slavery. I will not discuss dead issues while there are more living ones than we can imagine. In this discussion my chief concern is not with slavery, but with the facts that grow out of its abolition. I have nothing to do with slavery, except only as its facts and issues affect us of to-day. I say "us." I mean the negroes and the white people of this whole nation. I am not in the least degree responsible for the introduction of African slaves into this country; I am not responsible for being born in a slave-holding community; I am not responsible for being born the son of a slave-holder—a man who feared God and "served his generation according to the will of God," who never treated a slave unjustly or unkindly, and who was followed to his grave (December 26, 1862) with their loud lamentations. Let it be remembered that of the white people of the South who are now suffering so many of the ills of slavery, who are now paying, in a hundred ways, so fearful a price for the imposition of slavery upon the very civil and social institutions under which they were born—let it be remembered that the majority

of these people *never did own slaves*. Let it be remembered, also, that of those who must now bear the responsibilities of citizenship, who must now, through a thousand struggles, and against a thousand adverse minds, win for their section of the Union what, but for slavery, they would have inherited—let it be remembered that the majority of these men have "come of age" since 1861. And let those men who, so far as their civil life is concerned, were "born free" from the entanglements of slavery, remember, also, that they are not of the past, but of the present and the future; let them remember that God has set *them* free as well as the negroes, and that now the "truth" should "make them free" altogether and forever.

Again I say, I will not discuss the dead and buried slavery. If slavery must be discussed, there are plenty of people who are masters of the argument; plenty of people who have delight in it. One may, it is to be hoped, in such a country and in such an age as this, rejoice that the negroes are "free" without being required, in order to prove his sincerity, to contemn the memory of his fathers, who conscientiously believed that they ought not to be set free. I will neither malign or contemn the memory of my fathers, for I cannot forget that the Federal Constitution, which not only recognized slavery, but inwrought it into the very bone and fiber and blood of our institutions, was framed nearly one hundred years ago. But I do rejoice in the emancipation of the negroes. To ask a Southern man to denounce the past history of his people, because he recognizes the facts of the present and believes in the possibilities of the coming time, would be as reasonable as to require a son of the Pilgrim Fathers to vindicate his present intolerance of persecution by declaring Cotton Mather to have been a hypocrite and a villain.

There is no more slavery in our country. The former advocates of slavery—such of them as are still alive, for the majority of them are *dead*—fully accept emancipation. Let the former advocates of emancipation accept it also, and have done with digging up slavery as an everlasting theme of anniversary orations. It would be just as sensible to denounce George III on every anniversary of American independence. Now His Majesty George III is dead and buried; let him rest. We would suspect one of poverty of intellectual resources if

he found himself unable to get through a "Fourth-of-July" speech without making faces and hurling epithets at the poor old king. It is said that the monarchists, when Charles II was restored to his father's throne, dug up the bones of Cromwell and hung them on Tyburn Hill. It was not statesmanship but passion that did this. True wisdom, to say nothing of magnanimity, would have left his bones in their grave. Even slavery is entitled to its grave. In that grave, for it is very deep, both parties should bury their quarrel, without resurrection.

Slavery is done with. The negroes have been set free once and for all, as everybody knows. It is done, and it will never be undone. There are many reasons for this opinion. Three I mention: First, If there were any to desire their reënslavement, they know full well that the might and conscience of the Christian world are against it. There is no fool mad enough to breast a tidal wave that moves with the force of a whole ocean. Secondly, Their reënslavement is not desired. The few "old masters" who still live—and let it be remembered by just men that most of them are dead—do not desire it. (I have known but one man among the "old masters" who said he wished his slaves again. He said this a few months after Appomattox. In less than twelve months he was elected to office by negro votes!) Thirdly, Everybody knows, fully and definitely, that the reënslavement of these freed negroes cannot, by any possibility, be brought about. One of the wants of our generation is silence on this subject. It is not only true that the Southern people do not desire the reënslavement of the negroes, but it is true, also, as has been mentioned, that the majority of Southern people never owned slaves, and it is further true that thousands upon thousands of them never believed in the institution, and they ask on this subject silence. Are they not entitled to ask this much?

I do not claim to have been among those who never believed in slavery. Time was when I did believe in it thoroughly, and when I defended it to the best of my ability. I make no apology for having believed in it. I was taught to believe in it; I grew up in the midst of it; I saw its very best aspects in my father's house. His slaves loved me, and I loved them; and we both love each other to-day. Nor do I

make any apology for saying I do not now believe in slavery. I have changed my opinions; rather, new and purer light has changed them.

"Truly the light is sweet, and a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun."

But I will not denounce the "old masters"; I will not discuss slavery. It is infinitely more important to this generation, infinitely more important for the generations that come after us, that we discuss the negro's freedom. On this subject we want light, clear and steady. We cannot study this lesson by the light of camp-fires; we need the pure white light of the sun. And it is more difficult than slavery; it is in a hundred ways involved and complicated. It is a subject that cannot be mastered in the heat of sectional or party passion. It requires the poise of good sense and the guidance of good conscience following, through a tangled wilderness, the pure light of a fixed star. It is time now that men should study this question, in all its relations, calmly and justly. Nearly half the life of a generation has been lived since the echoes of the last battles of the horrible Civil War died away. We are moving out of the century which quarreled and fought and offered up the lives of thousands of its best and bravest in the final settlement of the dispute. The gray light of the dawning of the Twentieth Century appears in the eastern sky; there is the song of morning birds in the air; presently the rosy day will burst upon us. In God's name let us every one—men of the North and men of the South—get ready for the coming day.

To the subject of African freedom then, in all its relations to two races, to two continents, and to the world, I am willing to give my best attention, seeking the fullest truth in the purest light God may give me. And I know, by the authority of Christ, my Lord, that "the truth makes free." I know also that nothing else makes free in this world. Arguments, laws, proclamations, amendments to constitutions, battles; these alone make no man free. The truth, and nothing else, makes free the souls as well as the bodies of men.

There are three parties in this great historic conflict that need freedom by the truth: the men of the South, the men of the North, and the negroes themselves. Let no man flatter

himself that he knows all the truth of this deep and difficult problem. I know that I do not. "I count not myself to have apprehended, but this one thing I do; forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark for the prize of my high calling of God in Christ Jesus."

PROVIDENCE IN EMANCIPATION

From 'Our Brother in Black.'

In this discussion I have to do with African slavery only in so far as slavery was used by the mysterious but all-wise and gracious providence of God to prepare the negroes for their freedom. Nay, more than this; for what is of vaster import, to prepare them for their duties and destiny in the right use of their freedom. Is this a fancy? Is this a mere vagary of Southern prejudice? When I say that God used their slavery to prepare them for their freedom, am I only seeking a sort of last refuge for an opinion on the subject of slavery that I have affirmed I have utterly given up and changed? Nay, verily, I recognize the obvious facts of the history of the negro race in America. Nor are these facts exceptional. God never gave freedom to any barbarous nation without first subjecting them, in some way, to a period and a discipline of preparation. No savage people ever sprang at a bound into the enjoyment of freedom, and held it long, or used it wisely. Most republics have failed because the people were not ready for them. Heaven judged that a period of four hundred years was not too long to prepare the Hebrew race for independent national life. The records of Exodus show that even they had not learned too well the providential lessons of their stay in "the house of bondage."

Let me ask, and let sober people answer, whether the wild Africans were fitted for freedom when they were first landed from the slave-ships that brought them from their savage homes to the plantations of this country. Were not their American masters, unworthy of their sacred trust as many of them were, better fitted, judged by any test, to prepare these people for freedom than were their African masters and con-

querors who sold to them the slaves? For what is generally forgotten should be always remembered—most of the negroes sold into slavery in America were bought from slavery in Africa. And surely I do not go too far when I say that American slavery was freedom compared with the slavery from which they were taken.

Some of them, I know, were not technically slaves in their own country; some were bought as captives taken in predatory wars; some of them were stolen from their homes. If slavery in Africa were considered by those who say so much of the evils of American slavery, they would at least find reasons to magnify the Providence that so overruled the cupidity and cruelty of wicked men as to bring the divinest blessings, for both worlds, to the helpless victims of their sin.

The poor Africans were not, as every candid man will admit, as well fitted for freedom when the slave-ships first landed them in America as they were when God gave them their freedom in 1865. Only suppose they had been set free when first they came. Does any rational man suppose there would have been so good an outcome? We are not lacking in a historic parallel. The red men were here when the *Mayflower* came, and when the Cavaliers first founded their colonies. And they were always free. They have never been subjected to personal slavery. The Indians were never less civilized than were the Africans at their coming to our country. But what blessings has their freedom brought them? Were they not slain, tribe after tribe? Have they increased in numbers? Have they been Christianized? Has not this "Indian question" been, from the beginning, the shame and perplexity and despair of our statesmanship? Have we mastered this question after two hundred years of blundering experiment? Let any man imagine, who can and who dares, what would have been the fate of a few thousand Africans, ignorant, debased, and *idolatrous*, turned loose to freedom when their feet first touched our shores.

There can be no doubt that in the minds of nearly all of the negroes of this country that very remarkable and historic man, Abraham Lincoln, is loved and revered as their deliverer. They accept and honor him as the "Moses" of their salvation. Never can I forget the countenance of a negro man I saw

one day in March, 1875, contemplating a statue of Mr. Lincoln in the Rotunda of the Capitol in Washington City. Evidently he was not a resident in the city. Like myself, he was a visitor, seeing what he could. It may be counted a weakness or a want of taste in me, but no matter; of all things I saw in Washington City, that negro's countenance most impressed me, and it is now my most vivid remembrance. He stood still and silent before the voiceless marble, gazing at it as if he would read the very soul of the man it represented. His face and attitude moved me deeply. It was plain that the negro wanted to talk to the statue; that he longed to bless with loving thanks the man who made him free. I was not mistaken in his feeling. I know the negro face. There was something almost worshipful in the man's manner and expression as he stood in silent contemplation. He looked as if the sight of that marble statue was the fruition of a pilgrimage, and as if he felt that he stood on "holy ground." That man represented the feeling of his race. All over the South the name of Abraham Lincoln is, to the negroes, the name of a saint and martyr of God. They are in singular ignorance of the men and women who nobly fought their battles. Garrison, Sumner, Seward and Greeley are names that, to the mass of them, are unknown. But the name of Abraham Lincoln is engraved on all their hearts. It is not surprising that they should know him, only, or that they should almost worship his memory.

Many of the negroes look beyond Mr. Lincoln for the gift of their freedom; they look upon him as the instrument of the divine Providence. But the majority of them do not look beyond the instrument. It seems to me a matter of vast moment to both races that the hand of God should be recognized in this whole history—one of the most remarkable that belongs to the annals of any nation. It is important to the emancipated negro to see God in his freedom, that there may be in his heart and life a right conscience in the use of his freedom. This lesson a few of them—very few, I fear—have learned. The majority accept the fact, in a blind sort of way, as deliverance from restraint, as license to do what they will. But their freedom can never bring them its fulness of blessing till the heart of the emancipated race

is penetrated and saturated with this conception: "The good hand of God is in all our history; he overruled the slavers who brought us here; he overruled slavery; he gave us our freedom."

I would not diminish their gratitude to Mr. Lincoln or to the party he represented; I would be glad if I could deepen their gratitude to God.

It is equally important, so far as their duties to the negroes are concerned, that the people of the North and of the South recognize God's hand in His providential dealings with slavery and its termination.

There has been, I must believe, much sin and unbelief, as well as confusion of thought, on both sides in our attitude toward this subject of the emancipation of the slaves. In the North, with many notable exceptions, there has been much boasting and self-laudation. Where men ought to feel humbly that God has used them—used them in their weakness and folly, as well as in their strength and wisdom—as unworthy instruments to accomplish a great design, they have boasted overmuch in their triumph over their late antagonists in a fierce and bloody war. Sometimes, alas! there has flamed out in sermons and orations and essays somewhat of the fatal pride of Nebuchadnezzar, intoxicated with his greatness: "Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honor of my majesty?" Proud and weak man, he had forgotten his vision of the great tree and of the warning cry of "The watchers and the holy one."

The men of the North can never realize the vast import of the freedom of the negroes in America so long as they indulge a spirit so boastful and proud of their own relations to emancipation. Nor can they realize their high duties to this race, whose preparation for a great future has been only begun.

We of the South have not been without folly and unbelief and sin in our attitude toward this fact of emancipation. We have been slow to accept its full significance, even when we fully and finally accepted the fact. It was not unnatural that we felt bitterly the humiliation of our overthrow, nor that we writhed in agony when we looked upon

the poverty and desolation of our land when it was all over. It was not unnatural that our people were slow to accept the issues of the war. (I am not speaking of what was wise, but of what is natural.) It was not unnatural that we felt ourselves goaded to desperation by many of the requirements and events of reconstruction. History will not deny that there were unnecessary exasperations in many of the methods employed to settle the questions that grew out of the war. Rarely have a brave and high-spirited people endured such trials of their patience, their wisdom, and their faith. For many follies we committed, for many wrongs that were done by some people of the South, there is no defense to be made. Nor can defense be made for many of the acts of the conquerors that drove Southern men to desperation. Earth and Heaven know there were wrongs and sins enough on both sides to leave small room for boasting to either.

When all the facts are considered, those who know human nature will feel no surprise that the South has been slow and reluctant to adjust itself to the new order of things. As it seems to me, one of the many sad effects of our unhappy experience has been that the light has been dimmed in which we ought to have seen the hand of God and read the lessons of His providence. As a wise and saintly man, whose calm soul has been lifted above the passions of the hour, recently wrote to me: "Our new position has been forced upon us, and in several respects tyrannically forced, so that we have come slowly to see Providence in the change. With bayonets between Providence and ourselves it was very hard to see the good in and through the evil. Large allowance should be made for this." I believe God does make allowance, and so ought men.

Nevertheless, it is our sacred duty to see God wherever God is. How can the people of the South ever understand this "negro question"—both slavery and emancipation—until they recognize God's hand in this long and troubled history? I do not mean recognize God's approval of all things, but God's providence in all things—masterful, comprehensive, overruling, all-wise and good.

This much to me is clear; until God's hand in this whole history is recognized, neither the men of the North nor the

men of the South will or can make the right use of the negro's freedom.

There can be no question, I think, but that emancipation was set down in the order of divine Providence. Had the white people realized, both in thought and act, their relation to the slaves, emancipation might have come sooner, it might have come later, but it would have come peaceably and when both masters and slaves were better prepared for the change. It is to me a very painful thought that, while there were very many noble exceptions, the majority of masters never understood the solemnity of their trust in the temporary guardianship of these negroes in course of training. Many of them, I fear the larger number, recognized chiefly a property interest in the negroes. Men with this feeling uppermost could not do their duty to the slaves. But God's plans must not be marred by human ignorance or cupidity. So it came to pass that God used a great war to set free the negroes.

If the hand of God were fully and devoutly recognized by all parties—by the people of the North, by the people of the South, and by the negroes—only the happiest results would follow. When this truth shines clearly upon us all there will be peace and brotherhood. This truth will drive out passion and prejudice. The man of the North will be less boastful and imperious, less self-satisfied and Pharisaical in his attitude toward the South. No offense is intended by the use of this word Pharisaical. Its application is not meant for all Northern men, for many have seen too much of the true light to indulge the spirit of self-complacency. I use the word because I know of no other that so truly expresses the spirit of many Northern men—of many, too, who hold high place and mold public opinion—in their long-indulged habit of looking upon the South as a sort of national Nazareth. I put it to their conscience whether they have not over-much and over-often indulged the spirit and used the words of him who went not "down to his house justified": "God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, . . . or even as this publican"?

I would not do the North injustice, nor would I claim over-much for the South. Southern faults I do not deny;

Northern excellencies I do not disparage. I know the faults of the Southern people better than men of the North know them, and I feel them more keenly because, alas! part of them are my own.

If all of superiority they of the North claim be granted, (and they are superior to us in many things, though not in all,) and their theory of the evils of slavery be true—which I accept for the most part—then where is there occasion for boasting? Had slavery been fastened on New England for generations, are the men of New England prepared to prove, beyond all question, that they would now be so much better than they think the South is? Should they not, in gratitude for deliverance from the curse of slavery long years before the South got its release, be less impatient with those who, according to their own view of the evils of slavery, could not be much better than they are? What would we think of the wisdom, to say nothing of his spirit, of a missionary who should begin his labors in a heathen land by not only proving idolatry to be a lie, but by denouncing the low estate of the people whom that idolatry had degraded? Have they ever considered fairly that, had the relations of the sections to slavery been changed, had the South been freed from slavery in 1790 and New England burdened with it till 1865, they might have been as deficient in the virtues of the best civilization as they believe that the South is, and the South might have excelled as they believe that they have excelled? In such a case, what would the golden rule require of the South?

When we of the South recognize, as we ought, the providence of God in the emancipation of the negroes, most gracious results will follow in us. The spirit of resignation to God's will in this matter will go further than anything conceivable by me to reconcile us to the instrument employed by that Providence. Such a spirit would go far to banish whatever "wrath and bitterness" there may be in us. It will broaden our views; it will lift us up to a higher plane of thought and sentiment and conduct.

When the negroes come to see, as I trust they may, that God set them free, only using men and their counsels as His instruments, then a new and holier feeling will come into their hearts. They cannot realize the solemn significance of

their freedom so long as they forget their great Deliverer in their over-consideration of the instrument He employed.

The emancipated negro can never have the right conscience in his freedom, can never realize in his inmost soul the responsibilities of his freedom, can never perform aright the duties of free citizenship, can never work out the divine plan of his destiny, until he sees clearly and feels profoundly that God, the Father and King of men, bestowed upon him this fearful but glorious gift of freedom.

A NATIONAL PROBLEM

From 'Our Brother in Black.'

It is essential, if permanent good is to be done, to understand that this national race problem requires the intelligent and hearty coöperation of three classes—Northern white people, Southern white people, and the negroes themselves. If all the Northern people were doing their best, the Southern people standing aloof in sullen silence, much might be done, but the work would be marred and hindered in all directions; so if the whole South should do its best, with the North watching with only interest enough to be censorious and critical. Neither nor both can do much if the negroes fail to do their own part.

Time does wonders; we have nearly come to the place where both sides, the North and the South, can look on this negro question in a dry light. The lava has cooled that so long rushed from both craters. At all events, there are enough men and women on both sides who can be reasonable to begin to clear the ground for mutual understanding. As to the "utter irreconcilables" on both sides (for be it remembered that "Bourbonism" is not exclusively a Southern product), the wiser and better people must do God's work of to-day and to-morrow without their help, and, if it come to that, in spite of their opposition. The majority hardly ever gets right on any advanced issue till after the fight is won; the minority has always led the world's progress, carrying meanwhile much dead weight.

"Stalwarts" we need, but stalwarts for country, not for

party. Neither party is worth the country; possibly both put together are not absolutely essential to its salvation. The platforms upon which Presidential campaigns have been conducted for twelve years past read strangely alike, considering the noise and smoke of battle that asseverated their infinite and eternal difference. Really there is not enough in the fight of parties to justify the expenditure of the whole force of a "stalwart" nature in the interests of a mere party triumph. It is a good time, surely, for earnest and yet reasonable people to agree as to what needs to be done for the whole country, and to work together to accomplish it.

The negroes, too, are in better temper to do their part. Several misconceptions as to what freedom meant they have outgrown. For one thing, they have learned, or they are fast learning, that they, as well as white men, are still under the blessed law of labor; "blessed," although they know it not. They no longer look to the Government for "rations." The dream of "forty acres and a mule" has faded from their imagination. One other thing they were slow to learn, but they have nearly learned it—that neither party cares as much for them as it cares for their votes. And this lesson, when fully learned, will tone them up somewhat.

Patronage has done little for them; there are now and have ever been enough hungry camp-followers of white blood to appreciate even the "crumbs that fall from the master's table." It is hard to keep up their interest in politics, seeing that neither party, North nor South, has office for them. Even the Indian lost interest in the hunt when his white partner always took the "turkey" and left him the "buzzard." But, badinage aside, it is a fact most important and encouraging to all who wish the negro well, that the comparative subsidence of his fierce political fever promises the best results for his true progress in all good things. The negro can now coöperate with his friendly helpers, whether of the North or of the South, as he could not have done even four years ago.

One other thought as to this race problem, I wish to stress at this point. While its right solution is vastly important to every part of the republic, it is absolutely vital to us of the South. Its right solution concerns the Southern

white man only less than it concerns the negro himself. Possibly I ought not to say "only less," for the fortunes of these two races in the South are inextricably mixed. They cannot get away from each other. What might have been if history had been different; what we would choose if things were not as they are—these speculations are idle. Instead of dreaming about the civilization we would build up with materials that we have not, it is the part of men of sense to do the best they can with what they have in hand. If we of the South cannot get on with the negro, if the negro cannot get on with us, then we two people cannot get on at all. For we are here, both of us, and here to stay. But get on we must, somehow and at some speed. Much we have done; more we can and will do. When we consider how Providence has blessed our efforts we see ten thousand reasons for hopefulness. Croaking is ingratitude, and it is treason. If our progress, however slow, is only in the right direction, all will be well by and by. If we cannot go fast, we must go slow, but we must go. We white people of the South have more at stake in this race problem than other white men and women of any nation can have. And it is now full time that we should do our best thinking, working and praying over this problem of a free negro race in our midst—a race that has been, is now, and forever will be, an integral part of our industrial, social and political system. If, for any reasons whatsoever, we of the South refuse to do, or fail to do, our part of this work, there will be loss all round—loss that can never be compressed into or expressed by statistical tables. The Southern whites lose, the negro loses, the world loses. But I am deeply impressed that there is a difference. The world can get on without the South much better than the South can get on without the world. This may not be a brilliant discovery; but a goodly number have not yet made it.

But there is a lesson the Northern people have never fully mastered, and it is very important to all parties that they should learn it. If the best results are to follow the efforts many Northern people are making to elevate the negro, they must realize as they never have done, the absolute necessity of Southern coöperation. Would God this

might be learned by all sides to this question before it is too late! Millions of money poured forth, and thousands of precious lives exhausted upon this problem, will not avail for its full and right solution without Southern coöperation. Many of the North have had glimpses of this truth, but they seem not to understand it fully; else surely they would have tried harder and more wisely to secure the help they need, and that we only can give. Many in the South have had glimpses also; but few of us, if any, have had the clear vision of our duty and our opportunity; else surely we would have been more ready to help in every "good word and work." Heaven pardon our blindness! but there has been so much smoke of powder and other things that we could not always see our way.

Can any thing in the world be plainer? A candy shop cannot succeed in a hostile community. Much less can a school or a church.

What must become of all the noble schemes of Northern benevolence in the negroes' behalf, if the stronger and more numerous race, in the very midst of which he lives, and moves, and has his being, whose tenant he is, whose influence he can no more escape than he can escape the atmosphere he breathes—if this race is either hostile or indifferent to the efforts that are being made to do him good and to lift him up? Much the Northern people have done with little help from us; much they can and will do without our help; but they can and will do unspeakably more with it. What waste of energy, what spoiling of noble schemes of usefulness, what hindrance to our own progress as well as the negroes', what marring of what ought to be a divinely beautiful and beneficent work, must result from foolish and sinful antagonism in feeling and purpose and method between the white man from the North and the white man in the South.

I do not believe that there is anything insuperable between these two men. They are not fools, though they exhibit folly upon occasion; they are not visionary, though they are sometimes impracticable; they are not relentless, though they are sometimes hot of temper; they are not blind, though they are sometimes slow to learn; they will yet be fraternal, though they have been hard and stubborn fighters through

many years and on many fields. These men will yet understand one another. Perhaps not to-morrow. Well, then, after a while, when the blindest of us, on either side, are silent in death.

* * * * * *

Nothing is more certain than this, and yet many leaders, who ought to know and do not "know what Israel ought to do," are forgetful or blind. An impulse of passion or sentiment that carries the policy that prevails through one generation cannot be depended on for the next. If we trust a great policy to such a current, it is as if one should undertake to navigate a little river swollen with a summer flood: such a stream cannot be depended on—it runs out. The great ship had better trust the sea—so wide and deep. And if we have any great policy for churches or states, nothing is deep enough to float us above all rocks and shoals but principles that are eternally right.

The impulses that broke out in war in 1861, having given forth many premonitory mutterings before that time, are already exhausting themselves. The grave is, next to grace, the greatest extinguisher of wrath. Before now the "white rose" of York and the "red rose" of Lancaster have blended their colors. A great passion in Church or Nation runs its course, like a fever; the patient recovers and the fever dies; or the fever and the patient die together. The great tidal wave of 1854, that overwhelmed the town of Samoda in Japan, had sunk to a few inches when it broke against the firm coast of California. The slight recoil was never felt in the far China Sea. We sometimes forget how wide and deep is the ocean of human life.

If the spirit of wisdom and grace be in them, these white men of the North and these white men of the South will yet understand each other, they will yet bury their antagonisms in spite of differences that may be beyond their control—differences good "after their kind"; and each working out, as God enables him, his own duty and destiny, they will at last unite to perform a common duty to their dark-skinned brother, brought so strangely to our country and delivered to our care that the great and world-wide plans of the Father of all for the good of all may be fairly and fully accomplished.

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

PAUL HAMILTON HAYNE

[1830—1886]

EDWIN MIMS

FROM some points of view there are no sadder pages in the annals of literary men than the stories of the lives of Southern poets. Struggling with lack of appreciation at home and abroad, with limited opportunities of work, with inherent defects of temperament, and, worse still, with disease and poverty, they are a band of heroes whose careers were marked by tragical suffering. Among these was Paul Hamilton Hayne. Though he had no passions to drag him down, as did Poe, though he did not sound the depths of poverty, like Timrod, nor feel the ravage of disease, like Lanier, he passed with his people through the baptism of war and Reconstruction, and was never able to adjust himself to the conditions of a new era. He was not an inheritor of unfulfilled renown, for he lived to a ripe old age; but somehow he never realized the rich promise of his early years. As he said of Simms, he never quite spoke out. There is a sad undertone in much of his poetry, as of one who could not altogether subdue the difficulties of his art.

And yet from another standpoint there is that in Hayne's life which is an abiding inspiration to all who are interested in the promotion of Southern, and indeed of American, literature. Maurice Thompson was right in claiming that Hayne was perhaps the only poet in America who ever dared to depend solely upon his poetry for his income. Born of a fine South Carolina family, and with chances of success in a profession universally esteemed by all Southerners as the best, he deliberately chose literature as his profession. In his first poem he announces his dedication to the poet's life:

> "Yet would I rather in the outward state
> Of Song's immortal temple lay me down,
> A beggar basking by that radiant gate,
> Than bend beneath the haughtiest empire's crown!"

After the war, when library and home were gone, he built a cabin in the pine barrens of Georgia, where he gave himself with singular whole-heartedness to a literary life. He wrote to Mrs. Preston: "No, no! by my brain—my literary craft—I will win my

bread and water; by my poems I will live or I will starve." It is this devotion to literature throughout a long life that gives him a distinct place in the literary history of the Southern States.

He was for a long time so well beloved by the people of his section that he was known as "the poet laureate of the South"; and there is some reason for the expression. His poetry is distinctively Southern in tone and in background. The product of all that was best in the Old South—heir of its chivalry and romance—he brought to the New South sound standards of criticism, faithful devotion to art, and a spirit of high courage and hopefulness. He is the connecting link between Simms and Lanier. As he received inspiration from the former, so he was among the first to recognize the genius of the latter. He is the representative of that small band of Southern writers who before the war bore aloft the torch of literature; he kept it lighted during the dark days of Reconstruction; and passed it on to Lanier on the awakening of the section to national consciousness.

Hayne was born in Charleston, South Carolina, January 1, 1830. He was the son of Lieutenant Paul Hamilton Hayne of the United States Navy, who died in the poet's infancy, and whose memory he has perpetuated in the tender lines, "To my Father." While from his mother he inherited a rich Huguenot strain of blood, from his father's family there came traditions of public service and of the best English culture. Often did his mind play in imagination about the ancestral home in Shropshire, England—"land of my father's love." In later years he said almost pathetically, "England! I shall not see thee ere I die!"

But there was that in his native city which from the beginning awakened his boyish interest and stirred his imagination. In his reminiscences of *ante-bellum* Charleston, here republished for the first time, he suggests the distinct flavor and atmosphere of the romantic town. He would have rejoiced in the tributes recently paid to Charleston by Henry James and Owen Wister, for to him, too, it was "the most appealing, the most lovely, the most wistful town in America." He knew its legends and its history, and was particularly sensitive to the wealth of natural scenery. It was a sad irony of fate that he became an exile, and that his bones do not rest in his native city.

He received his formal education in Charleston College, but one cannot but feel that the library and the personality of his uncle Robert Y. Hayne—in whose home he lived after his father's death—had a more enduring influence upon him. There was that in his uncle's character and public work that appealed to him, and especially the memory of the great debate with Webster. The asso-

ciations with his uncle and other cultured people of the community, together with the Southern tradition as to the preëminence of the profession, naturally turned his attention to law; but it took him less time than it has taken most American literary men to make the choice between poetry and law. From the beginning he had reveled in good books, especially in the Elizabethan writers and the more recent romantic poets, who had awakened his youthful ideals. He had had as his schoolmate Henry Timrod, who was even more richly endowed with poetic gifts than Hayne. But the main influence, next to the prompting of his own genius, was that of William Gilmore Simms, whose novels he read as a boy and whom he first saw at a theater in Charleston in 1847. Years afterward, when Hayne had passed into the mellow period of his life, he wrote down in vivid words his reminiscences of those who gathered about Simms in Charleston.

Charleston in the decade before the war came nearer being a literary center than any other Southern city has ever been. The tradition of the highly cultivated Legaré and of the old *Southern Quarterly Review,* the widespread reputation of Simms, then in the zenith of his career, and the rich promise of a band of gifted young men, some of whom, like young Gildersleeve, had just returned from successful academic careers in Germany—all tended to give literature a high place in the life of Charleston. Whether they met at Simms's country home, "Woodlands," to share the hospitality of their great leader, or in Russell's book store to discuss the latest books, or in the office of *Russell's Magazine* to plan for future numbers of that recently established periodical, there always prevailed the spirit of good fellowship and of enthusiastic interest in literature. The very form and pressure of the time is reflected in the selections of Hayne's prose which are herewith given.

With such influences to inspire him Hayne began to publish his poetry, first in the *Southern Literary Messenger,* of Richmond. He brought out editions of his poems in 1855, 1857, and 1859, two of them by the well-known publishers, Ticknor and Fields of Boston. Republished later as the "Youthful Poems" of his complete Poems, they give evidence of genuine poetic feeling and artistic conscience.

More important, from the standpoint of the general promotion of Southern literature, was his election to the editorship of *Russell's Magazine,* the first number of which appeared April, 1857. The object of the magazine was well stated by the editor in the introductory number: "It is established and designed to meet a commonly felt want and to give utterance and circulation to the opinions, doctrines, and arguments of the educative mind of the South especially, and to promote in its sphere and measure the progress of a sound

American literature, free from party shackles or individual prejudices." The magazine was made notable from the beginning by the publication of the poetry of Hayne and Timrod and by the more serious essays of William J. Grayson and other publicists of South Carolina. The editors sought to promote the best standards of literary criticism, maintaining that no amount of provincial boosting could keep alive literature that did not conform to universal standards. After all that has been written of Southern literature it may be confidently maintained that there has been no more candid and illuminating discussion of the conditions that prevailed in the *ante-bellum* South, than an article found in this magazine, August, 1859. Whether Hayne wrote it or not, it represents his views, and was characteristic of his attitude to Southern literature throughout his entire life. Unfortunately the magazine suspended publication in March, 1860. One can not but suggest a comparison with the *Atlantic Monthly,* also started in 1857, which has just celebrated its semi-centennial.

Mrs. Preston has given a vivid and accurate picture of Hayne as he was when the Civil War broke out: "He had the advantage of quite a distinguished appearance . . . . with starry magnetic eyes that glowed with responsive sympathy . . . . He was the possessor of a beautiful home, the old mansion in which he was born, with its extensive and embowered grounds in the heart of his native city; a fine large library; ample, if not luxurious, provisions for all the future; finished education . . . . wide leisures; troops of responsive friends; and an unworked field of poetic adventures before him."

Hayne's was but one of many careers interrupted by the Civil War. With characteristic zeal and patriotism he threw himself into the conflict. On account of his rather frail constitution he could not take an active part in actual military operations, though he was for a while on Governor Pickens' staff. From time to time he wrote poems on various incidents of the war, such as the fall of Vicksburg, the siege of Charleston, the death of Stonewall Jackson, besides some general poems celebrating the heroic spirit of the entire Confederate Army. These poems lack the fire and artistic form of Timrod's best poems, and none of them attains the success of the best war songs on either side. But there is in them an expression of the entire devotion with which South Carolina entered upon the struggle. Hayne rejoiced in the fact that his native State led in the secession movement:

"My mother-land! Thou wert the first to fling
Thy virgin flag of freedom to the breeze,
The first to front along thy neighboring seas,

The imperious foeman's power;
But long before that hour,
While yet, in false and vain imagining,
Thy sister nations would not own their foe,
And turned to jest thy warnings,
* * * * * *
While yet they paused in scorn,
Of fatal madness born,
Thou, oh, my mother! like a priestess blessed
With wondrous vision of the things to come,
Thou couldst not calmly rest secure and dumb."

Hayne suffered all that man could suffer in the prolonged bombardment of Charleston. Though tradition has it that the Federal soldiers would not burn Simms's home on account of the fact that some of them had read his novels and thought that his fame belonged to the Union, none of them seemed to have known of the young poet; for his home, along with his splendid library, was burned to ashes.

Unwilling to endure the ravage and destruction of Charleston and other South Carolina towns, and desirous of beginning life under new circumstances, he and his wife—he had married Miss Mary Middleton Michel, daughter of a prominent French physician—moved to a small railway station near Augusta, Georgia, afterwards called "Sunnyside" or "Copse Hill." There have been many notable descriptions of his cabin, but none more so than that which he gives in an account of the visit that Simms made him in 1866. He refers to it as an "extraordinary shanty which seemed to have been tossed by a supernatural pitchfork upon the top of the most desolate of hills, and there prompted by 'some devilish cantrip-sleight' to build itself into uncouth ugliness." The interior accommodations were not unworthy of the outside forlornness. "We had three mattresses and a cot (if memory serves me right)," he continues, "and for supplies, a box of hardtack, two sides of bacon, and fourscore, more or less, of smoked herring. Of cooking utensils there were a frying-pan, a gridiron, with three broken bars, and a battered iron pot." Although "Simms's hair was thinned and white, his beard grizzled, his fine forehead scored with wrinkles, and over the once fiery eye a film rested as of unshed tears," and though Hayne was somewhat oppressed by the poverty which contrasted so vividly with the luxury of earlier days, they had much high conversation that suggested at least the times when they had feasted together in the city by the sea. Here also Timrod visited him in 1867, just a few months before his death. In the poem "Under

the Pine" Hayne suggests the conversations they had and Timrod's exquisite enjoyment of natural scenery:

> "When the last rays of sunset, shimmering down,
> Flashed like a royal crown.
>
> "O tree! against a mighty trunk he laid
> His weary head; Thy shade
> Stole o'er him like the first cool spell of sleep:
> It brought a peace so deep
> The unquiet passion died from out his eyes,
> As lightning from the stilled skies."

Years afterward Maurice Thompson visited Hayne to pay his homage to "the king poet of the Old South." The cottage had been somewhat improved by the deft hand of Mrs. Hayne, but it was still "an arid perch for a song-bird, that windy, frowsy, barren hill." The chairs, table and shelves had been made out of goods-boxes. The walls and ceiling of the main room were papered to odd effect with pictures from illustrative journals. Hayne's writing-desk, at which he stood to make his poems, had been a carpenter's work bench.

Here then in this simple home—almost as crude as Thoreau's hut on Walden Pond—Hayne spent the remainder of his days, only once or twice going on a visit to his native city, and once as far as New England to see the poets with whom he had such intimate correspondence, and to whom he had written some of his tenderest poems—at once the expression of his interest in poetic art and of his broad national spirit. Here he received visits from young poets to whom he extended advice and gave inspiration. Here also he exchanged letters with such far away English poets as Swinburne and Tennyson. Perhaps no Southern poet ever carried on such an extensive correspondence with so many distinguished men of letters; one cannot but look forward to the time when these letters will be published—letters which will be at once a revelation of a very rare spirit and will suggest some of the most interesting points in literary history.

Although he was well past middle life when he began to live at "Copse Hill," he maintained a steady and persistent spirit of work. In 1873 he wrote an extensive and noteworthy introductory sketch to Timrod's poems, thus serving to perpetuate the fame of his great comrade. In 1878 he published lives of his uncle Robert Y. Hayne and of Hugh S. Legaré. Best of all, he continued to write poetry. In 1872 he brought out his volume of 'Legends and Lyrics,' in 1875 'The Mountain of the Lovers and other Poems,'

and in 1882 a complete edition of his poems. A complete bibliography of his individual poems would indicate that they appeared in practically every magazine in the country, including the *Atlantic Monthly* and *Scribner's*. Even a partial reading in the files of contemporary periodicals serves to show that Hayne placed his work to the best advantage, although he was at times imposed upon by the editors of Southern magazines, who often appealed to him from the standpoint of loyalty to advance the interests of Southern literature. He was entirely dependent upon his poetic work for a livelihood, and, as has been said before, a single hearted devotion to poetry gives him a unique place among American men of letters. Two or three of his best poems were written in his last years, notably, "A Little While I Fain Would Linger Yet" and "In Harbor." He came to the end of his voyage on July 6, 1886.

This is not the place to attempt anything like an adequate criticism of Hayne's poetry. He never attained the finality of Timrod's best work; and there is nothing of the range and sweep of Lanier's poems on the marshes. It is difficult to distinguish the note of individuality. But the selections given here will serve to illustrate his exquisite feeling for natural scenery, and especially for the pine forests, his sympathetic, almost affectionate, interest in human life, and withal his skill in the details of his art. One of his most distinct services to his age was his attempt to reconcile the two sections. Before Lamar had pronounced his remarkable eulogy on Charles Sumner, Hayne had written a sincere tribute to Whittier, the chief poet of the Abolitionists. Although he protested vigorously against the cruelties of reconstruction measures, he responded nobly to the increasing signs of a new national spirit in the North. The best expression of his fine spirit is two stanzas of his poems to Longfellow and Whittier, "The Snow Messengers":

"These tropic veins still own their kindred heat,
And thoughts of thee, my cherished South, are sweet—
Mournfully sweet—and wed to memories vast,
High-hovering still o'er thy majestic past.

"But a new epoch greets us; with it blends
The voice of ancient foes now changed to friends.
Ah! who would friendship's outstretched hand despise,
Or mock the kindling light in generous eyes?"

Edwin Mims.

ANTE-BELLUM CHARLESTON

Selections from articles in *Southern Bivouac*, September, October, November, 1885.

CHARLESTON, the Charleston of *ante-bellum* times, was certainly one of the most picturesque places in America. It is picturesque still, although with a more active and busy aspect than of old; for the brave city has risen like a phœnix from the ashes of war and desolation. The scars of a terrible siege are being surely obliterated: ruin has given place to prosperity, and many a mournful waste begins to blossom like the rose!

But it is of the Charleston of long ago—of the characteristics of its people and society as then existing, especially of some of its great representative men—that I now desire to write.

* * * * * *

My own earliest recollections are associated with the quiet streets and beautiful environs of this, my native city. A certain tranquillity pervaded even the thoroughfares. Business men of every grade, lawyers, bankers, merchants, tradesmen, appeared one and all to be bent upon illustrating the wisdom of *festina lente.*

There were no breathless hurryings to and fro, no frenzied rushes around sharp corners after "the shadow of a shilling"; no crushing of agonized mental limbs, Laocoön fashion, by the venomous serpent of speculation; and yet a steadfast, solid energy prevailed, and a sturdy independence besides, which showed a sufficiently practical acquaintance with Monsieur Rochejacquelin's philosophical maxim, *Celui la est mieux servi, qui n'a pas besoin de mettre les mains des autres au bout de ses bras!*

In his recreations, as in his business, the true Charlestonian exhibited no feverish eagerness. He sipped the cup of enjoyment with a dignified ease, and of course a subtler relish, than was ever known to attend the vulgar process of guzzling!

Society in those days rested on a basis of aristocracy; or, at all events, birth and breeding distinctly took the precedence of mere *parvenu* wealth. Upon the thresholds of the

haunts of fashion, the *Cave Canem* of the antique *vestibulum* was not the less truly wrought because unembodied to the material sense!

In the midsummer of the year 1847 I chanced to be one of a large audience assembled in the Charleston Theater.

It was the period of our war with Mexico, and the whole country was agitated and unsettled. For what special purpose this meeting had been summoned I can not now remember. The stage, I know, was crowded with local celebrities, noted editors, politicians and lawyers, together with a few distinguished publicists and legislators from other Southern States. There was the usual flow of feeling sacred to these occasions through every variety of mental spout. When the last orator had pumped up and set afloat some magnificent platitude about the American eagle screaming over the halls of the Montezumas, he seemed to be so overpowered by his own elocution that he stammered, paused, convulsively recovered himself for a moment, and then came to a dead stop, before taking the advice, loudly uttered, by some free citizens, "Sit down, old boy! don't you know that you are 'played out?' "

A curious hush followed, and some persons had risen as if to depart, when there was a cry, at first somewhat faint, but rapidly taken up, until it became earnest, even vociferous, for Simms, Gilmore Simms! I felt a thrill of excitement and delighted expectation, for like most lads of any fancy or taste for reading, I reverenced literary genius, and having already been fascinated by some of Simms's novels, I had long desired to see the author. He now came forward with a slow, stately step, under the full blaze of the chandeliers, a man in the prime of life, tall, vigorous. and symmetrically formed. His head was a noble one, with a conspicuously high forehead, finely developed in the regions of ideality, and set upon broad shoulders in haughty, leonine grace. Under strangely mobile eyebrows flashed a pair of bluish-gray eyes, keen and bright as steel. His mouth, slightly prominent, especially in the upper lip, was a wonderfully firm mouth, only less determined, in fact, than the massive jaw and chin, which might have been molded out of iron.

An impressive personality, likely to catch and hold one's observation anywhere, he paused near the footlights, rapidly

glanced about him for an instant, and then began his speech with a bold, startling paradox.

Everybody's attention was sharply arrested and to the end of his address was closely retained.

An extraordinary speaker, certainly. For some time his manner was measured and deliberate; but once plunged *in medias res* he became passionately eager. His gesticulation was frequent, unrestrained, now and then almost grotesquely emphatic. Indeed, in this respect, he resembled an orator of some of the Latin races, Italian, Spanish or Portuguese. For an Anglo-Norman, or even an Anglo-Celt, he might have been considered theatrical.

Really, it was not so. This manner was rightly his own, being the outward, unpremeditated expression of a fervent temperament, of hot, honest blood, and a buoyant, indomitable nature, which sustained him subsequently under trials of no common power and persistent bitterness.

His peroration I vividly recall. It was a scathing rebuke of the selfish, time-serving politicians and influential leaders of the press who sacrificed to personal and party ends the interests of their people and the dignity of their country.

I would it were possible to recover and reproduce those fiery words, and to launch them, like a thunderbolt, at the miserable, dwarfed Machiavellis of to-day to whom consistency is an abstraction and honor but an antiquated myth!

About four years after this period I formed the personal acquaintance of Simms. This acquaintance ripened into friendship, a friendship which for a quarter of a century—to the time in truth of his death—was never shadowed by a cloud of misconception or of coldness.

As to the last he was full of ardent feeling, it is not wonderful that he should have gathered around him, through the forces of sympathy and genius, a number of ambitious young men, who enjoyed his conversation, deferred to his judgment, and regarded him in literary matters as a guide, philosopher and friend.

With us he could unbend, could dispense with conventional restraints, which he detested, and be as untrammeled socially as intellectually.

A sort of informal club was instituted, of which he was

made president. Often during the summer months, when he resided in the city, we met at each other's houses, and after discussing a vast variety of topics would close the evening with a *petit souper,* which no man enjoyed more, within reasonable bounds, than the creator of the philosophical "Porgy."

Then it was, with a bowl of punch before him, brewed after the old Carolina fashion, in due proportions of "the strong, sweet and sour," that Simms shone in his lighter moods. Of wit, that bright, keen, rapier-like faculty, which too frequently wounds while it flashes, he possessed, in my opinion, but little; yet his *humor*—bold, bluff and masculine—with a touch of satirical *innuendo* and sly sarcasm, was genuine and irrepressible!

Few men have ever comprehended human nature more thoroughly, and he could not refrain from caricaturing its weaknesses, although there was never a drop of venom in his heart.

Simms, too, was somewhat of a mimic, had an odd kind of histrionic ability, and could therefore give effect to many a story which *per se* may not have seemed remarkable. As to his store of anecdotes, historical, traditional and social, "their name was legion."

* * * * * *

In 1836, about a year after the publication of "The Partisan," Simms married his second wife, Miss Chevilette Roach, the only child of a wealthy planter of Barnwell District, South Carolina. Thenceforth he resided at his father-in-law's plantation of "Woodlands," at least during the winter and spring, his summers being passed in Charleston, or occasionally at the North, with the ablest of whose *literati* he became acquainted, in some cases intimate. In the substantial brick house at "Woodlands," I remember particularly one apartment on the ground floor, devoted to the author's use, his *sanctum sanctorum,* whence all but a few sympathetic friends were excluded. Shelves rising from floor to ceiling groaned under the weight of books. Chairs for comfort, not show, and convenient lounges abounded.

For a whole morning have I sat in that pleasant library, a book before me, but watching every now and then the tall, erect figure at the desk, and the quick, steady passage for

hours of the indomitable pen across page after page—a pen that rarely paused to erase, correct or modify. At last, when the eternal scratch, scratch became a trifle irritating, and this exhaustless labor a reproach to one's semi-idleness, Simms would suddenly turn, exclaiming, "Near dinner time, my boy; come, let's take a modest appetizer in the shape of sherry and bitters."

At dinner he talked a great deal, joked, jested and punned, like a school-boy freed from his tasks; or, if a graver theme arose, he would often disclaim a little too dogmatically and persistently, perhaps, to please those who liked to have the chance of wagging their own tongues occasionally. At such periods it was impossible to edge in the most modest of "caveats." Still, Simms could be a charming host, and was, *au fond,* thoroughly genial and kind-hearted. His dictatorial manner to some extent originated, I have thought, in the circumstances of his early life.

The scholars and critics of Charleston, men of fastidious classical attainments, and rather exclusive artistic taste, regarded young Simms, to borrow one of his own expressions, as "an unlicked literary cub," and mildly ridiculed his earlier performances.

Doubtless, likewise, they expected from him a degree of deference which he refused to concede. Thus a species of feud was inaugurated which appears to have been handed down from the elder scholars to Simms's immediate contemporaries —I mean men nearly of his own age. For a long time, consequently, he was less appreciated in his native city than elsewhere.

"Woodlands" might justly have been called "Hospitality Hall." It was ever open, not merely to friends and neighbors, but to all visitors from abroad in any way worthy of attention.

William Cullen Bryant, who appreciated Simms, and was an intimate associate, visited the place two or three times, once accompanied by his wife. James, the English novelist, and many other illustrious persons, English and Northern, were among his guests. During the noon-day of his reputation, indeed, I fancy that he must have been not infrequently overwhelmed by company. But he was equal to all such visits or *visitations.* I can hear his voice rolling in jovial thun-

der above a murmurous sea of conversation, or pitched to a low, expostulatory growl because some favorite paradox—and he was full of "whimseys"—had doubtless been assailed.

He worshipped the *genius loci* as an old Greek might have done, nor were the Lares and Penates merely myths to him.

As Scott loved the heather, as Whittier loves the mountains, the lakes, the calm river banks, the green meadows of New England, so, with as deep, unfaltering a passion, Simms adored the sultry pine barrens, the luxuriant swamps, the desolate seaside solitudes of the State of his nativity. And, as he loved her scenery, he upheld and vindicated her historic fame.

* * * * * *

His patience and consideration for others were beautiful to see. All the old dominance of manner and hardness of tone had disappeared. All skepticism and doubt also, in reference to religious matters, seem to have melted forever in the glory of dawning immortality. His bosom friend, the Rev. James Miles (author of that remarkable work, 'Philosophic Theology'), stood by his death-bed and received his faltering but fervent confession of faith in the mercy of the atoning Christ.

At last the end came. On the afternoon of June 11, 1870, his worn but indomitable spirit passed through the "somber gates" into the realm of all realities; passed, we might fancy, before the clang and echo of their closing upon his illustrious English brother, also just summoned to his award, had sunk into the mystic silence.

A lady friend, who had been most attentive during his illness, says:

"I made garlands of laurel and bay, and wove too a cross of white immortelles, which I placed in the poor emaciated hands of the corpse, the *fingers of which refused to take any other position than their natural one, drawn up as if to write!*"

At five o'clock Monday afternoon, the thirteenth of June, the funeral ceremonies took place in the venerable Church of St. Paul's, Radcliffsborough, Charleston. Thence, the funeral *cortège* proceeded to "Magnolia Cemetery," that

lovely resting-place of the dead, at the consecration of which, two decades before, Simms, with Henry Timrod, had assisted by the contribution of poems. The body was interred in the midst of a rain-storm!

"Blessed," says the old English proverb, "is the bride the sun shines upon, and blessed are the dead the rain rains upon!"

I think of my old friend resting there under the moss-covered oaks he loved so dearly, with breezes from the river and the ocean making music in the fadeless leaves. "After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

His career was one of conflict. He encountered innumerable difficulties, but met and overcame them all, "knight-like, under shield." His nature was cast in a large, liberal mold. Virtues and defects were alike conspicuous.

Too often for safety or prudence he wore his vizor up, and, like Cœur de Lion in Sherwood Forest, invited many a treacherous shaft from ambuscade! But such enemies were badly worsted. He struck with the logical battle-ax a downright blow, and your small caitiff generally succumbs to that style of argument.

Simms was, indeed, a typical Southerner of the *ante-bellum* period, a period which not a few persons nowadays, calling themselves Southerners, are in the habit of despising, depreciating, or referring to "with bated breath" as the epoch of "darkness and Egyptian bondage."

Yes, a virile and upright spirit, constitutionally incapable of fraud or meanness, and chastened, at last, into pathetic gentleness; a man greater than his works, produced, as they had been, under circumstances of peculiar trial, but of which, nevertheless, it may be predicted. *"Non Omnem Morituram!"*

* * * * * *

Persons who resided in Charleston between the year 1854 and the beginning of the great civil conflict, cannot fail to recall the large book store, with its simple entrance and handsome plate glass windows, which stood upon the right hand side of King Street, as one passed downward, not far from Wentworth Street toward the north, and Hazel toward the south.

Above the main door appeared in prominent gilt letters

the name of JOHN RUSSELL. For more than fifteen years this enterprising dealer in scientific and literary works—foreign and American—was justly considered, in his way, one of the "institutions" of Charleston.

Educated in the book store, he had mastered, at a comparatively early age, its requisitions and technicalities; he had risen from grade to grade in the service, and having finally acquired the needful capital, resolved to open an establishment of his own. This he did, and his "literary emporium," as he proudly called it, became in time the *rendezvous* of all the *savants,* the professionals, and the *literati* of the city.

Many of the fashionable people also—the young beaux and belles particularly—used to meet there, and a good deal of lovemaking, *à la mode,* was carried on, I fancy, in the quieter corners or under the convenient display of a mutual enthusiasm over new books and periodical engravings.

Entering the store upon a pleasant autumn or winter afternoon, we would certainly find it crowded. It might have soothed for a moment the misanthropy of a Timon, or even lightened the savage malignity of "Obadiah bind-their-kings-in-chains, and their nobles-in-links-of-iron" (could that amiable sergeant of Ireton's regiment have been resuscitated), to have heard the animated chatter of the pretty maidens, or seen the sly flashes under dark lids launched here and there at bewildered but ecstatic admirers!

Apart from the *demoiselles* could be often observed, conversing perhaps with the proprietor himself, some matron of local celebrity for wit and culture, or even some literary lady, whose cleverness had been embodied in book form, and had won for her a more than local recognition. Such, indeed, is the lively woman, "fair," and probably "forty," who, with an air of marked *espeiglerie,* is at this moment disputing some proposition of Mr. Russell's, and laughing in a satirical, yet by no means inharmonious fashion. She is the daughter of the distinguished lawyer, James Louis Petigru, famous not merely for his legal attainments, but as being the most uncompromising *Unionist* in South Carolina.

Her fame as a society wit is high. She is likewise the author of a volume of sprightly sketches, entitled 'Busy Moments of an Idle Woman.'

But if you wish, reader, to see the *sanctum* of Russell's —the place set apart for the casual assembling, at a later hour, of doctors of divinity, medicine and law, of college professors, authors and students, who may not yet have won their intellectual spurs—permit me to lead you past the counters and heavily-laden shelves to a rear section of the establishment, well provided with chairs and sofas, grouped, in cool weather, around a large comfortable stove.

It is an evening, let us suppose, very late in October, but early in the 'Fifties, and to the cheerfulness of the gas-light above is added the genial glow of the moderate coke fire below. As yet, we are alone in the *sanctum,* but soon the front store is cleared of purchasers and gossips, and a different order of visitors begin to appear.

Let us note them heedfully.

Here approach, arm-in-arm, a couple of elderly gentlemen, one of a little more than medium height, with a jovial, rubicund face, distinguished by an expression of quizzical humor, an odd falsetto voice, and a rolling gait like a sailor's. He is no less a personage than the acute advocate and popular social companion, full of *bonhomie* and after dinner *mots,* James L. Petigru, whose name was mentioned a few sentences back.

His associate, tall, dignified, haughty, with bold, prominent features, the express image of *ultimus Romanorum,* is the Honorable Alfred Huger, once the valued intimate of such men as Colonel William Washington, Hugh S. Legaré, and that *Magnus Apollo* of poetical elocution, William C. Preston.

They have come to procure a volume of Sydney Smith's 'Life,' and to settle upon his own authority the precise terms of one of his inimitable witticisms!

The glee with which Petigru finds the passage, points it out, and reads it aloud for his comrade's benefit, in support evidently of a previous opinion he himself had advanced, is wonderfully exhilarating.

And now groups of other persons saunter in.

This large-bodied, beetle-browed old man, with the broad Scotch accent, is the Honorable Mitchell King, equally noted as an able scholar and sound lawyer; and just behind him come

(earnestly conversing) two physicians, who are assuredly, in every conceivable matter of personal appearance, moral temperament, mental idiosyncracy, and traits of manner, the antipodes of each other!

One—a great specialist—is of reserved and downcast look, as abrupt, sometimes, in speech as Abernethy, whom he seems to have taken as his model, and possessed of a voice hoarse and guttural as an Indian's. The other, frail, and almost attenuated in frame, his shoulders slightly bent, and his head too large for the slender figure supporting it, is a true chevalier in his unaffected grace and affability, and not only deeply read in his profession, but one among the most brilliant general scholars and artistic writers of his day. He is Samuel Henry Dickson, author of the subtly suggestive work upon 'Life, Sleep and Death,' with innumerable briefer but equally able essays on topics scientific, literary, philosophical, and social.

Who is this portly ecclesiastic, in the garb of a Roman Catholic priest, peering benevolently through his spectacles, and offering his enameled snuff-box (the gift of an illustrious Cardinal) in an absent, mechanical way, to all with whom he may converse?

The Rev. Father Lynch, subsequently Bishop Lynch, who is said to know the Greek scholiasts by heart, and who, were it absolutely necessary for the conversion of sinners, could make himself intelligible to them, regarding dogma and doctrine, in Hebrew and Syriac, if not in Sanskrit!

Another divine, of quite a different sect, passes his Roman Catholic Reverence, saluting him with a courteous bow. Here is a man worth studying. In physical appearance he seems the *beau ideal* of a student, somewhat spare and fragile of limb, his chest bowed slightly inward as if curved by long leaning over a desk, his eyes keen, vivid, and yet with an indefinably abstract expression, an introspective and soul-defining glance, profoundly searching and dissatisfied! "*In* the world, but not *of* it," is the impression he gives to all observers. An ethereal, yet passionate spirit, a heart that beats against the bars of circumstances and mortal environment, and ere long will beat itself to death; faithful, but, ah! too aspiring to be at peace in a sphere so mean and sordid as ours—the author of 'Philosophic Theology'—a man of air and fire, James W. Miles.

Evidently he has come here only to meet an acquaintance, the young German professor yonder. See, they are going out together already. Doubtless they will be studying Kant or Fichte in company at the professor's lodgings until cock-crow tomorrow morning.

Next, look at this party of young men who approach, arguing a little noisily, three Charlestonians just returned from Göttingen, and all of them with unusual honors.

The dark-eyed handsome young fellow with long, flowing beard is Basil Gildersleeve, almost an "admirable Crichton," even at his early age, in the versatility of his classical attainments. That short, stout, sanguine-complexioned comrade on his left is likewise a singularly gifted and learned youth, prepared to uphold the ancestral genius and scholarship of his house; for he is the grandson and namesake of the distinguished historian, David Ramsey, while his mother was a Laurens.

The vigorous, fine-looking man slightly in the rear with a certain lion-like poise of his noble head, is Samuel Lord, and his German laurels, unless those phrenological developments are suddenly and miraculously crushed, are sure to be surmounted by yet greener laurels here.

The *sanctum* becomes half filled, and the groups divide; some standing up to discuss more rhetorically, perhaps, a new book or magazine; the remainder seated cosily near the fire.

At this moment Russell approaches, accompanied by an exceedingly tall, commanding-looking, and handsome man of about twenty-six or seven, who desires to purchase an edition of 'Junius.' If any one present possess the Highland "second sight," he must see, drawn already breast-high about that doomed form, the pale, ghastly winding-sheet. A few months hence he is destined to fall in a duel.

And now Mr. Russell, "day labor done," joins his guests. One of them hails him familiarly as "Lord John!" How he chanced to win that soubriquet it may amuse you to learn.

While traveling in Europe it seems that he found himself naturally enough, on one occasion upon the packet-boat plying between Calais and Dover. By some strange error he was mistaken by the captain and passengers for *Lord John Russell,* the

English Premier! Of course he humored the mistake—it was so excellent a joke.

And he continues to humor it. In fact, it delights him to have the subject referred to. He will coquet with it for a moment, and then minutely enter into details, being careful to leave the impression that, after all, there was really nothing so wonderful in a person of his appearance, mien, manners, and passably impressive *tout ensemble,* being mistaken for the biographer of Tom Moore, and the illustrious ruler, for years, of British governmental policy!

Well, an innocent vanity enough; a source of immense satisfaction to him, and of guileless amusement to his friends.

But do not let me give you a false idea of "Lord John."

Despite some palpable weaknesses, he is a man of quick bright mind,of much native shrewdness, and acquired information; a clever, and occasionally even an instructive talker. Moreover, he has a kind heart, and in business affairs is generous to a fault.

A few of the scholars and cultivated gentlemen of Charleston conceived the notion, in the year 1856, of establishing a monthly literary magazine in that city. It was designed to be a representative organ, not merely of local, but of *Southern* intellect, taste, and opinions.

"Lord John" was consulted, and after much natural hesitation agreed, with a reckless gallantry I have always admired, to undertake the publication and entire business management of the work, and to "foot all bills" not covered by an exceedingly limited subscription list, until the time when "Maga," having dropped her "swaddling clothes," should come before the world in the dignity and strength of self-supporting maturity.

It had been previously settled that this monthly should be called *Russell's Magazine.* Its editorship they offered to me, and I can not help looking back with a whimsical, posthumous consternation at the unconscious audacity with which, utterly inexperienced as I then was, I coolly and cheerfully accepted one of the most difficult, exacting, and thankless positions imaginable.

On the first day of April—ominous date—1857, the initial number of *Russell's* appeared. I am not about to give its history or to say more than this: It lived for two years; and if,

during that period, much that was feeble, unsatisfactory, and inartistic burdened its pages, you will, nevertheless, find among its contributors the names of some famous authors, *Northern* no less than *Southern!*

Of the Northern writers I remember De Forest, who sent me an inimitable sketch, brimming over with fun, entitled, "The Smartville Ram Speculation"; and Richard Henry Stoddard, whose "Herod Agrippa and the Owl" deserves to rank with the best of his blank-verse poems.

* * * * * *

Rife with romance, indeed, is the history of this city. Imagination travels back across a period of two hundred and fifteen years, and perceives how, from a feeble settlement on the Ashley in 1670, "despite wars, disease, and great privations, has grown up in the environment of Province, Colony, and State, a city and people who, from the earliest times down through all the governmental changes since, in peace and in war, have borne themselves always on the highest plane of honor and duty."

Twice she has been stigmatized as the "Mother of Treason"; once when, in 1776, she dared to hurl defiance from her unfinished fort, on Sullivan's Island, against the English fleet, and again in 1862, when, under quite as sincere a conviction of right, she bombarded and took Fort Sumter.

Success sanctified her action in the Revolution, and she was purged of the "damnable crime of revolt and treason."

Does anybody doubt that success would have had quite as purifying and exalting effect in the new? Meanwhile, no accumulation of trials, misfortunes, or outrages—not even the "Hades of Reconstruction"—could finally subdue her.

We know the issues! all unsmirched with passionate gratulation,
She rose, she *towered!* for who could touch her soul with degradation?
The cruel fire that singed her robe, died out in rainbow flashes,
And bright her silvery sandals shone above the hissing ashes!

I, her poet and her son, here in the sheltering arms of my beloved adopted mother Georgia, can not but thrill at the thought of the *true* mother that bore me!

She may sometimes seem cold to her children; yet hers

is only the coldness of Hecla, which carries beneath its surface a heart of deathless flame.

Oh! Queen; oh *madre imperiale*, when the sunset has faded, and the twilight gone, and the night descended, wilt thou not call the wearied exile home?

He would fain sleep within the sound of thy waters, under the shadow of thy immemorial oaks, near the sacred dust of his fathers!

THE WILL AND THE WING

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To have the will to soar, but not the wings,
  Eyes fixed forever on a starry height,
Whence stately shapes of grand imaginings
  Flash down the splendors of imperial light;

And yet to lack the charm that makes them ours,
  The obedient vassals of that conquering spell,
Whose omnipresent and ethereal powers
  Encircle Heaven, nor fear to enter Hell;

This is the doom of Tantalus—the thirst
  For beauty's balmy fount to quench the fires
Of the wild passion that our souls have nurst
  In hopeless promptings—unfulfilled desires.

Yet would I rather in the outward state
  Of Song's immortal temple lay me down,
A beggar basking by that radiant gate,
  Than bend beneath the haughtiest empire's crown!

For sometimes, through the bars, my ravished eyes
  Have caught brief glimpses of a life divine,
And seen afar, mysterious rapture rise
  Beyond the veil that guards the inmost shrine.

MY STUDY

This is my world! within these narrow walls,
I own a princely service: the hot care
And tumult of our frenzied life are here
But as a ghost, and echo; what befalls
In the far mart to me is less than naught;
I walk the fields of quiet Arcadies,
And wander by the brink of hoary seas,
Calmed to the tendance of untroubled thought:
Or if a livelier humor should enhance
The slow-timed pulse, 'tis not for present strife,
The sordid zeal with which our age is rife,
Its mammon conflicts crowned by fraud or chance,
But gleanings of the lost, heroic life,
Flashed through the gorgeous vistas of romance.

VICKSBURG—A BALLAD

For sixty days and upwards,
  A storm of shell and shot
Rained round us in a flaming shower,
  But still we faltered not.
"If the noble city perish,"
  Our grand young leader said,
"Let the only walls the foe shall scale
  Be ramparts of the dead!"

For sixty days and upwards,
  The eye of heaven waxed dim;
And e'en throughout God's holy morn,
  O'er Christian prayer and hymn,
Arose a hissing tumult,
  As if the fiends in air
Strove to engulf the voice of faith
  In the shrieks of their despair.

There was wailing in the houses,
  There was trembling on the marts,
While the tempest raged and thundered,
  'Mid the silent thrill of hearts;

But the Lord, our Shield, was with us,
  And ere a month had sped,
Our very women walked the streets
  With scarce one throb of dread.

And the little children gamboled,
  Their faces purely raised,
Just for a wondering moment,
  As the huge bombs whirled and blazed,
Then turned with silvery laughter
  To the sports which children love,
Thrice-mailed in the sweet, instinctive thought
  That the good God watched above.

Yet the hailing bolts fell faster,
  From scores of flame-clad ships,
And about us, denser, darker,
  Grew the conflict's wild eclipse,
Till a solid cloud closed o'er us,
  Like a type of doom and ire,
Whence shot a thousand quivering tongues
  Of forked and vengeful fire.

But the unseen hands of angels
  Those death-shafts warned aside,
And the dove of heavenly mercy
  Ruled o'er the battle tide;
In the houses ceased the wailing,
  And through the war-scarred marts
The people strode, with step of hope,
  To the music in their hearts.

A DREAM OF THE SOUTH WINDS

O fresh, how fresh and fair
Through the crystal gulfs of air,
The fairy South Wind floateth on her subtle wings of balm!
And the green earth lapped in bliss,
To the magic of her kiss
Seems yearning upward fondly through the golden-crested calm!

From the distant Tropic strand,
Where the billows, bright and bland,
Go creeping, curling round the palms with sweet, faint undertone.
From its fields of purpling flowers
Still wet with fragrant showers,
The happy South Wind lingering sweeps the royal blooms of June.

All heavenly fancies rise
On the perfume of her sighs,
Which steep the inmost spirit in a languor rare and fine,
And a peace more pure than sleep's
Unto dim, half-conscious deeps,
Transports me, lulled and dreaming, on its twilight tides divine.

Those dreams! ah me! the splendor,
So mystical and tender,
Wherewith like soft heat-lightnings they gird their meaning round,
And those waters, calling, calling,
With a nameless charm enthralling,
Like the ghost of music melting on a rainbow spray of sound!

Touch, touch me not, nor wake me,
Lest grosser thoughts o'ertake me,
From earth receding faintly with her dreary din and jars—
What viewless arms caress me?
What whispered voices bless me,
With welcomes dropping dewlike from the weird and wondrous stars?

Alas! dim, dim, and dimmer
Grows the preternatural glimmer
Of that trance the South Wind brought me on her subtle wings of balm,
For behold! its spirit flieth,
And its fairy murmur dieth,
And the silence closing round me is a dull and soulless calm!

THE MOCKING-BIRD

A golden pallor of voluptuous light
Filled the warm Southern night;
The moon, clear orbed, above the sylvan scene
Moved like a stately queen,
So rife with conscious beauty all the while,
What could she do but smile
At her own perfect loveliness below,
Glassed in the tranquil flow
Of crystal fountains
And unruffled streams?
Half lost in waking dreams,
As down the loneliest forest dell I strayed,
Lo! from a neighboring glade,
Flashed through the drifts of moonshine, swiftly came
A fiery shape of flame.
It rose in dazzling spirals overhead,
Whence, to wild sweetness wed,
Poured marvelous melodies, silvery trill on trill;
The vert leaves grew still
On the charmed trees to harken; while, for me,
Heart-thrilled ecstasy,
I followed—followed the bright shape that flew,
Still circling up the blue,
Till as a fountain that has reached its height
Falls back in sprays of light
Slowly dissolved, so that enrapturing lay,
Divinely melts away
Through tremulous spaces to a music-mist
Soon by the fitful breeze
How gently kissed
Into remote and tender silences.

ASPECTS OF THE PINES

Tall, sombre, grim, against the morning sky
  They rise, scarce touched by melancholy airs,
Which stir the fadeless foliage dreamfully,
  As if from realms of mystical despairs.

Tall, sombre, grim, they stand with dusky gleams
  Brightening to gold within the woodland's core,
Beneath the gracious noontide's tranquil beams—
  But the weird winds of morning sigh no more.

A stillness, strange, divine, ineffable,
  Broods round and o'er them in the wind's surcease,
And on each tinted copse and shimmering dell
  Rests the mute rapture of deep-hearted peace.

Last, sunset comes—the solemn joy and might
  Borne from the West when cloudless day declines—
Low, flutelike breezes sweep the waves of light,
  And lifting dark green tresses of the pines,

Till every lock is luminous—gently float,
  Fraught with hale odors up the heavens afar
To faint when twilight on her virginal throat
  Wears for a gem the tremulous vesper star.

UNVEILED

I cannot tell when first I saw her face;
  Was it athwart a sunset on the sea,
  When the huge billows heaved tumultuously,
Or in the quiet of some woodland place,
        Wrapped by the shadowy boon
Of breezeless verdures from the summer noon?
  Or likelier still, in a rock-girdled dell
  Between vast mountains, while the midnight hour
  Blossomed above me like a shining flower,
Whose star-wrought petals turned the fields of space
To one great garden of mysterious light?

Vain! vain! I cannot tell
When first the beauty and majestic might
Of her calm presence, bore my soul apart
From all low issues of the groveling world—
About me their own peace and grandeur furled—
Filling the conscious heart
With vague, sweet wisdom drawn from earth or sky—
Secrets that glance towards eternity,
Visions divine, and thoughts ineffable!
But ever since that immemorial day,
A steadfast flame hath burned in brain and blood,
Urging me onward in the perilous search
For sacred haunts our queenly mother loves;
By field and flood,
Thro' neighboring realms, and regions far away,
Have I not followed, followed where she led,
Tracking wild rivers to their fountain head,
And wilder desert spaces, mournful, vast,
Where Nature, fronting her inscrutable past,
Holds bleak communion only with the dead;
Yearning meanwhile, for pinions like a dove's,
To waft me farther still,
Beyond the compass of the unwinged will;
Yea; waft me northward, southward, east, west,
By fabled isles, and undiscovered lands,
To where enthroned upon his mountain-perch,
The sovereign eagle stands,
Guarding the unfledged eaglets in their nest,
Above the thunders of the sea and storm?

Oh! sometimes by the fire
Of holy passion, in me, all subdued,
And melted to a mortal woman's mood,
Tender and warm—
She, from her goddess height,
In gracious answer to my soul's desire,
Descending softly, lifts her Isis veil,
To bend on me the untranslated light
Of fathomless eyes, and brow divinely pale;

She lays on mine her firm, immortal hand;
And I, encompassed by a magical mist,
Feel that her lips have kissed
Mine eyes and forehead—how the influence fine
Of her deep life runs like Arcadian wine
Through all my being! How a moment pressed
To the large fountains of her opulent breast,
A rapture smites me, half akin to pain;
A sun-flash quivering through white chords of rain!

Thenceforth, I walked
The earth all-seeing—not her stateliest forms
Alone engrossed me, nor her sounds of power;
Mountains and oceans, and the rage of storms;
Fierce cataracts hurled from awful steep to steep,
Or the gray water-spouts, that whirling tower
Along the darkened bosom of the deep;
But all fair, fairy forms; all vital things,
That breathe or blossom 'midst our bounteous springs;
In sylvan nooks rejoicingly I met
The wild rose and the violet;
On dewy hill-slopes pausing, fondly talked
With the coy wild-flower, and the grasses brown,
That in a subtle language of their own
(Caught from the spirits of the wandering breeze),
Quaintly responded; while the heavens looked down
As graciously on these
Titania growths, as on sublimer shapes
Of century-molded continents, that bemock
Alike the earthquake's and the billow's shock
By Orient inlands and cold ocean capes!

The giant constellations rose and set:
I knew them all and worshipped all I knew;
Yet, from their empire in the pregnant blue,
Sweeping from planet-orbits to faint bars
Of nebulous cloud, beyond the range of stars,
I turned to worship with a heart as true,
Long mosses drooping from the cypress tree;

The virginal vines that stretched remotely dim,
From forest limb to limb;
Network of golden ferns, whose tracery weaves
In lingering twilights of warm August eves,
Ethereal frescoes, pictures fugitive,
Drawn on the flickering and fair-foliaged wall
Of the dense forest, ere the night shades fall:
Rushes rock-tangled, whose mixed colors live
In the pure moisture by a fountain's brim;
The sylph-like reeds, wave-born, that to and fro
Move ever to the waters' rhythmic flow,
Blent with the humming of the wild-wood bee,
And the winds' under thrills of mystery;
The twinkling "ground-stars," full of modest cheer,
Each her cerulean cup
In humble supplication lifting up,
To catch whate'er the kindly heavens may give
Of flooded sunshine, or celestial dew;
And even when, self-poised in airy grace,
Their phantom lightness stirs
Through glistening shadows of a secret place
The silvery-tinted gossamers;
For thus hath Nature taught amid her All—
The complex miracles of land and sea,
And infinite marvels of the infinite air
No life is trivial, no creation small!
Ever I walk the earth,
As one whose spiritual ear
Is strangely purged and purified to hear
Its multitudinous voices; from the shore
Whereon the savage Arctic surges roar,
And the stupendous bass of choral waves
Thunders o'er "wandering graves,"
From warrior-winds whose viewless cohorts charge
The banded mists through Cloudland's vaporous dearth
Pealing their battle bugles round the marge
Of dreary fen and desolated moor;
Down to the ripple of shy woodland rills
Chanting their delicate treble 'mid the hills,

And ancient hollows of the enchanted ground,
I pass with reverent thought,
Attuned to every tiniest trill of sound,
Whether by brook or bird
The perfumed air be stirred.
But most, because the unwearied strains are fraught
With Nature's freedom in her happiest moods,
I love the mock-bird's, and brown thrush's lay,
The melted soul of May,
Beneath those matchless notes,
From jocund hearts upwelled to fervid throats,
In gushes of clear harmony,
I seem, ofttimes I seem
To find remoter meanings; the far tone
Of ante-natal music faintly blown
From out the misted realms of memory;
The pathos and the passion of a dream;
Or broken fugues of a diviner tongue
That e'er hath chanted, since our earth was young,
And o'er her peace-enamored solitudes
The stars of morning sung!

TO HENRY W. LONGFELLOW

I think earth's noblest, most pathetic sight
Is some old poet, round whose laurel-crown
The long gray locks are streaming softly down;
Whose evening, touched by prescient shades of night,
Grows tranquillized, in calm, ethereal light:
Such, such art *thou,* O master! worthier grown
In the fair sunset of thy full renown,
Poising, perchance, thy spiritual wings for flight!
Ah, heaven! why shouldst thou from thy place depart?
God's court is thronged with minstrels, rich with song;
Even now, a new note swells the immaculate choir;
But thou, whose strains have filled our lives so long,
Still from the altar of thy reverent heart
Let golden dreams ascend, and thoughts of fire.

SONNET—POETS

Some thunder on the heights of song, their race
Godlike in power, while others at their feet
Are breathing measures scarce less strong and sweet
Than those that peal from out that loftiest place;
Meantime, just midway on the mount, his face
Fairer than April heavens, when storms retreat,
And on their edges rain and sunshine meet,
Pipes the soft lyrist lays of tender grace;
But where the slopes of bright Parnassus sweep
Near to the common ground, a various throng
Chant lowlier measures—yet each tuneful strain
(The silvery minor of earth's perfect song)
Blends with that music of the topmost steep,
O'er whose vast realm the master minstrels reign!

A LITTLE WHILE I FAIN WOULD LINGER YET

A little while (my life is almost set!)
  I fain would pause along the downward way,
  Musing an hour in this sad sunset-ray,
While, Sweet! our eyes with tender tears are wet;
A little hour I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger yet,
  All for love's sake, for love that cannot tire;
  Though fervid youth be dead, with youth's desire,
And hope has faded to a vague regret,
A little while I fain would linger yet.

A little while I fain would linger here:
  Behold! who knows what strange, mysterious bars
  'Twixt souls that love, may rise in other stars?
Nor can love deem the face of death is fair;
A little while I still would linger here.

A little while I yearn to hold thee fast,
  Hand locked in hand, the loyal heart to heart;
  (O pitying Christ! those woeful words, "*We part!*")
So ere the darkness fall, the light be past,
A little while I fain would hold thee fast.

A little while, when night and twilight meet;
  Behind, our broken years, before, the deep
  Weird wonder of the last unfathomed sleep.
A little while I still would clasp thee, Sweet;
A little while, when night and twilight meet.

A little while I fain would linger here;
  Behold! who knows what soul-dividing bars
  Earth's faithful loves may part in other stars?
Nor can love deem the face of death is fair;
A little while I still would linger here.

IN HARBOR

I think it is over, over,
  I think it is over at last,
Voices of foeman and lover,
  The sweet and the bitter have passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean
  Hath outblown its ultimate blast;
There's but a faint sobbing sea-ward
While the calm of the tide deepens lee-ward,
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed thro' the river,
  Those lights in the harbor at last,
  The heavenly harbor at last!

I feel it is over, over!
  For the winds and the waters surcease;
Ah!—few were the days of the rover
  That smiled in the beauty of peace!
And distant and dim was the omen
  That hinted redress or release:

From the ravage of life, and its riot
What marvel I yearn for the quiet
  Which bides in the harbor at last?
For the lights with their welcoming quiver
That throbbed through the sanctified river
  Which girdles the harbor at last,
  This heavenly harbor at last?

I *know* it is over, over,
  I know it is over at last!
Down sail! the sheathed anchor uncover,
  For the stress of the voyage has passed:
Life, like a tempest of ocean
  Hath outbreathed its ultimate blast;
There's but a faint sobbing sea-ward;
While the calm of the tide deepens lee-ward;
And behold! like the welcoming quiver
Of heart-pulses throbbed thro' the river,
  Those lights in the harbor at last,
  The heavenly harbor at last!

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE

[1791—1839]

JAMES M. GARNETT

ROBERT YOUNG HAYNE, the distinguished Senator, and Governor of South Carolina, was born November 10, 1791, in St. Paul's Parish, Colleton District, South Carolina. He was the son of Colonel William Hayne, a first cousin of Colonel Isaac Hayne, the Revolutionary patriot. His mother was Miss Eliza Peronneau, the niece by marriage of Colonel Isaac Hayne. He was educated in the schools of Charleston, and acquired a great fondness for reading, Plutarch and Shakespeare being his favorite authors. In his eighteenth year he entered the office of Honorable Langdon Cheves and pursued with diligence the study of the law, having passed his examination and been admitted to the bar a few days before he was twenty-one years of age. When Judge Cheves gave up his large practice to enter the United States Senate, Hayne succeeded to it, and, being oppressed with a sense of his responsibility, he received from the learned lawyer the memorable advice: "My young friend, never distrust yourself."

In the War of 1812 he served as captain in the Third South Carolina Regiment. About this time he married Miss Pinckney, who died in 1818, and two years later he married Miss Alston, who survived him. He was elected to the Legislature of the State in 1814, and after serving two terms he was chosen Speaker of the House, "most unexpectedly to himself," says McDuffie, who states that, though entirely ignorant of parliamentary law, he borrowed a copy of 'Jefferson's Manual,' studied it all night, and "took the chair next day as thoroughly qualified for the discharge of its duties as any presiding officer I have ever known." Before the expiration of his term as Speaker, he was elected by the Legislature Attorney-general of the State, at twenty-six years of age, and served in that office until he was sent to the United States Senate in 1823, "the youngest man that had ever represented South Carolina in the Senate of the United States." Although so young, Hayne took at once a prominent position in the Senate. "His eminent talents for business, his indefatigable industry, and his peculiar powers of prompt and lucid explanation," says his eulogist, "could not but indicate him to the presiding officer of the Senate as the chairman

of one of its most important committees." He was soon made Chairman of the Committee of Naval Affairs, and discharged the duties of that position with industry, ability, and success. Calhoun said of him: "I have often said, while I presided in the Senate, that he was the best chairman of a committee I ever saw in any deliberative body." Such was the satisfaction he gave in this position that the officers of the navy and others interested in it wished him to be placed at the head of the Naval Department. In addition to his numerous speeches and political papers, General Hayne was the author of two articles in the old *Southern Review,* one on "American Naval History" (November, 1828), and the other in vindication of the memory of his kinsman, Colonel Isaac Hayne, "the martyr of the Revolution."

But it was as a parliamentary speaker that Hayne gained his greatest distinction, and made himself a name as one of the greatest American orators.

On entering the Senate he at once took his place on the side of the opposition to a protective tariff, which was so injurious to the interests of South Carolina and the other Southern States, and he regarded it as unconstitutional. His speech against the tariff of 1824 showed "a comprehensive knowledge of the true principles of political economy, and a thorough and minute knowledge of facts and details, which enabled him to demonstrate how grossly those principles were violated by that measure."

In like manner he vigorously opposed the tariff of 1828, called by McDuffie "the fatal consummation of that climax of unequal and oppressive measures which threatened absolute destruction to the great agricultural interests of the exporting states."

His celebrated debate with Webster took place in January, 1830, on Foot's resolution in respect to the public lands, although little was said by either speaker on this subject. It was an argument on a great constitutional question, on which North and South were diametrically opposed, and it foreshadowed serious consequences.

On July 4, 1831, Hayne delivered one of his ablest speeches on the questions of the day in Charleston, "before the State Rights and Free Trade party, the State Society of Cincinnati, the Revolution Society, the '76 Association, and several volunteer companies of militia." He had delivered a Fourth of July oration in Charleston seventeen years before, in 1814, "by appointment of the '76 Association," when he was only twenty-two years of age.

Perhaps Hayne's greatest speech on the tariff was on January 9, 1832, in support of his own amendment to the resolution of Clay, who wished the duties reduced upon "articles imported from foreign

countries and not coming into competition with similar articles made or produced within the United States," whereas Hayne wished the duties reduced to a revenue standard, and, "allowing a reasonable time for the gradual reduction of the present high duties on the articles coming into competition with similar articles made or produced within the United States," he advocated the ultimate equalization of the duties. This speech showed a thorough mastery of the subject in all its details, and, in conclusion, he pleaded earnestly and even pathetically for "conciliation and concession." It was all in vain. The tariff act of 1832 was passed, Hayne and his fellow-congressmen issued a stirring address to the people of South Carolina, and the Legislature called a sovereign convention of the people, which met on November nineteenth, and on the twenty-fourth passed the Ordinance of Nullification, reported by Hayne, by a vote of 136 ayes to 26 noes. It was preceded by a lengthy report giving the reasons which impelled South Carolina to this action, and was accompanied by an address to the people of the State and one to the people of the other states.

Soon after this Hayne was elected Governor of the State, being universally recognized as the fittest leader for this crisis, and immediately resigned his seat in the Senate, in which he was succeeded by Calhoun, then Vice-President. His inaugural address in December, 1832, was a short speech, but one of remarkable power and eloquence. It contained the following eloquent and stirring paragraph:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS: This is our own, our native land. It is the soil of Carolina, which has been enriched with the precious blood of our ancestors, shed in defense of those rights and liberties which we are bound by every tie, divine and human, to transmit to our posterity. It is here that we have been cherished in youth and sustained in manhood by the generous confidence of our fellow-citizens; here repose the honored bones of our fathers; here the eyes of our children first beheld the light; and here, when our earthly pilgrimage is over, we hope to sink to rest on the bosom of our common mother! Bound to our country by such sacred and endearing ties, let others desert her if they can; let them revile her if they will; let them give aid and countenance to her enemies if they may; but for us, we will stand or fall with Carolina."

This spirit of ardent patriotism, and conscientious devotion to the rights of his State, breathed through the whole address. On December tenth General Jackson issued his Nullification Proclamation, to which, at the request of the Legislature, Hayne replied on December twentieth with a counter-proclamation. The effect of this was great, and, says McDuffie, "the reaction was overwhelming, not only in South Carolina, but in all the other Southern States, and volun-

tary offers of military service in defense of our great cause poured in from every quarter." Active preparations for armed resistance were made. Hayne was cool, calm, and collected, firm and determined. "The man of iron will" had met a man with equally as iron a will. "The great pacificator" now stepped in and attempted to lay the storm which he himself had raised. Clay introduced his "Compromise Act," that lowered duties gradually for ten years, the very principle for which Hayne had contended a year before. This was accepted by South Carolina as a peace-offering: the convention, at the instance of Virginia, which sent Benjamin Watkins Leigh as Commissioner to South Carolina, reassembled on March 11, 1833, chose Governor Hayne as president, and repealed the Nullification Ordinance by a vote of 153 ayes to 4 noes: thus a collision of arms was averted. The notorious "Force Bill" was passed at the same time with the Compromise Tariff Act, so that the government bore an olive-branch in one hand and a sword in the other, but the latter was a *brutum fulmen*, and its enforcement would have produced civil war. Referring to these times some years afterwards, the venerable Judge Colcock said: "Hayne is the wisest man I ever met in council; and with all his characteristic prudence he never falters where even the bravest might hesitate." A prominent clergyman of Charleston, and an intimate friend of General Hayne's, wrote to his brother, Colonel A. P. Hayne: "Upon every review of the events of this fearful crisis, I am convinced that Robert Y. Hayne was an instrument prepared by heaven to save the country from the horrors of civil war." It would have been better for the South if the "civil war" had come on the question of the tariff, rather than thirty years later on the question of slavery. The flippant manner in which certain writers speak of the crisis shows a very inadequate conception of the gravity of it.

On the expiration of his term as governor in 1834, Hayne was chosen the first mayor (intendant) of Charleston, and discharged the duties of this position with characteristic energy and efficiency. Afterwards, "through his instrumentality," says his nephew, the late Paul H. Hayne, the poet, the Louisville, Cincinnati and Charleston Railroad Company was formed for establishing communication between the Atlantic and the West, and of this company he was chosen president in January, 1837, some months before the expiration of his term as mayor of Charleston. "To this undertaking he devoted all the energies of his mind and body," traveling frequently from state to state and delivering addresses in favor of the object. He also conceived the idea of establishing a system of direct trade between the Southern ports and Europe. "Early in 1839 he read before a commercial convention held in Charleston a minute, careful, and inter-

esting report on the advantages of such a system, and the best means to be employed for insuring its success." Thus, after retiring from political life, with far-seeing wisdom he devoted his time and talents to advancing the material interests of the South.

In September of this year he attended a meeting of the stockholders of the above-mentioned railroad company at Asheville, North Carolina, and presented his report as president for the preceding year. While there he was attacked by bilious fever, and after a short illness of ten days succumbed to the disease, September 24, 1839. His remains were interred temporarily in Asheville, but were afterwards removed to St. Michael's churchyard in Charleston, where a handsome marble obelisk was erected over them by his widow. The inscription on this monument, from the pen of the late Right Reverend Stephen Elliott, Bishop of Georgia, is of chaste beauty and eloquence.

General Hayne's contemporaries and friends speak of him in the highest terms. Hon. Wm. C. Preston, of South Carolina, who entered the United States Senate soon after Hayne left it, says: "His nature was made up of the higher, graver, and more sedate qualities and virtues—wisdom, fortitude, prudence, perseverance, and industry—cardinal qualities, upon the exercise of which the well-being of society depends. . . . Judge White, especially, often spoke of him with enthusiasm, and declared that he had known no man more fit for the Presidency of the United States, a sentiment in which very many concurred."

Hon. B. F. Porter, of Tuscaloosa, Alabama, speaking at a meeting held to pay tribute to the memory of Hayne, October 15, 1839, said: "In all the relations of Mr. Hayne's life he was truly a great man. And though I regard it as a species of political blasphemy to compare men of the present day with the great Father of his country, it is no irreverence to say that, if any man of the times, in a pure life, firm and clear mind, and exalted patriotism, presented a resemblance of Washington, it was Robert Y. Hayne."

Hon. George McDuffie, who delivered, by invitation of the citizens of Charleston, the "Eulogy of Hayne's Life and Character," February 13, 1840, pays the highest tribute to his intellectual endowments, his moral character, and the relations of his private life. He says: "A very long and intimate acquaintance justifies me in saying that I never have known any public man who more habitually acted under the influence of a deep and conscientious sense of the obligations of duty. It was, indeed, the governing motive and animating principle of his whole conduct. All other considerations were absorbed in it. But it was not so much by any one faculty standing out in prominent relief, as by the admirable adjustment of all his moral and intellectual qualities that he was distinguished from other men.

So harmonious, indeed, were these endowments, so perfect was their symmetry, and so entirely free from the contrast of opposing qualities that we almost lost sight of each particular trait in our admiration of the beautiful and consistent whole. It was this happy concord of high moral and intellectual qualities, all acting in concert and mutually sustaining each other, that rendered him in every emergency of his eventful career in all respects equal to the occasion. In a word, they constituted wisdom in council and unfaltering firmness and self-possession in action—qualities for which few men have been so eminently distinguished." With respect to his public career McDuffie says also: "It is a fact every way worthy of being recorded to his own honor, and as an example to all youthful aspirants after distinction and fame in the service of their country, that during his whole career as a public man, commencing at a very early age and embracing almost every grade of office, civil and military, he never in a single instance solicited, even in the most indirect manner, the suffrage of a fellow-citizen." In these days of political wire-pulling, this sounds like a voice from Utopia. In his case the office always sought the man.

A writer in the *Charleston Courier* of September 30, 1839, says of him: "Various as was his course of public service, General Hayne proved himself fully equal to every station to which he was called. His abilities were of an eminently practical cast; he was ready in resource, clear in judgment and conception, prompt and energetic in action, fluent and graceful in speech, and endowed with a persuasive eloquence which never failed to find its way to the hearts of the audience, and told with equal effect in the popular assembly and the intelligent legislature. In public life he was pure and patriotic; few men ever enjoyed a higher degree or more undivided share of the public confidence, and there were many, both in and out of his native state, who argued for him the highest honor of our republic."

The public demonstrations on the occasion of his death evinced the high esteem in which he was held. These culminated on February 13, 1840, when, after an imposing civil and military funeral procession, General McDuffie delivered his notable "Eulogy."

The testimony of General Jackson himself may well conclude this brief sketch. In the autumn of 1837 General Hayne was in Nashville on business connected with his railroad. General Jackson, hearing of it, invited him to spend a day with him at "The Hermitage," which invitation was accepted, and a pleasant day was passed. As Hayne rose to go, he said: "General, it is more than probable that we shall never meet again in this world, and as we are about to part, I would say to you, with perfect frankness and sincerity, that if, in the discharge of official duties, circumstances have occurred—and many

such, we both know, have occurred—to shake our friendship, they are now, and ever will be, forgotten."

General Jackson rose from his seat hardly able to stand, and, taking the hand of his guest, said in reply: "Governor Hayne, the kind, frank, and noble sentiments you have just given utterance to are those I truly feel, and from the bottom of my heart I sincerely reciprocate all you say. And now, my dear sir, I rejoice that our mutual friendship is restored, and that we stand together *as of old.* The purity of your character, the virtues which adorn your spotless life as a public man and in the social and domestic circle, won my friendship in our first interview, in 1820, at this place. I say it now, and I say it with pleasure and in sincerity, that, in that great record of your country which belongs to history, your name will stand conspicuous on the roll of her illustrious sons as an able jurist, an elegant orator, a wise counselor, a sagacious and honest statesman."

SPEECH ON THE FOOT RESOLUTION

Thursday, January 21 and Monday, January 25, 1830. From the 'Abridgment of the Debates of Congress,' D. Appleton and Company, 1859.

Mr. Hayne began by saying, that when he took occasion, two days ago, to throw out some ideas with respect to the policy of the Government in relation to the public lands, nothing certainly could have been further from his thoughts than that he should be compelled again to throw himself upon the indulgence of the Senate.

LITTLE did I expect to be called upon to meet such an argument as was yesterday urged by the gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Webster). Sir, I questioned no man's opinions; I impeached no man's motives; I charged no party, or state, or section of the country with hostility to any other; but ventured, I thought in a becoming spirit, to put forth my own sentiments in relation to a great national question of public policy. Such was my course.

The Senator from Massachusetts tells us that the tariff is not an Eastern measure, and treats it as if the East had no interest in it. The Senator from Missouri insists it is not a Western measure, and that it has done no good to the West.

The South comes in, and in the most earnest manner represents to you that this measure, which, we are told, "is of no value to the East or West," is utterly destructive of our interests. We represent to you that it has spread ruin and devastation through the land and prostrated our hopes in the dust. We solemnly declare that we believe the system to be wholly unconstitutional and a violation of the compact between the States and the Union, and our brethren turn a deaf ear to our complaints, and refuse to relieve us from a system "which not enriches them, but makes us poor indeed." Good God! has it come to this? Do gentlemen hold the feelings and wishes of their brethren at so cheap a rate, that they refuse to gratify them at so small a price? Do gentlemen value so lightly the peace and harmony of the country, that they will not yield a measure of this description to the affectionate entreaties and earnest remonstrances of their friends? Do gentlemen estimate the value of the Union at so low a price, that they will not even make one effort to bind the states together with the cords of affection? And has it come to this? Is this the spirit in which this Government is to be administered? If so, let me tell the gentlemen, the seeds of dissolution are already sown, and our children will reap the bitter fruit.

The honorable gentleman from Massachusetts (Mr. Webster), while he exonerates me personally from the charge, intimates that there is a party in the country who are looking to disunion. Sir, if the gentleman had stopped there, the accusation would "have passed by me as the idle wind which I regard not." But when he goes on to give to his accusation a local habitation and a name, by quoting the expression of a distinguished citizen of South Carolina (Dr. Cooper) "That it was time for the South to calculate the value of the Union," and in the language of the bitterest sarcasm adds, "surely then the Union cannot last longer than July, 1831," it is impossible to mistake either the allusion or the object of the gentleman. Now I call upon every one who hears me to bear witness that this controversy is not of my seeking. The Senate will do me the justice to remember that, at the time this unprovoked and uncalled-for attack was made upon the South, not one word had been uttered by me in disparagement of New England, nor had I made the most distant allusion, either to

the Senator from Massachusetts, or the State he represents. But, sir, that gentleman has thought proper, for purposes best known to himself, to strike the South through me, the most unworthy of her servants. He has crossed the border, he has invaded the State of South Carolina, is making war upon her citizens and endeavoring to overthrow her principles and institutions. Sir, when the gentleman provokes me to such a conflict, I meet him at the threshold. I will struggle while I have life for our altars and our firesides, and if God gives me strength, I will drive back the invader discomfited. Nor shall I stop here. If the gentleman provokes the war, he shall have war. Sir, I will not stop at the border; I will carry the war into the enemy's territory, and not consent to lay down my arms until I shall have obtained "indemnity for the past, and security for the future." It is with unfeigned reluctance that I enter upon the performance of this part of my duty. I shrink almost instinctively from a course, however necessary, which may have a tendency to excite sectional feeling and sectional jealousies. But, sir, the task has been forced upon me, and I proceed right onward to the performance of my duty; be the consequences what they may, the responsibility is with those who have imposed upon me this necessity. The Senator from Massachusetts has thought proper to cast the first stone, and if he shall find, according to a homely adage, "that he lives in a glass house," on his head be the consequences. The gentleman has made a great flourish about his fidelity to Massachusetts. I shall make no professions of zeal for the interests and honor of South Carolina—of that my constituents shall judge. If there be one state in this Union (and I say it not in a boastful spirit) that may challenge comparison with any other, for a uniform, zealous, ardent and uncalculating devotion to the Union, that state is South Carolina. Sir, from the very commencement of the Revolution, up to this hour, there is no sacrifice, however great, she has not cheerfully made; no service she has ever hesitated to perform. She has adhered to you in your prosperity, but in your adversity she has clung to you with more than filial affection. No matter what was the condition of her domestic affairs, though deprived of her resources, divided by parties, or surrounded by difficulties, the call of the country has been to her as the voice of God.

Domestic discord ceased at the sound—every man became at once reconciled to his brethren, and the sons of Carolina were all seen crowding together to the temple, bringing their gifts to the altar of their common country. What, sir, was the conduct of the South during the Revolution? Sir, I honor New England for her conduct in that glorious struggle. But great as is the praise which belongs to her, I think at least equal honor is due to the South. They espoused the quarrel of their brethren, with a generous zeal which did not suffer them to stop to calculate their interest in the dispute. Favorites of the mother-country, possessed of neither ships nor seamen to create commercial rivalship, they might have found in their situation a guarantee that their trade would be forever fostered and protected by Great Britain. But trampling on all considerations, either of interest or of safety, they rushed into the conflict, and fighting for principle, periled all in the sacred cause of freedom. Never, were there exhibited in the history of the world, higher examples of noble daring, dreadful suffering, and heroic endurance, than by the Whigs of Carolina during that Revolution. The whole State, from the mountains to the sea, was overrun by an overwhelming force of the enemy. The fruits of industry perished on the spot where they were produced, or were consumed by the foe. The "plains of Carolina" drank up the most precious blood of her citizens! Black and smoking ruins marked the places which had been the habitations of her children! Driven from their homes into the gloomy, and almost impenetrable swamps, even there the spirit of liberty survived and South Carolina, sustained by the examples of her Sumters and her Marions, proved by her conduct that, though her soil might be overrun, the spirit of her people was invincible.

The Senator from Massachusetts, in denouncing what he is pleased to call the Carolina doctrine, has attempted to throw ridicule upon the idea that a state has any constitutional remedy, by the exercise of its sovereign authority, against "a gross, palpable, and deliberate violation of the Constitution." He calls it "an idle" or "a ridiculous notion," or something to that effect, and added, it would make the Union "a mere rope of sand." Now, sir, as the gentleman has not condescended to enter into any examination of the question, and has been satis-

fied with throwing the weight of his authority into the scale, I do not deem it necessary to do more than to throw into the opposite scale the authority on which South Carolina relies, and there, for the present, I am perfectly willing to leave the controversy. The South Carolina doctrine, that is to say, the doctrine contained in an exposition reported by a committee of the Legislature in December, 1828, and published by their authority, is the good old Republican doctrine of 1798; the doctrine of the celebrated "Virginia Resolutions" of that year and of "Madison's Report" of 1799. It will be recollected that the Legislature of Virginia, in December, 1798, took into consideration the alien and sedition laws, then considered by all Republicans as a gross violation of the Constitution of the United States, and on that day passed, among others, the following resolution:

The General Assembly doth explicitly and peremptorily declare, that it views the powers of the Federal Government, as resulting from the compact to which the states are parties, as limited by the plain sense and intention of the instrument consituting that compact, as no further valid than they are authorized by the grants enumerated in that compact, and that, in case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of other powers, not granted by the said compact, the states who are parties thereto, have the right, and are in duty bound, to interpose for arresting the progress of evil, and for maintaining within their respective limits, the authorities, rights, and liberties, appertaining to them.

In addition to these resolutions, the General Assembly of Virginia "appealed to the other states in the confidence that they would concur with that Commonwealth that the acts aforesaid (alien and sedition laws) are unconstitutional, and that the necessary and proper measures would be taken by each for coöperating with Virginia in maintaining unimpaired the authorities, rights, and liberties reserved to the states respectively, or to the people."

The Legislatures of several of the New England states having, contrary to the expectation of the Legislature of Virginia, expressed their dissent from these doctrines, the subject came up again for consideration during the session of 1799-1800, when it was referred to a Select Committee, by whom was made that celebrated report which is fam-

iliarly known as "Madison's Report," and which deserves to last as long as the Constitution itself. In that report, which was subsequently adopted by the Legislature, the whole subject was deliberately reëxamined, and the objections urged against the Virginia doctrines were carefully considered. The result was, that the Legislature of Virginia reaffirmed all the principles laid down in the resolutions of 1798, and issued to the world that admirable report which has stamped the character of Mr. Madison as the preserver of that Constitution which he had contributed so largely to create and establish. I will here quote, from Mr. Madison's report, one or two passages which bear more immediately on the point in controversy:

The resolution, having taken this view of the Federal compact, proceeds to infer, that "in case of a deliberate, palpable, and dangerous exercise of other powers, not granted by the said compact, the states who are parties thereto, have the right, and are in duty bound, to interpose for arresting the progress of the evil, and for maintaining, within their respective limits, the authorities, rights and liberties, appertaining to them."

It appears to your committees to be a plain principle, founded on common sense, illustrated by common practice, and essential to the nature of compacts, that, where resort can be had to no tribunal superior to the authority of the parties, the parties themselves must be the rightful judges, in the last resort, whether the bargain made has been pursued or violated. The Constitution of the United States was formed by the sanction of the states, given by each, in its sovereign capacity. It adds to the stability and dignity, as well as to the authority of the Constitution, that it rests on this legitimate and solid foundation. The states then being the parties to the constitutional compact, and in their sovereign capacity, it follows, of necessity, that there can be no tribunal, above their authority, to decide, in the last resort, whether the compact made by them be violated; and, consequently, that, as the parties to it, they must, themselves, decide in the last resort, such questions as may be of sufficient magnitude to require their interposition.

The resolution has guarded against any misapprehension of its object, by expressly requiring, for such an interposition, "the case of a deliberate, palpable and dangerous breach of the Constitution, by the exercise of powers not granted by it." It must be a case, not of a light and transient nature, but of a nature dangerous to the great purposes for which the Constitution was established.

But the resolution has done more than guard against misconstruction, by expressly referring to cases of a deliberate, palpable and dangerous nature. It specifies the object of the interposition, which it contemplates, to be solely that of arresting the progress of the evil of usurpation, and of maintaining the authorities, rights, and liberties, appertaining to the states, as parties to the Constitution.

From this view of the resolution, it would seem inconceivable that it can incur any just disapprobation from those who, laying aside all momentary impressions, and recollecting the genuine source and object of the Federal Constitution, shall candidly and accurately interpret the meaning of the General Assembly. If the deliberate exercise of dangerous powers, palpably withheld by the Constitution, could not justify the parties to it in interposing, even so far as to arrest the progress of the evil, and thereby to preserve the Constitution itself, as well as to provide for the safety of the parties to it, there would be an end to all relief from usurped power, and a direct subversion of the rights specified or recognized under all the state constitutions, as well as a plain denial of the fundamental principles on which our independence itself was declared.

But, Sir, our authorities do not stop here. The State of Kentucky responded to Virginia, and on the tenth of November, 1798, adopted those celebrated resolutions, well known to have been penned by the author of the Declaration of American Independence. In those resolutions the Legislature of Kentucky declares "that the Government created by this compact was not made the exclusive or final judge of the extent of the powers delegated to itself, since that would have made its discretion, and not the Constitution, the measure of its powers; but that, as in all other cases of compact among parties having no common judge, each party has an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions, as of the mode and measure of redress."

At the ensuing session of the Legislature, the subject was reëxamined, and, on the fourteenth of November, 1799, the resolutions of the preceding year were deliberately reaffirmed and it was, among other things, solemnly declared "that, if those who administer the General Government be permitted to transgress the limits fixed by that compact, by a total disregard to the special delegations of power therein contained, an annihilation of the State governments, and the erection, upon their ruins, of a general consolidated govern-

ment, will be the inevitable consequence. That the principle and construction contended for, by several of the State Legislatures, that the General Government is the exclusive judge of the extent of the powers delegated to it, stop nothing short of despotism, since the discretion of those who administer the Government, and not the Constitution, would be the measure of their powers. That the several states who formed that instrument, being sovereign and independent, have the unquestionable right to judge of its infraction; and that a nullification by those sovereignties, of all unauthorized acts, done under color of that instrument, is the rightful remedy."

Time and experience confirmed Mr. Jefferson's opinion on this all-important point. In the year 1821 he expressed himself in this emphatic manner: "It is a fatal heresy to suppose that either our State governments are superior to the Federal, or the Federal to the State; neither is authorized literally to decide which belongs to itself or its co-partner in government; in differences of opinion between their different sets of public servants the appeal is to neither, but to their employers, peaceably assembled by their representatives in convention." The opinions of Mr. Jefferson on this subject have been so repeatedly and so solemnly expressed, that they may be said to have been the most fixed and settled convictions of his mind.

In the protest prepared by him for the Legislature of Virginia, in December, 1825, in respect to the powers exercised by the Federal Government in relation to the Tariff and Internal Improvements, which he declares to be "usurpations of the powers retained by the states, mere interpolations into the compact, and direct infractions of it," he solemnly reasserts all the principles of the Virginia Resolutions of 1798, protests against "these acts of the Federal branch of the Government as null and void," and declares, that "although Virginia would consider a dissolution of the Union as among the greatest calamities that could befall them, yet it is not the greatest. There is one yet greater; submission to a government of unlimited powers. It is only when the hope of this shall become absolutely desperate, that further forbearance could not be indulged."

In his letter to Mr. Giles, written about the same time, he says:

> I see as you do, and with the deepest affliction, the rapid strides with which the Federal branch of the Government is advancing towards the usurpation of all the rights reserved to the states, and the consolidation in itself of all powers, foreign and domestic, and that, too, by constructions which leave no limits to their powers, etc. Under the power to regulate commerce, they assume indefinitely that also over agriculture and manufactures, etc. Under the authority to establish post-roads, they claim that of cutting down mountains, for the construction of roads, and digging canals, etc. And what is our resource for the preservation of the Constitution? Reason and argument? You might as well reason and argue with the marble columns encircling them, etc. Are we then to stand to our arms, with the hot-headed Georgian? No—(and I say no, and South Carolina has said no)—that must be the last resource. We must have patience and long endurance with our brethren, etc., and separate from our companions only when the sole alternatives left are a dissolution of our Union with them, or submission to a Government without limitation of powers. Between these two evils, when we must make a choice there can be no hesitation.

Such, sir, are the high and imposing authorities in support of the "Carolina Doctrine," which is, in fact, the doctrine of the Virginia resolutions of 1798.

Sir, at that day the whole country was divided on this very question. It formed the line of demarcation between the Federal and Republican parties, and the great political revolution which then took place turned upon the very question involved in these resolutions. That question was decided by the people, and by that decision the Constitution was, in the emphatic language of Mr. Jefferson, "saved at its last gasp." I should suppose, sir, it would require more self-respect than any gentleman here would be willing to assume, to treat lightly doctrines derived from such high sources. Resting on authority like this, I will ask, gentlemen, whether South Carolina has not manifested a high regard for the Union, when, under a tyranny ten times more grievous than the alien and sedition laws, she has hitherto gone no further than to petition, remonstrate, and solemnly to protest against a series of measures which she believes to be wholly unconstitutional

and utterly destructive of her interests? Sir, South Carolina has not gone one step further than Mr. Jefferson himself was disposed to go in relation to the very subject of our present complaints; not a step further than the statesmen from New England were disposed to go under similar circumstances; no further than the Senator from Massachusetts himself once considered as within "the limits of a constitutional opposition." The doctrine that it is the right of a state to judge of the violations of the Constitution on the part of the Federal Government, and to protect her citizens from the operations of unconstitutional laws, was held by the enlightened citizens of Boston, who assembled in Faneuil Hall, on the twenty-fifth of January, 1809. They state in that celebrated memorial that "they looked only to the State Legislature, who were competent to devise relief against the unconstitutional acts of the General Government. That your power (say they) is adequate to that object is evident from the organization of the confederacy."

A distinguished Senator from one of the New England States (Mr. Hillhouse), in a speech delivered here, on a bill for enforcing the embargo, declared: "I feel myself bound in conscience to declare, lest the blood of those who shall fall in the execution of this measure shall be on my head, that I consider this to be an act which directs a mortal blow at the liberties of my country; an act containing unconstitutional provisions, to which the people are not bound to submit, and to which, in my opinion, they will not submit."

And the Senator from Massachusetts himself, in a speech delivered on the same subject, in the other House, said: "This opposition is constitutional and legal; it is, also, conscientious. It rests on settled and sober conviction, that such policy is destructive to the interests of the people, and dangerous to the being of the Government. The experience of every day confirms these sentiments. Men who act from such motives are not to be discouraged by trifling obstacles nor awed by any dangers. They know the limit of constitutional opposition; up to that limit, at their own discretion, they will walk and walk fearlessly." How "the being of the Government" was to be endangered by "constitutional opposition to the embargo," I leave to the gentlemen to explain.

Thus, it will be seen that the South Carolina doctrine is the Republican doctrine of 1798; that it was first promulgated by the fathers of the faith; that it was maintained by Virginia and Kentucky in the worst of times; that it constituted the very pivot on which the political revolution of that day turned; that it embraces the very principles, the triumph of which, at that time, saved the Constitution at its last gasp, and which New England statesmen were not unwilling to adopt, when they believed themselves to be the victims of unconstitutional legislation. Sir, as to the doctrine that the Federal Government is the exclusive judge of the extent, as well as the limitations of its powers, it seems to me to be utterly subversive of the sovereignty and independence of the states. It makes but little difference, in my estimation, whether Congress or the Supreme Court are invested with this power. If the Federal Government, in all or any of its departments, is to prescribe the limits of its own authority and the states are bound to submit to the decision, and are not to be allowed to examine and decide for themselves when the barriers of the Constitution shall be overleaped, this is practically "a Government without limitation of powers." The states are at once reduced to mere petty corporations, and the people are entirely at your mercy. I have but one more word to add. In all the efforts that have been made by South Carolina to resist the unconstitutional laws which Congress has extended over them, she has kept steadily in view the preservation of the Union, by the only means by which she believes it can be long preserved—a firm, manly and steady resistance against usurpation. The measures of the Federal Government have, it is true, prostrated her interests, and will soon involve the whole South in irretrievable ruin. But even this great evil, great as it is, is not the chief ground of our complaints. It is the principle involved in the contest—a principle which, substituting the discretion of Congress for the limitations of the Constitution, brings the states and the people to the feet of the Federal Government, and leaves them nothing that they can call their own. Sir, if the measure of the Federal Government were less oppressive, we should still strive against this usurpation. The South is acting on a principle she has always held sacred—resistance

to unauthorized taxation. These, sir, are the principles which induced the immortal Hampden to resist the payment of a tax of twenty shillings. Would twenty shillings have ruined his fortune? No; but the payment of half twenty shillings on the principle on which it was demanded would have made him a slave. Sir, if, in acting on these high motives, if, animated by that ardent love of liberty which has always been the most prominent trait in the Southern character, we should be hurried beyond the bounds of a cold and calculating prudence, who is there, with one noble and generous sentiment in his bosom, that would not be disposed, in the language of Burke, to exclaim, "You must pardon something to the spirit of liberty!"

WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE

[1856—]

WILLIS H. BOCOCK

"I pray the angel in whose hands the sum
Of mortal fates in mystic darkness lies,
That to the soul which fills these deepening eyes,
Sun-crowned and clear, the spirit of song may come;
That strong-winged fancies, with melodious hum
Of plumèd vans, may touch to sweet surprise
His poet nature, born to glow and rise,
And thrill to worship though the world be dumb;
That love, and will, and genius, all may blend
To make his soul a guiding-star of time,
True to the purest thought, the noblest end,
Full of all richness, gentle, wise, complete,
In whose still heights and most ethereal clime,
Beauty, and faith, and plastic passion meet."

("Lines to W. H. H." From 'Poems of Paul Hamilton Hayne.')

IN "the heyday of Southern wealth and power," on March 11, 1856, William Hamilton Hayne, the only child of Paul Hamilton Hayne and Mary Middleton Michel, was born in his father's stately home in Charleston, South Carolina. Left homeless and almost penniless by the war, Paul H. Hayne, of weak constitution and broken health, removed to "Copse Hill," near Groveton, a suburb of Augusta, Georgia. Here Will Hayne lived happily in the rude cabin which his father loved to call the "shanty."

On account of his delicate constitution young Hayne received his education at home, with the exception of a few months' study at Dr. Porter's academy in Charleston. He is not, therefore, a master of the exact sciences or the ancient classics, but one would go far to find a better student of English literature, or a more thorough master of the King's English in critical prose or lyric verse.

As the gift of song was his birthright, and the love of literature, and of art, so no less was the love of Nature born in Paul Hayne's son, and deepened in boyhood's impressionable years in the loving comradeship of many a woodland walk. In his father's words:

"We roam the hills together,
In the golden summer weather,
Will and I;
* * * * * * *
Where the tinkling brooklet passes,
Through the heart of dewy grasses;
Will and I
Have heard the mock-bird singing
And the field-lark seen upspringing;
Amid cool forest closes
We have plucked the wild wood roses,
Will and I."

Beginning to write in boyhood, Mr. Hayne began publishing his poems in the magazines in 1879. He was chosen to write and deliver the poem on the occasion of the unveiling of the bust of Sidney Lanier in the Public Library, Macon, Georgia, October 17, 1890. His earlier poems were collected into a volume, 'Sylvan Lyrics and Other Verses,' published by Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York, in 1893. These include "Sylvan Lyrics," "From the Sea," "Love Songs and Other Verses," "Quatrains," and "With Children."

Mr. Hayne's style is self-restrained, chastened, quiet, with the serenity of a Southern May morning. Here is no vaulting ambition that o'erleaps itself, no sophistication, but a genuine direct simplicity, and an easy grace. Of the "French forms" of verse which came into vogue with English versifiers in the seventies of the last century, Mr. Hayne has shown some fondness for the roundel. Everywhere he seems to have taken to heart Edgar Poe's admonition to brevity, and some of his happiest verse is found in the detached "Quatrains." His metrical technique is good.

While he has written various lyrical forms of verse, Mr. Hayne has been especially successful and deservedly praised as a Nature poet. And while he himself regards Robert Burns Wilson as clearly in the lead of all his contemporaries in virile and noble descriptions of Nature, it may be fairly said that even that brilliant and ambitious exponent of the poetic art does not surpass Mr. Hayne in this realm.

His quatrains are gems of purest ray, clear-cut as any crystal, and in this kind of verse he is not surpassed even by his venerated father or by that other prince of poets, Thomas Bailey Aldrich. He does not care for narrative forms of blank verse. The octo-syllabic is one of his favorite metres.

Not only in poetry but in prose Mr. Hayne has made an enviable reputation for himself. He has written a number of critical articles for *The American* and other periodicals, and his dialect sketches are

delightful. His "Georgia Humorists" paid glowing and graceful tribute to Judge Longstreet, Colonel W. T. Thompson, Richard Malcolm Johnston, and Joel Chandler Harris; and a sketch of Mrs. Margaret J. Preston rendered eloquent tribute to a most gifted Southern woman. An essay on "Some Famous English Lyrics," read before the Hayne Literary Circle in Augusta, commanded special admiration, and his article in *Lippincott's* on "The Methods of Work of Paul H. Hayne" was received with eager and general interest, as it was a true description by this gifted son of the literary methods and poetic moods of his eminent father.

Personally Mr. Hayne is a very attractive man, and the magnetism which made the father a charming conversationalist and companion grows daily in the son, and adds much to a genial nature and social spirit. His memory for poetry is remarkable, and he can recall and recite nearly all of his poems at will. He is a slender man, of nervous manner, and has very dark hair and deep, sparkling eyes. He is unmarried, and is poetic enough in appearance to remind one of Edgar Allan Poe; but his cheerful temperament will keep him and his verse from the gaunt and gloomy environments of Poe and his "Raven."

Willis H. Bocock.

ICICLES AT THE SOUTH

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The pellets of sleet have ceased to beat
  On the snow-besprinkled ground,
Against the pane, the gathering rain
  Taps with a sullen sound!

Over shreds of snow no wind shall go,
  Curbless, and strong, and fleet!
Only the rain, with a dull refrain,
  Follows the snow and sleet.

* * * * * *

The rain on the trees has ceased to freeze;
  ('Twas molded with quaint device.)
The bent boughs lean, like cimeters keen,
  In scabbards of shining ice.

'Neath frozen cloaks the pines and oaks
  Are stooping like Druids old—
And the cedars stand—an arctic band—
  Held in the clutch of cold.

Through the outer gloom the japonicas bloom,
  With the lustre of rubies bright—
Like blossoms blown from a tropic zone—
  A marvelous land of light!

MAY

How softly comes the breath of bloom
  From quiet garden closes!
And, blended in a rare perfume,
  The royal scent of roses!
How tender is the touch of May
  While gentle winds are blowing,
And in a sweet, yet silent way
  All sylvan things are growing!

How brilliant is the morning dew
  Amid the fields of clover!
Beneath a stainless arch of blue
  The mock-bird is a rover;
His songs are echoed o'er the hills—
  Their boon of music bringing—
Till all the land with wonder fills
  To hear his rapturous singing!

How gracious is the light that gleams
  Across the dancing billows—
Or with a chastened splendor beams
  Above the drooping willows!
How fair are May's benignant feet
  O'er rugged vales and mountains—
And how her magic pulses beat
  Beside the brooks and fountains!

What sudden fervor thrills her blood—
  Through grove or garden straying—
To linger o'er some tardy bud
  And chide its long delaying!
What pure contentment fills her breast,
  Through thick-leaved forests roaming,
To find the peaceful birds at rest
  Beneath the dews of gloaming!

What month so musical and bright,
  So rife with vernal glory—
All garmented in air and light,
  Like some Arcadian story!
Oh! fragrant is the breath of May
  In tranquil garden closes—
And soft yet regal is her sway
  Among the spring-tide roses!

THROUGH WOODLAND WAYS

I wander afar through the forest
  In the dew-laden lustre of morn,
With the grace of the summer pervading
  Old thickets of brier and thorn;
I hear a gay medley of music,
  Song-fervor unfettered by words,
And feel the uplifting that follows
  A metrical mood of the birds.

I wander afar through the forest,
  By the calm, glassy curves of the creek;
Bird-houses are built in the tree-tops,
  For high are the homes that they seek;
I look at the gossamer glory
  Of the mansions the spiders have made,
While the boughs that droop over the water
  Cast flickering frescoes of shade.

I wander afar through the forest,
  And flower-breaths float on the breeze
With odors whose sweetness should summon
  A rhythmical raid of the bees;

I hear a swift tap that betokens
  A woodpecker busy with bark,
And see the bright nonpareils flitting
  Far off from the haunts of the lark.

I wander alone through the forest,
  Beside the green coverts of cane,
And watch on the edge of the water
  The long, snowy neck of a crane.
How fleetly the minnows are gliding
  Over silvery shallows of sand,
While the minstrels of evening are hidden
  In the loneliest nooks of the land!

I wander afar through the forest;
  With flower-breaths borne on the breeze,
An incense of Arcady floating
  'Mid the foliaged aisles of the trees.
I ramble through sunshine and shadow,
  With the mock-birds and thrushes in tune,
Wild roses and woodbine about me,
  'Till the morning is merged into noon.

TO TOCCOA FALL

Borne swiftly from your lofty ledge
Impetuous o'er the rock's rough edge,
You seemed, from that long gorge below,
A vision wrought of mist and snow.

But now I hear your soft refrain
Of rhythmic kinship to the rain,
As if a summer shower had found
An immortality of sound.

CROWNED

The rain retreating from the West,
  Leaves mists around the mountain's breast;
But o'er its loftiest peak apart
  One strange cloud holds the sunset's heart.

It lies upon the mountain's head,
  A vaporous crown of gold and red,
And seems amid the silence grand
  A coronation from God's hand.

THE EMIGRANTS

A Robin's Song.

We fly far southward when the sky
  Foretells the fall of snow;
Or filled with arctic fretfulness
  The churlish east winds blow.
We bid farewell to Northern farms
  Where summer-time was sweet,
And preen our wings to leave behind
  The warfare of the sleet!

Our hearts abhor the callous cold,
  In sodden fields and drear;
We need no compass made by man
  To navigate the air;
And so our course is swift and free
  O'er sullen leagues of ground,
But always in the twilight trees
  Brief anchorage is found!

Our eager voyage ends at last,
  And brings us joy for gloom;
We find the evergreens have kept
  Their brotherhood of bloom,

The holly boughs, in fadeless garb,
  Our wandering wings invite,
As though their shining berries held
  Warm scraps of morning light!

The sumachs hoard their choicest wine,
  The China-trees their gold—
They know our wish to emigrate
  Before the woods are cold!
To every crimson growth we lay
  More than ancestral claim,
For God endows us at our birth
  With breasts of living flame!

We fly far southward from the clouds—
  The snow-clouds wan as death,
Where hid in arctic stealthiness
  The North Wind holds his breath;
We bid farewell to summer homes,
  Our small bird-pulses beat,
And in an ecstacy of flight
  We leave the snow and sleet!

VERNAL PROPHECIES

To-day the wind has a milder range,
And seems to hint of a secret change;
For the gossipy breezes bring to me
The delicate odor of buds to be
  In the gardens and groves of Spring.

Those forces of nature we cannot see—
The procreant power in plant and tree,
Shall bring at last to the waiting thorn
The wealth of the roses yet unborn
  In the gardens and groves of Spring.

The early grass in a sheltered nook,
Unsheathes its blades near the forest brook;
In the first faint green of the elm I see
A gracious token of leaves to be
  In the gardens and groves of Spring.

The peach-trees brighten the river's brink,
With their dainty blossoms of white and pink,
And over the orchard there comes to me
The subtle fragrance of fruit to be
  In the gardens and groves of Spring.

The rigor of winter has passed away,
While the earth seems yearning to meet her May,
And the voice of a bird in melodious glee,
Foretells the sweetness of songs to be
  In the gardens and groves of Spring.

TO A SWALLOW

I saw your kindred by the sea
Flit through the sunshine dreamily—
I felt because the month was May
A little while they needs must stay,
    Though time is always flitting.

Borne on blithe wings across the lea
You pause wave-tranced beside the sea,
When Spring with airy touch beguiles
The serious water into smiles,
    Though time is always flitting.

When Autumn's busy shuttle weaves
A fatal net-work, round the leaves,
Your brothers preen their wings and flee
To sheltered cliffs beyond the sea
    While time is softly flitting.

You have a minstrel's right to roam
Far from the nested warmth of home,
And circling o'er this barren hill
How joyously you seem to trill
    While time is softly flitting.

Through your sweet notes I almost hear
The happy water gurgling near,—
And yet I feel you soon shall fly
Swift as a wind-song through the sky,
    While time is softly flitting!

THE RED-BIRD

I watch his wings in thickets dim,
For sunset seems to follow him—

Sunset from some mysterious West,
Whose crimson glory girds his breast.

A wingèd ruby wrought of flame,
Whence comes his beauty? whence his name?

Clear as a bright awakening beam
Through the vague vista of a dream,

An answer comes. I seem to feel
The flash of armor, glint of steel,

The whirr of arrows quick and keen,
The battle-axe's baleful sheen,

The long, relentless spear whose thrust
Makes the mad foeman writhe in dust;

The din of conflict and the stress
Of War's incarnate angriness; . . .

A wavering mass; . . . a panic wrought
Swift as some stormy burst of thought;—

Then distance hides a vanquished host,
And sound becomes a wandering ghost.

But soon I see, half poised in air,
And stricken by a nameless fear,

A small brown-breasted bird, whose eyes
Are clouded with a deep surprise—

The earliest bird with terror rife
At a wild waste of human life.

How soon his dread to wonder turns
As downward where a life-stream burns

He darts and dips his quivering wings,
While o'er his heart the crimson clings!

With ruthful eyes and reverent face
He hovers slowly o'er the place;

And when at last his wings are spread,
A lurid lustre crowns his head,

And his bright body soars afar,
Red as autumnal sunsets are.

TO A HUMMING-BIRD

I

When bending o'er a blossom's cup
To draw its liquid sweetness up,

You act as though, in honied lore,
You were a sylvan epicure!

And soon above its brittle stem,
Bright as a fairy's diadem,

To some unsullied bloom you dart,
And drain the nectar from its heart!

O'er lily leaves or fragrant vines
Your dainty body sways and shines,

Until to some rich rose it clings,
With kindred color in its wings!

II

Why are you always fleet and bright,
With blended attributes of light?

Is it because in some far time
Your sires of an elder clime

To the young Earth were swiftly drawn
From the pure potencies of dawn,

And through the grace of Heaven increased
From the first sunrise in the East?

THE SCREECH-OWL

I

He loves the dark, he shuns the light,
His soul rejoices in the night!

When the sun's latest glow has fled,
Weird as a warning from the dead,

His voice comes o'er the startled rills,
And the black hollows of the hills,

As though to chant, in language fell,
An invocation caught from Hell!

II

He seeks the dark, he shuns the light,
His soul rejoices in the night!

He loves to think man's breath must pass
Like a spent wind amid the grass;

And oft the bitterest blows of Fate,
His eerie cries anticipate!

Ah! once he knew in realms below
The mysteries of Death and Woe;

And in his sombre wings are furled
The secrets of the under world!

THE SOUTHERN SNOW-BIRD

I see a tiny fluttering form
Beneath the soft snow's soundless storm
'Mid a strange noonlight palely shed
Through mocking cloud-rifts overhead.

All other birds are far from sight—
They think the day has turned to night;
But he is cast in hardier mould,
This chirping courier of the cold.

He does not come from lands forlorn,
Where midnight takes the place of morn;
Nor did his dauntless heart, I know,
Beat first above Siberian snow;

And yet an arctic bird he seems
Though nurtured near our southern streams,
The tip of his small tail may be
A snow-storm in epitome.

A MEADOW SONG

O come to the meadow, with me,
  For the lark is hovering high,
To bathe in the light of the sun
  And the south winds wandering by!
A thrush by the rivulet's rim
  Grows gay from the breath of the grass,
And sings to his sweetheart, the brook,
  That mirrors his love like a glass!

O come to the meadow with me—
  Bird-music is gleeful and good
With Nature's full chorus of winds
  From the wonderful heart of the wood!
Forget-me-nots gleam in the grass,
  For the morning is mirthful with love—
From robins that roam in the glen
  To the palpitant wings of the dove.

O come to the meadow with me,
  To the rivulet's emerald edge,
And hear the low lilt of the stream
  Where the dew-drops encircle the sedge;
The young leaves look up to the sky,
  And the red-birds come hither to roam—
They love the brook's lyrical flow
  And its delicate fret-work of foam!

O come to the meadow with me
  While the music of morning is heard,
And the rapture of fetterless song
  Is sent from the heart of a bird!
Come hither and wander with me
  For Nature is breathing of love
From violets veiled in the grass
  To the tremulous wings of the dove!

I CANNOT SING WITH THE ROBINS

The feathered throng
Make soft with song
  The barbèd holly-trees—
Along the stream
Their red breasts gleam
  Light-hearted as the breeze!

Their music floats
From gentle throats
  Set to the self-same tune,
Whose joyance seems
Like winter dreams
  Of resurrected June!

They fill with cheer
The new-born year
  And chirp on bough and stem—
My heart forlorn
Feels sorrow's thorn
  And cannot sing with them!

A LOVER'S DOUBT

If we but knew that Love and Life were one
  On heights that rise beyond the baffling blue,
How bravely would the heart's swift seasons run,
  If we but knew!

Ah, should continuance of Love be true,
  How vain the webs that mystery has spun
In Sphinx-like silence o'er the spirit's view!

Does Nature foster hope through sky and sun
  On mornings bountiful with light and dew?
Was Love made endless when the world begun?—
  If we but knew!

THE DIFFERENCE

I

She stood beside the summer sea
  As radiant as the morn—
I read in her enraptured eyes
  That Love was born.

II

She crouched beside the winter sea
  As though all hope had fled—
I saw within her haggard eyes
  That Love was dead.

TIME AND I

We are two travelers, Time and I,
  Through gay or gloomy weather,
And since he hailed me at my birth,
  We've always been together!

He led me through the land of youth,
  He journeys onward ever,
And helped my toiling footsteps climb
  The hills of high endeavor.

We are two travelers, Time and I,
  Through harsh or happy weather
Unsolved the secrets of his soul,
  Though we have walked together!

He guards the mysteries of the world,
  Life, Death, Disease and Sorrow;
He knows so much, so little I,
  And we must part to-morrow.

THE CUP-BEARER

Suggested by Canova's Hebe.

Motion that seems in ecstacy of ease,
Unfettered as the movement of a breeze,
With firm fair limbs in whose unrivalled grace
Perennial youth has found a dwelling-place.

Her hand upholds the life-compelling draught,
That clear keen nectar which the gods have quaffed,
While roseate tints from high Olympus meet
Around the curvature of faultless feet.

THE ANGEL AND MY FATHER

"The Angel men called Death."—*Face to Face.*

The tender angel that he knew
Came to him from the starlit blue,
And when his last life-force had sped
Soft heavenly fingers touched his head.

The angel spake: "Behold in me
God's herald from eternity!
On earth thy spirit saw in mine
Clear guidance to the Love Divine,

"Therefore I bless thee, ere we go
To realms no mortal man may know,
To heights beyond the utmost reach
Of yearning human thought and speech."

My father's voice grew clear and sweet;
He knelt beside the angel's feet—
"All hail!" said he. "Show me the goal
Where sin is lifted from the soul.

"Oh, take me through the void of space
To meet God's mercy 'face to face!'
Long have I heard thy sacred call,
Lead me to Christ: *He died for all!*

"But heal, dear angel, this deep woe,
From wounds of parting, ere I go;
Let those who love me when unseen
Keep in their hearts my memory green."

The angel answered: "O'er thy dust
True love abides and changeless trust."
Then, clad in faith's unfaltering light,
They journeyed upward through the night.

THE HEAD OF NIOBE

In the Uffizi Gallery.

Lips that withhold the anguish she had known,
Perpetual pathos in the voiceless stone—
The eyes decreed in dead Olympian years
A mournful immortality of tears.

THE BUST OF KRONOS

In the Vatican Museum.

A half-veiled head, a sad, unfurrowed face,
Titanic power and more than mortal grace;
Across wan lips and eyes bereft of light
The awful shadow of unending night.

TO MY FATHER

Written on his fifty-sixth birthday.

It matters not that Time has shed
His thawless snow upon your head,
For he maintains, with wondrous art,
Perpetual summer in your heart.

DUALITY

Some hearts that seem as candid as the sky
Are burnished by a bland hypocrisy,
While others like rude ore within the mould
Need but assayer's skill to prove them gold.

A SEA LYRIC

From *Atlantic Monthly*, February, 1903. Copyright by the *Atlantic Monthly*, and used by permission of the publishers.

There is no music that man has heard
  Like the voice of the minstrel Sea,
Whose major and minor chords are fraught
  With infinite mystery;
For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of God
  Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
  The song of a vast unrest.

There is no passion that man has sung,
  Like the love of the deep-souled Sea,
Whose tide responds to the Moon's soft light
  With marvelous melody;
For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of God
  Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
  The song of a vast unrest.

There is no sorrow that man has known,
  Like the grief of the worldless Main,
Whose Titan bosom forever throbs
  With an untranslated pain;

For the Sea is a harp, and the winds of God
  Play over his rhythmic breast,
And bear on the sweep of their mighty wings
  The song of a vast unrest.

THE MYSTIC POLE

From *Century Magazine*, May, 1904. Copyright by The Century Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

Ah! shall we see at Death's dark pole
A halcyon Passage of the Soul?
From Arctic awe and mystery free
Shall we behold Life's Open Sea,
Where sunlit billows laugh and leap,
And not one heart is numbed with sleep?

WORDS AND FLOWERS

From *The Smart Set*. Copyright by Smart Set Publishing Company, and used by permission of the publishers.

If words could turn to flowers
  From sunny garden-plots,
Then would I cheer your hours
  With fair forget-me-nots.

If words could grow like flowers,
  And shed their perfumes sweet,
Then would I throw in showers
  Fresh roses at your feet.

If words could soothe like flowers,
  And burgeon as they please,
I'd build for you rare bowers
  Of pansies and heartsease.

If words could woo like flowers,
  Undimmed with doubt or fear,
Blessed by the vernal powers,
  Then I would win you, dear!

SCANDAL

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Far blacker than a raven's wings,
It croaks and feeds on unclean things,
Nor lets the shadow of a doubt
Soften the lie it burrows out.

With tongue-blades keener than a knife,
It probes the bleeding wounds of life—
Lays bare the motive and the deed,
And carrion makes from flower-seed.

It mangles love, and smears with lust
Lilies of purity and trust—
Battens on sins of king or slave,
And fouls with slime a new-made grave.

A SONG OF MEMORY

From *Harper's Bazar*. Copyright by Harper and Brothers. Used by permission of the publishers.

In the tumult of cities she slips away,
  But wherever the woods are green
My half closed petals of life expand
  At the touch of the tender queen;
    For she comes from the land of Youth,
    Ere I drank of the fount of tears,
With the gold of the jasmine upon her brow,
    And the light of the vanished years.

She shed the rays of her sun-bright face
  When my soul was in deep eclipse,
And has blown the dust of my thoughts afar,
  With the rose breath of her lips;
    For she comes from the land of Youth,
    Ere I drank of the fount of tears,
With the gold of the jasmine upon her brow,
    And the light of the vanished years.

She led me back to the hills of home,
  By Arcadian woods and streams,
And has clothed the grace of the days gone by
  In a vesture born of dreams;
    For she comes from the land of Youth,
    Ere I drank of the fount of tears,
With the gold of the jasmine upon her brow,
    And the light of the vanished years.

WHEN DOGWOOD BRIGHTENS THE GROVES OF SPRING

From *The Bookman*. Copyright by Dodd, Mead and Company. Used by permission of the publishers.

When dogwood brightens the groves of spring
  And the gold of jasmine gleams,
When mating birds in the forest sing,
  Ah! that is the time for dreams,
For thoughts of love that are always new—
  Though as old as the ancient world—
Forever fresh as the May-time dew
  In the breast of the rose impearled.

When timid green on the thorn-tree grows—
  Like love at the verge of hate—
And air from the apple orchard flows
  Through the springtide's open gate,
When drowsy winds o'er the lilies pass,
  And the wings of the thrush are shy;
When violets bloom in the new-born grass,
  With the tints of a tropic sky;

When jonquils borrow the sun's warm ray,
  And the woodbine lures the bee;
When the heart that was once a waif and stray
  Returns like a ship from sea—
Ah! that is the time that no man grieves
  Who woos with the wooing dove,
For the hearts of men and the hearts of leaves
  Are throbbing with hope and love!

THE RIDDLE OF THINGS THAT ARE

From *Harper's Weekly*. Copyright by Harper and Brothers. Used by permission of the publishers.

We walk in a world where no man reads
  The riddle of things that are;
From a tiny fern in the valley's heart
  To the light of the largest star;
Yet we know that the pressure of life is hard
  And the silence of death is deep,
As we fall and rise on the tangled way
  That leads to the gates of Sleep.

We know that the problems of Sin and Pain,
  And the passions that lead to crime,
Are the mysteries locked from age to age
  In the awful vault of Time;
Yet we lift our weary feet and strive
  Through the mire and mist to grope
And find a ledge on the mount of Faith
  In the morning land of Hope.

LINES ON THE DEDICATION OF THE GEORGIAN-CAROLINIAN FAIR

O, sisters, so close to each other—
  Divided, yet never apart,
With the great river rolling between you,
  Like the throb of a rhythmical heart—
Be true to the past and its prowess,
  Yet arise with the future new-born,
The stars shine receding above you
  In the limitless light of the morn!

You seem like twin mothers elated
  By the joy which the present reveals—
The triumphs of toil and patience
  In the fruitage of far-reaching fields,

And you see, with a vision prophetic,
  Full harvests in acres now bare—
The wealth and the warmth of the future
  From the blending of earth and of air.

For looming benignly above you,
  The Goddess of Industry stands,
With a girdle of roses around her,
  And a grain-sheaf upheld in her hands,
She points to the hill-slopes and valleys—
  The verdure of furrow and tree,
To the strength of majestic endeavor,
  And the conquests of Commerce to be.

POEM

For the unveiling of the bust of Sidney Lanier, at Macon, Georgia, October 17, 1890.

Unveil the noble brow, the deep-souled eyes,
Wherein melodious unities
Of Music and of Poetry were born,
For undeterred by care's half sluggish thorn—
Barbed oft with suffering—he bravely brought
To Song's full bloom his lyric buds of thought.

Here love and homage shall alike proclaim
The undying whiteness of our poet's fame;
Wed to the marble, yet exempt from the cold
As winter clouds blessed by the sun's warm gold.
  And now I hear
  Far off yet clear
  Two voices that are one—
  For drawing close to Music's feet
  'Tis thus her Lyric sister sweet
  Sings of their cherished son!

Strong-winged and free each mood of me
  Thrilled through his heart and brain—
His soul was lit by lights that flit
  Across the wavering grain!

The marshes drear he made a prayer
  With words whose wondrous flight
Bore thoughts that reach, through rhythmic speech,
  To sunlands out of sight!

He let no seed from Doubt's dark weed
  Fall in the holy shrine
Where song was bred, by music led
  To beckoning heights divine!
And seldom mute his silver flute
  Invoked with matchless art
Each wave of sound by Silence bound
  Within her vestal heart!

Death's arctic fear—"a cordial rare"
  To his enraptured dream—
Came from the blue his spirit knew
  Of love and faith supreme!
His "Sunrise" song, with rapture strong,
  Rose like a lark in light
Who feels the sway of sovereign Day
  Reign o'er the mists of Night!

He loved the flow of the winds that blow
  To "odor-currents" set—
The gem-like hue of fleeting dew,
  Frail rose and violet—
The soul in trees whose litanies
  His reverent spirit heard;
The corn-blades rife with vernal life,
  The rune of bee or bird!

Strong-winged and free each mood of me
  Thrilled through his heart and brain—
His soul was lit by lights that flit
  Across the wavering grain.
The marshes drear he made a prayer
  With words, whose wondrous flight
Bore thoughts that reach, through rhythmic speech,
  To sunlands out of sight!

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